THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Isaac F. Marcosson—Leonard H. Nason
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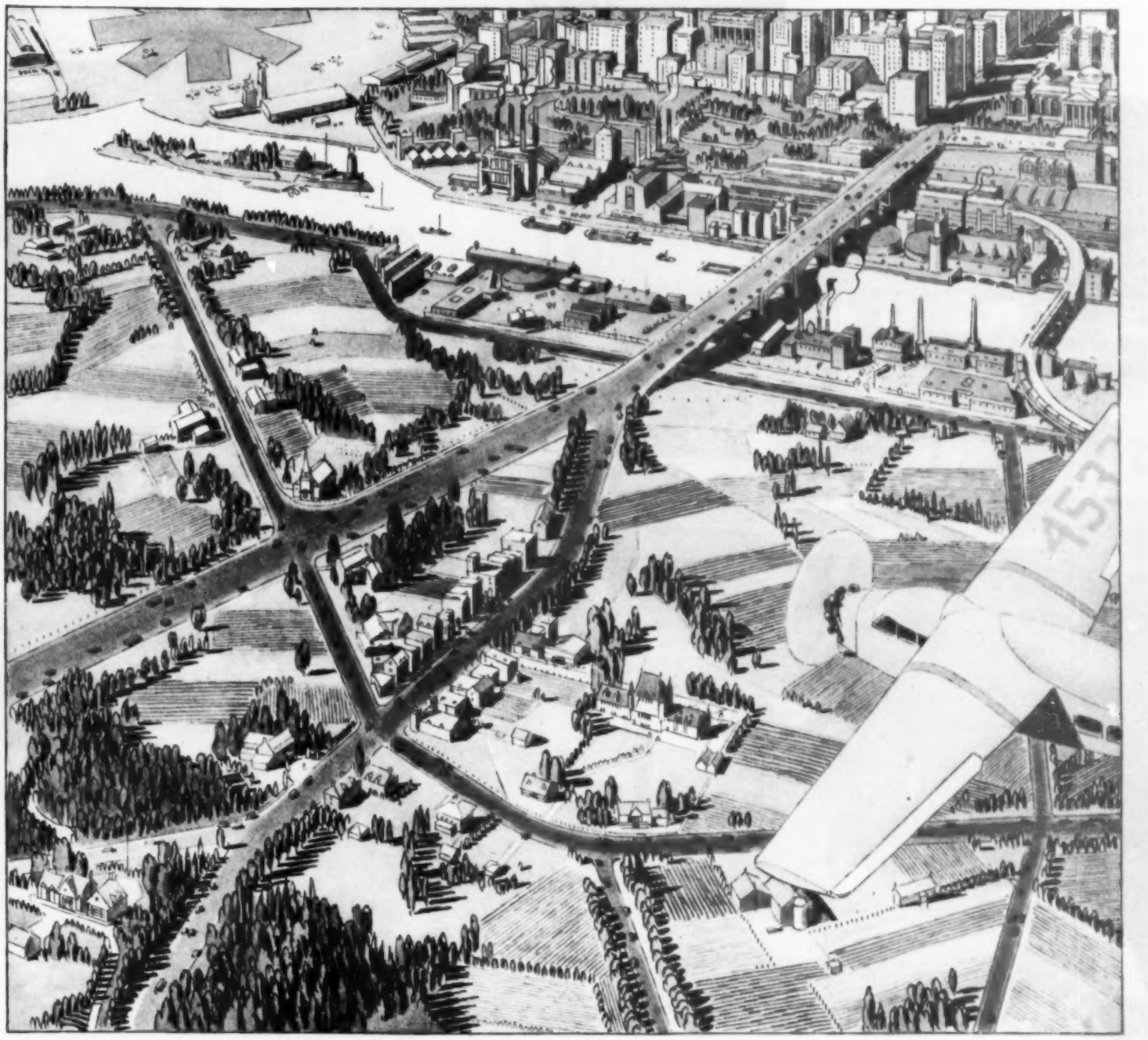
THE BUSIER FUTURE



WHO cannot see the future taking form before his eyes? On every side its framework is being reared—we of the present constructing the pattern by which posterity will live. Air mail, airplanes, airports; super-skyscrapers, vast rail terminals, stupendous industrial plants; faster automobiles, heavier traffic and wider, better roads.

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THE NEW WORLD MONEY MAP

By Isaac F. Marcosson

FROM "THE RISE OF THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD"

The Baronial Coat of Arms Granted to Rothschild by Austria in 1822

FRONTISPIECE FROM "THE RISE OF THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD," BY COUNT EGON CAESAR CORTI

Ancestral Home of the Rothschild Family at Frankfort-on-the-Main

Nathan Meyer, Who Founded the London Branch of the Rothschilds

FOR one hundred years the pound sterling was the unchallenged yardstick of international finance. Through the tortuous streets of London's City—her banking district—flowed the sinews of war and peace. Over the area brooded the brown bulk of the Bank of England. Whatever major transaction upon which nations or groups of individuals embarked, either in China, Turkey or the Argentine, whether they fought, bartered or dealt, had some fiscal reaction there. The capital of Britain was likewise the world's money capital. Today the dollar has ceased to be provincial and is also a world citizen. New York vies with London as a financial hub.

This does not mean that the British stronghold is flying any signals of distress. Europe, particularly Germany, is still master of the technic of international banking. Capital, as such, constitutes only one asset in the big money maneuver. It must move strategically to safety and reproduction. What might be called world financial consciousness is an all-essential factor. The European financiers developed this through many generations. A tradition abroad represents just a beginning with us. While we were finding ourselves as a nation, the Rothschilds, the Barings, and others of their kind were welding an empire of investment.

Before Europe plunged into battle in 1914 our interests outside the United States amounted to about $2,500,000,000, largely direct investments in the branch factories of less than fifteen corporations. Barely a dozen alien government and municipal obligations were listed on the New York Stock Exchange. At the time I write our stake overseas aggregates roughly $15,000,000,000, exclusive of the political debt—that is, the interallied obligations—of $10,000,000,000. Thus we are interested abroad to the extent of $25,000,000,000, and nearly every American citizen is affected by this in some way.

During 1928 the total of alien securities publicly offered in the United States was $1,425,789,180. We have been lending abroad at the rate of from $1,500,000,000 to $2,000,000,000 each twelve months. Britain's highest over-sea capital venturing never exceeded $900,000,000 a year. The foreign dollar bond is now a standard security. An American syndicate to underwrite a European loan, whether state, municipal or industrial, has become as casual and as frequent an occurrence as the financing of a new Western power or railroad bond issue.

It means that since 1914 we have done for Europe financially what England, Holland, Switzerland, and to a lesser extent France and Germany, did for our enterprises and some of our states between 1860 and the outbreak of the Great War. The new world of money has redressed the credit balance of the old.

Every leading nation must be a great commodity-export power as well. It followed that exports of goods have kept pace with the widening scope of our exports of capital. From $1,394,000,000, the figure in 1900, they passed the $5,000,000,000 mark last year, giving us a favorable balance of $1,039,202,000. In actual volume they were 130 per cent higher than in the period between 1910 and 1914. We are anchored to the black-ink side of the international business ledger.

The average American looks at this imposing exhibit and is naturally inclined to the belief that it is entirely due to the omnipotence and invincibility of the dollar. He talks in what a witty Englishman calls "the star-spangled manner" and thinks that in a money sense we have the world where we want it. It is true that in fourteen years we achieved a financial leadership that it took Britain a century to accomplish; that we have put a dollar dent in the globe; that the vast stream of money gushing from our shores has helped to rehabilitate international credit and currency. On the face of actual achievement we have something to talk about, but with reservation and qualification. The trouble is that we do not always qualify.

Vanity, either national or personal, and regardless of whether there is any basis for it, invariably distorts perspective. Moreover, it begets a cockiness that impairs

judgment. We have become so accustomed to proclaim our solvency and its by-products that we sometimes fail to comprehend the approach, and what is more important, realize the consequences of our international expansion.

With nations as with individuals great wealth and its employment impose serious responsibility. Though our financial penetration overseas lacks the political element so long associated with British capital as well as with German financial influence in that vanished imperial day, it nevertheless represents a sort of entangling alliance against which the fathers of the republic railed. We have advanced beyond the wildest dreams of the Browns, the Peabodys, and the Morgans who first unfurled the dollar mark in the exclusive banking purlieus of London back when the nineteenth century was young. With a mountain of gold and a huge reservoir of surplus capital, we hold the international financial bull by the tail. Like that well-known farmer, we cannot let go. The reasons are obvious. For one thing, our whole productive structure is bound up with the scheme of our foreign markets and investments. Hence, financial isolation is unthinkable, just as withdrawal is equally impossible. There remains the middle ground of cautious consolidation of interests already intrenched. In the second place, we have encouraged a financial dependence abroad which inevitably makes for renewed demand. To what extent can we continue to be the world financial buffer?

The truth is that the dollar has marched so fast and so far afield that the casual observer on this side of the Atlantic has scarcely caught up with it. There has been little time for inventory because of the flood of increasing business. Everything has been coming our way. Having found the compass and chart of world finance, we capitalized the opportunity and moved with characteristic energy and impetuosity. We are just beginning to take breath. In consequence, we find that a stock taking is in order. We are up to a show-down on the international dollar.

There was a time, of course, when any consideration of our foreign interests could be disposed of in short order and without complication.

They comprised a relatively unimportant factor as far as the domestic situation was concerned. The foreign department of a big New York bank was restricted to the area of a single desk.

PHOTO, FROM KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY, INC., N. Y. C.

Lombard Street, London's Little Money Thoroughfare

In Full Financial Fighting Armor

BUT with $15,000,000,000 actively employed in other countries it is a far different proposition. This money is geared to myriad banks, corporations and individuals scattered across this land from the Atlantic to the Pacific. John Jones everywhere throughout the United States has some share in it, whether consciously or unconsciously. Today the foreign departments of our banks, whether in New York or Chicago—our whole banking structure is being internationalized—occupy entire floors, while branches abroad hum with a teeming turnover. You cannot examine our position overseas without surveying the field at home and just how it is affected.

There is no lack of provocation for appraisal. The greatest bull market that this country has ever known has sent call money soaring. Capital funds required for the development of legitimate business have been poured at well-nigh incredible rates into speculation. This has diverted money from bankers' acceptances and also from legitimate industrial development. All the while the dollar has streamed overseas. More than one prudent American financier is asking the question: "Will our home interests be handicapped in order to foster a more intensive foreign expansion?"

There is another definite incentive for survey. It took ten years to bring about a return to normalcy in Europe. Reparations had to be purged of politics and put on a business basis, depreciated currencies stabilized, nationalistic selfishness and suspicion sterilized, and industrial production and distribution brought back into natural channels. The end of 1928 found the European economic house in order, save for the ultimate commercialization of the German indemnity.

It also found the dominant European nations, Britain in particular, back at their old stand as world bankers. Even in those precarious postwar years when Britain saw her foreign commerce jeopardized by labor conflict at home and the advance of American products abroad, she resolutely kept the pound sterling on the job overseas. Her foreign investments exclusive of interdominion financing have dogged the American, and they still exceed ours by nearly $5,000,000,000. Her big London banks are coordinated into massive and more effective units, and her enterprise is stimulated. Self-preservation has dictated an offensive without precedent. John Bull has girded on his financial fighting armor.

France, richer than ever before and bulwarked by the second largest gold reserve in the world, is again an international capital factor. Germany has begun to step out in more ways than one. With reparations commercialized and the Allied bailiff off her premises, she will undoubtedly renew the world financial influence that was her peculiar prerogative for so many decades. Swiss, Dutch and Belgian moneys keep their ceaseless vigil for profitable investment opportunity. They are not novices in the universal money market.

Aside from domestic needs and considerations, we will be obliged to watch our international financial step to a greater degree than has obtained since 1914. Conditions have changed. There is no longer a bankrupt, mendicant and discouraged Europe. We are now up against the traditional craft and experience of the successors to the old oligarchies that made world fiscal history when we regarded New York as the boundary of our banking horizon. The old competition is renewed, and on a larger scale than ever before. The one difference is that we are now an accredited and established factor in it.

A third reason why it is important to examine the situation is that in all likelihood an attempt will be made this year to fasten a considerable portion of the financing of German reparations upon our shoulders. It would mean the marshaling of many more American millions to pay Germany's debts. Can we assume this new burden abroad? It is bound to affect our already large international obligations, to say nothing of eventualities within our own confines. The beginning of the second decade after the Armistice, therefore, seems to be a fitting occasion to review precisely what we have done in world finance, and what we are likely to do in the light of dollar ascendancy.

The task imposes much more than fixing the dollar's place in the sun. It involves the whole evolution of international banking through centuries of picturesque transition to its democratization, born of the rise of the American symbol of money value as an outstanding item in the world balance sheet. It will show that the old European theory that wars could be waged only at the behest of bankers was a fallacy; that we broke into a closed corporation, shifting our place from the seller to the buyer side of our financial counter; that from seekers of credit we passed to be superpurveyors of the asset that makes the wheels of commerce and finance turn; that American banking has attuned itself to the billion-dollar tempo of these expansive times. The nation-wide urge to merge is broadening our banking vision as well as its capacity.

The most drastic readjustment of the money map since Napoleon went into eclipse is revealed with New York as an international financial service station. Our national isolation and individualism have been swept away in the rush of an economic impact, the scope and significance of which are just beginning to be realized. Well may we put the query: Whither now the dollar?

Heirs to the Money Ages

YOU cannot appraise the international relationship of the dollar without knowing something about the chain of events that projected it into authority. The more recent circumstances are familiar because they were bound up in World War events and their aftermath.

These happenings, however, form only part of the tale that must be unfolded. Centuries of world trade and finance produced the system which has at last enmeshed us. We are heirs to the money ages.

PHOTO, BY EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

Threadneedle Street, the Wall Street of London. It is Adjacent to the Bank of England, and Contains Most of the Banks of the City

As you range in retrospect along the old financial trails you find that here, as elsewhere, history has constantly repeated itself. Cycles of panics begot of stupendous failures impeded progress back in the days when the Venetian and Genoese galleys swept the seas for both bloody and bloodless conquest. France was inundated more than a hundred years ago by a flood of inflation precisely as was Germany at the high tide of her postwar depreciation. Knowledge—that is, accurate information—has invariably been the keystone of successful investment. In all ages publicity has never failed to corral the gullible as well as the sophisticated coin.

Some kind of politics not unmixed with tyranny has marched hand in hand with fiscal expansion. The cupidity of the Stuarts eventually led to the founding of the Bank of England. Napoleon's new-found might raised the Bank of France almost within the glow of the revolutionary blaze. Hamilton's effort to rear a banking structure was

frustrated by petty partisanship. Germany's dream of world power by way of the Middle East had its box office in the Deutsche Bank and kindred institutions. That famous spearhead aimed at India by way of Bagdad was tipped with good Teutonic commercial gold. The Rothschilds rose through the doubtful, but profitable favor of kings, amid the intrigue and preferment of panoplied courts. Influence, whether social or royal, shaped their destiny. In our own immediate day we have seen the most vital of European economic problems—reparations—perverted for a time into a campaign issue.

The corner stone of this ramified world money scheme is, of course, the bank. Whether yours stands on Main Street or Wall Street—they are not very far apart these days—you take its function as a matter of course, not realizing, perhaps, that it is the last expression of a process that links feudal finance with our own. No institution touches the human being quite so intimately or so persistently; yet few know the romance, the tumult and the turmoil that have attended its transition. If we are to examine into the evolution of international banking we must delve for a moment into its rich and diverting past.

The ancient money lender who sat at a street corner—he flourished well into the Middle Ages—with his metallic wares spread before him or fastened in a bag to his girdle, was the forerunner of the present-day handler of millions ensconced in a palatial office. Whether medieval or modern, both dealt with the same human desire, and raised or depressed the hope of gain that is immemorial.

Because a King Could Do No Wrong

INTERNATIONAL banking naturally evolved from international trade. In the old day the merchant and banker were one. This is why we owe the present-day international fiscal structure to the needs and enterprise of the commercial princes of the Italian republics who ruled the world of trade in an opulent and spacious day. They pioneered banking with a big stick because the hard-fisted Medicis—the term worked both ways—ruled for a time. Money flowered with the culture of the Renaissance. Lorenzo the Magnificent sponsored the florin along with painting and sculpture. He was the far-away model, perhaps, of our present-day gilded subsidizers of art.

The finance of the Medicis, like the stern rule born of their craft and cunning, is but a legend. A more concrete and permanent legacy is the familiar emblem of the three balls, which symbolizes the pawnbroker's business. It is an adaptation of the six red balls on the gilded field of the Medici coat of arms.

Many of the original European bankers were pawnbrokers. Shylock, and all he typifies, was a character taken from real life.

Those first Italian banks originated a considerable part of the present-day banking system and vocabulary. Their so-called *giro* payments were payments by means of transfers on their books. Transferable certificates of deposit were issued and used precisely like actual money. Here was the beginning of the bank of issue. The financial phraseology as we employ it was also evolved in the Venetian and Florentine palaces that housed what, even then, was a far-flung financial operation. Their word *cassa* meant cash, *banca* was bank, *giornale* indicated journal, *debitore* and *creditore* stood for debtor and creditor respectively.

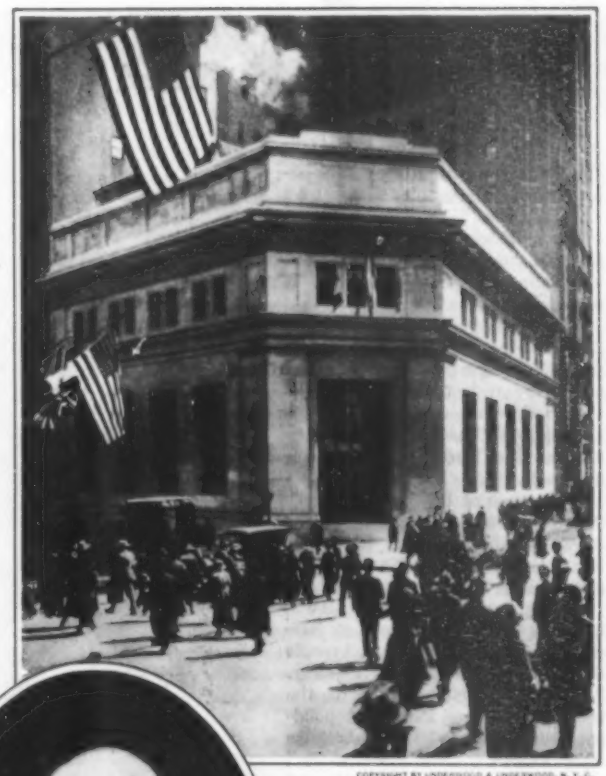
The two greatest international bankers of the formative period were Florentines known as Bardi and Peruzzi. Like the Rothschilds of a later day they were the financiers of kings—Edward II and Edward III of England, and the King of Sicily, in particular. When these royal debtors welshed on their obligations the bankers went into eclipse and one of the first important financial crises developed. Most of the medieval as well as eighteenth-century bankers used kings as stalking horses in their big game, although sometimes it was a highly expensive performance.

The most picturesque link that eventually tied us up with international finance was to be made in England. While Italy flourished as the world banker all Britain was in a dark age of credit. For five centuries the London merchant had no repository for his money other than the Royal Mint. Every coin that came in had to be weighed, because they were scarce and in constant usage, thus losing their metallic content. The first English pass book was a willow stick upon which the amount of the deposit was notched. This stick was split in two, one half belonging to the depositor and the other to the Mint. Again you have the spectacle of the merchant in the rôle of banker. British deposits were first made with the goldsmiths, who gave their customers receipts for cash, bought debts, and in time evolved checks and commercial bills. They were pawnbrokers as well. Having come from Lombardy, they gave the name of the place of their origin to the street in which they mainly operated. Lombard Street is the Wall Street of London.

We now come to the curious chain of circumstances which gave to modern banking a central bank of issue and to England a national debt. As more than one observer has pointed out, it is the direct consequence of the divine right of kings.

The London goldsmiths, like other merchants, deposited their money in the government treasury—in other words, the Exchequer. When Charles I ran out of funds he pinched all the deposits in the Exchequer—they aggregated about £120,000—and appropriated them for his own usage. This was a serious blow to the goldsmiths. After this outrage their strong boxes were more in demand for the public than ever before. The Exchequer, however, continued as a considerable depository. Then Charles II raided the Mint to the extent of more than £1,000,000, which represented the fortunes of thousands of merchants. In the widespread disaster that followed, the idea for some kind of institution immune from royal ravage crystallized.

It was not until 1694 that Parliament reluctantly authorized the establishment of the Bank of England. So fierce an opposition had developed against the plan—it was aided and abetted by the goldsmiths, who saw their banking monopoly imperiled—that the bill had to be smuggled into Parliament camouflaged by a measure which imposed a new duty on tonnage. This is why the Bank of England was long called the Tonnage Bank. Under the terms of the bill, subscribers to a perpetual loan of £1,200,000 were authorized to form a corporation called The Governor and Company of the Bank of England. In this way the famous Old Lady of Threadneedle Street came into being and the British national debt was established.



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The Offices of J. P. Morgan & Company, at No. 23 Wall Street, New York City. In Oval—Junius S. Morgan, Founder of the House of Morgan

PHOTO. FROM CULVER SERVICE, N. Y. C.

Britain's Financial Gibraltar

IT IS important to know this, because henceforth, both in war and in peace, The Bank, as it is always termed, has stood as Britain's financial Gibraltar, mainspring of a penetration that in less than two hundred years put the pound sterling in the van of investment conquest.

The founding of the Bank of England did not automatically make London the money capital of Europe. Nearly ninety years before the British merchant attained organized banking security for his wealth, the Bank of Amsterdam rose as the nerve center of European money operations. The Dutch had succeeded to the commercial supremacy and sea mastery lost by Italy with the fall of her republics. The acquisition of the

(Continued on Page 138)

PHOTOGRAPH BY EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

Berlin's Financial District. The Deutsche Verkehrs Credit Bank, at the Left; Dresdner Bank, Center; and the Bank Fur Auswartigen Handel Aktien Gesellschaft, at Right

NAÏVE

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

"SEVEN chins," whispered one of the press-table girls to her neighbor. "I've counted them. Isn't she marvelous?"

Her neighbor put her knuckles to her eyes, rubbed hard and leaned forward, blinking. "She's still there. It must be true then."

The first said solemnly, "Claudette put her there. That woman's a wonder. I'll bet she pays her ten dollars an afternoon just to come and sit there and be herself."

"And how!" said the second. They exchanged a long, significant, feminine look.

It was one of Birk and Himmel's popular fashion teas, and up on the platform Mademoiselle Claudette Fleurnoy was lecturing on the Season's Silhouette.

Claudette was beautiful. But it was a beauty so sharply stylized, so dedicated to contrast and line that people didn't always estimate it fairly. "She's individual," her friends, the fashion editors and Paris correspondents, used to say. "When you're as smart as that you don't need looks," creating rather arbitrarily the legend that Claudette's success was due in large measure to sources not unavailable, after all, to any of them.

"Every woman," said Claudette, "should treat her silhouette as a wise mother does her little child. She must not give it sweets, she must take it every day for a walk in the park, and if it is naughty and tries to run away from her—so"—and with a droll spreading motion of the hands she illustrated the silhouette escaping bounds—"then she must be very, ve-ry strict with it," said Claudette; "she must discipline it; she must put it to bed without its supper."

The audience laughed, and so did Mademoiselle Fleurnoy. Everything she said, indeed, seemed to present itself scarcely less freshly and amusingly to herself than to them. That was her great trick with her public—her spontaneity, her overflowing liveliness and satisfaction, so that you felt it not only on the platform but all over the audience as well. When she slipped off her turquoise velvet wrap and stood before them in a gold evening gown, all line, pure perpendicularity, a chain of brilliants looped about her throat, one could almost imagine Claudette herself falling back with the rest in astonishment and delight. No one but the famous Fleurnoy could have achieved, without the faintest arrogance, so brilliant a result.

The owner of the seven chins sat as close to the platform as she could get. She wore a navy-blue coat, a nice white scarf, and one of those small, neat, unseductive turbans that obscure milliners create out of their passionate need to express respectability.

She sat perfectly motionless, gazing at Claudette, her hands folded gently and cherishingly about her waist. In spite of her size—she really was immense—there was something engaging about her: A sort of jolly innocence, reminding one of Christmas saints and genial bishops and the dimpled cherubim that enliven the borders of pious old paintings.

With an air of mild absorption she watched Claudette summon the models out of the wings. They came in one at a time in their beautiful clothes, with their air of smiling catalepsis, lifted their arms, revolved and vanished. Each one who came in was slimmer than the last; and as the models grew slenderer the fat woman seemed to grow fatter—it had the effect of a positive transference. She would have made half a dozen of the last one, a fragile creature all in silver, from silver wig to silver slippers; a little figure in spun glass.

They Came In One at a Time in Their Beautiful Clothes, With Their Air of Smiling Catalepsis, Lifted Their Arms, Revolved and Vanished

That was the end. The curtains swung together, everyone began to talk at once, and from two doors at the end of the salon issued two lines of waitresses in frieze formation, bearing trays of afternoon tea.

At the press table the newspaper girls finished scribbling odds and ends of description between sips of tea. "Lace is as good as ever." "The princess line is better than ever." "Skirts are shorter than ever." Then one of them happened to glance up and saw Claudette, still in her gold gown, standing just outside the wing of the improvised stage.

"There she is, Sam!" she cried. "You know her. Get her to come to our table."

Sam instantly rose and, across the crowded salon, pantomimed vivaciously greeting, congratulations and invitations. She even waved the teapot. Anyone could see that she and Claudette were on sparklingly intimate terms.

Claudette smiled and nodded and sauntered down to the press table. Everyone stopped drinking tea as she passed, and stared and stared; visibly and not without difficulty, persuading themselves that this was indeed the famous Fleurnoy. For Claudette's looks had the impressionistic quality that sharpens with distance. Glamorous she still was, but the posterlike effect was modified; she was now, though a little remotely and unfamiliarly, one of themselves.

"We loved it!" said Sam ardently. She reached for a fresh cup, produced sandwiches. "My dear, aren't these women a scream?"

Claudette nodded, studying her friend with a faintly inscrutable smile. Sam, who was very tall and very thin, had a high, boldly arched nose, which, far from deprecating, she quite deliberately advertised. She kept herself as thin as a string, wore clothes that followed the fearless aquilinear line, and earrings of Gothic design that almost touched her shoulders. "She might just as well paint her nose and be done with it," thought Claudette.

"They believed every word of it," said Sam. "They'll go right down to the dress-goods department and buy perpendicular stripes and try to turn themselves into optical illusions. Isn't it ghastly?"

Claudette bit reflectively into a Graham bread sandwich. "I meant to say that to keep the slender line you had to use both your head and your feet—work both ends against the middle," she said. "I forgot —— No, thanks; I don't believe—oh, well, if it's water ice."

"And everyone would have thought it just popped into your head that minute," said Sam affectionately. She supplied a spoon. "What we want to know is, where did you get her?" And she nodded toward the fat woman. "She's an extra, isn't she? We couldn't quite believe that she came because she was upset about her figger."

It was impossible to imagine the fat woman being upset about anything. There was something about her—a largeness and finality of composure—that bulk alone did not account for. The thing that gave her oddity was her air of being satisfied, in an artificial, high-pitched, abstemious world, not only to be herself but, contentedly and generously, just as much of herself as possible.

Claudette shook her head. "I never saw her before." She smiled as she looked at the fat woman, who, so far from treating her silhouette as though it were a little child, was just lavishing on it the third glass of strawberry ice cream. "She looks sort of nice," said Claudette. "I rather like her."

The audience was beginning to move toward the door. The fat woman put the empty glass back on the table, settled her white scarf and rose.

"Wait. I've got an idea," said one of the newspaper girls. Her paper paid two dollars extra every Saturday night for the best human-interest story of the week. This was undoubtedly it.

She was back in three minutes with the fat woman beside her. "Miss Fleurnoy, this is Mrs. Meadows," she said. "Mrs. Meadows thought she'd like to meet you."

The press-table girls became politely oblivious at once. Mrs. Meadows said cordially, "I'm very pleased to meet you, Miss Fleurnoy."

"Won't you have tea?" asked Claudette, smiling.

"Thanks; I've had mine," said Mrs. Meadows, helping herself, nevertheless, to a pink-iced confection like a tiny layer cake in a paper saucer.

Sam Weller took a cigarette from a lizard-skin case and tapped it against the palm of her hand.

"You can't smoke here, Sam," the girl on the right reminded her. "It's against the rules."

"So it is," said Sam. "I forgot." And put the cigarette case back in her purse.

Mrs. Meadows turned her large head rather solemnly toward Sam, who smiled at her fascinatingly, looking exactly like Lady Asquith being audaciously nice to a rural clergyman. Mrs. Meadows turned back to Claudette.

"Those were real nice dresses you were showing today," she said—"nice and plain. I don't care much about the way they hang dresses nowadays, though. I like a hem to hang nice and even."

The press girls went behind their teacups.

Claudette said, "Haven't I seen you here on one of the other days?"

Mrs. Meadows shook her head. "No, this is the first time. I came to see my niece. She's one of the models."

"Which one was your niece?" asked Claudette, smiling the famous smile which was at once so intimate and so impersonal, inviting confidence, withholding disclosure.

"The thin one in the silver dress with the sort of sticky-out skirt," said Mrs. Meadows.

"Really!" cried Claudette. She remembered the thin one in silver very well, but it was difficult to associate her with so homely and ponderable an aunt as Mrs. Meadows. "She's lovely," she said quickly—"she's the loveliest model in the whole fashion show."

Mrs. Meadows nodded. "I tell her she'd improve a lot if she'd fleshen up a bit," she said. "Still, she's a real nice-looking girl. She thinks an awful lot of you, Miss Fleurnoy."

"Really? How nice!" said Claudette brightly.

"I guess she'd like someone like you for her auntie, instead of a fat lady like me," said Mrs. Meadows generously. "Every word you say she takes as serious, it's comical. She came home yesterday and wanted to know how old I was. She says, 'Miss Fleurnoy says that a woman ought to be discreet at forty, and at forty-five she ought to be dangerous.' 'Well,' I says, 'it's too late to be discreet, but I might start being dangerous.' I says, 'You wait and see; you'll probably have to call the police.'"

She chuckled and the newspaper girls applauded. Claudette, her eyes shining, said, "You don't need to be anything except yourself. You're perfectly splendid at that."

And the others nodded, looking very emphatic and confirmatory, as though they couldn't sufficiently urge Mrs. Meadows to go on being just as simple and garrulous and underived as she at that moment was.

"Well, I guess I'd better be going," said Mrs. Meadows. "I'll tell Maye I met you; she'll be tickled to death."

She shook hands heartily with Claudette, smiled at the circle about the table and trundled off.

Sam Weller said solemnly, "She'll talk about this the rest of her life."

"And did you see her face when you took out that cigarette?" said the girl who had introduced her. "I was sure she was going to tell you that a person who smoked cigarettes couldn't expect to make a healthy wife and mother."

"The quaint old thing!" said Sam. "Just simply one of Nature's character women."

When Claudette, now dressed for the street, stepped into the elevator foyer, it was to rediscover Mrs. Meadows.

She sat in one of the deep chairs, resting; her eyes closed, her hands laid about her waist. What a genius for repose the woman had, thought Claudette. She was like an established aspect of Nature—all gently descending curves and hovering, perpetual calm.

As Claudette went to pass, Mrs. Meadows opened her eyes.

"I been waiting here for Maye ever since," Mrs. Matthews said.

Claudette paused, half hesitating. It really was a shame to linger near Mrs. Meadows. She knew perfectly how like a sly pencil her slim elegance caricatured the other's deplorable irreticence of line. They must look, she thought, like one of these obvious humorous drawings for which a prize is offered if you will supply the best title to go underneath.

"You wouldn't think a girl would need to take three-quarters of an hour just to put on her other clothes," said Mrs. Meadows.

Claudette laughed. "I've seen it take that long just to put on a single earring."

"It isn't as if she wore any underclothes," said Mrs. Meadows. She had accepted Claudette—it was part of her consistent simplicity—as a sympathetic contemporary. "Four pieces altogether," she said—"half of them stockings."

"Here she is now," said Claudette.

Maye Meadows was hurrying toward them across the taupe velvet carpet. She wore a black velvet béret on her golden head and a tailored navy-blue suit with a reefer jacket and a little skirt that didn't reach her knees. Most of the models looked like young ladies dressed up as little girls. Maye simply looked like a little girl.

"Miss Fleurnoy and I have been getting acquainted, Maye," Mrs. Meadows said to her niece.

"Miss Fleurnoy?" Maye turned suddenly pink, staring at her astonishing aunt.

"We met at tea," said Claudette, with a reassuring smile, "and I was just telling your aunt—it doesn't do any harm to say it, does it?—that you're the prettiest model in the fashion show."

"Oh-h!" cried Maye, and looked for a moment as though she might disappear behind a fold of her aunt's skirt, like a village child under the dazzling approval of the district visitor.

"There wasn't one of them but could have done with a good square meal," said Mrs. Meadows. "Starving it off and then trying to paint it on."

Maye, recovering, said modestly, "I'm not anything like as nice-looking as the brunette in the Spanish shawl with her hair parted in the middle."

"With those little pea-stick legs!" cried Mrs. Meadows; and Maye, smiling, turning a little timidly to Claudette, said, "I just love that Madonna type."

The Madonna type! It was like talking about the Venus of Melos type or the Gibson type! Claudette hadn't realized that there were still people who employed these odd, discarded habits of speech. There was, she thought, something altogether engaging about the earnestness and simplicity of the Meadowses. They made her think of a niece and an auntie out of the old Girl's Own Annual.

"Legs like that ought to be covered up, if for nothing else," said Mrs. Meadows.

The elevator received them. They slid swiftly through a dozen stories to the main floor and walked through the cotton-shrouded aisles to the street.

"You coming our way?" asked Mrs. Meadows companionably.

Claudette shook her head. "I like to walk the store air out of my lungs in the evenings."

"It's a lovely evening for a walk," said Maye; and she added shyly, flushing a little at her audacity: "Could I—would it be all right if I walked a little piece with you?"

Claudette, after the faintest possible hesitation, said brightly, "Why, yes, do!" She was thinking "She hasn't a brain in her head," but kindly, and indeed, half affectionately, because not having a brain in her head, so far from detracting from Maye's eager young charm, was in fact rather endearingly a part of it.

"Don't forget we got company coming for supper," warned Mrs. Meadows.

"I won't," answered Maye dutifully, and turned with Claudette up the bright breeze-swept street.

It was really a beautiful evening. Every cross street framed a sunset, whose glow, burning on the windows of little shops, banished washing machines, bicycles, trunks, rows of hats, optical displays behind a curtain of dazzling flame.

Maye said, nodding toward the sunset, "I'd like a dress in colors like that. I'd have it orange, then lavender, then

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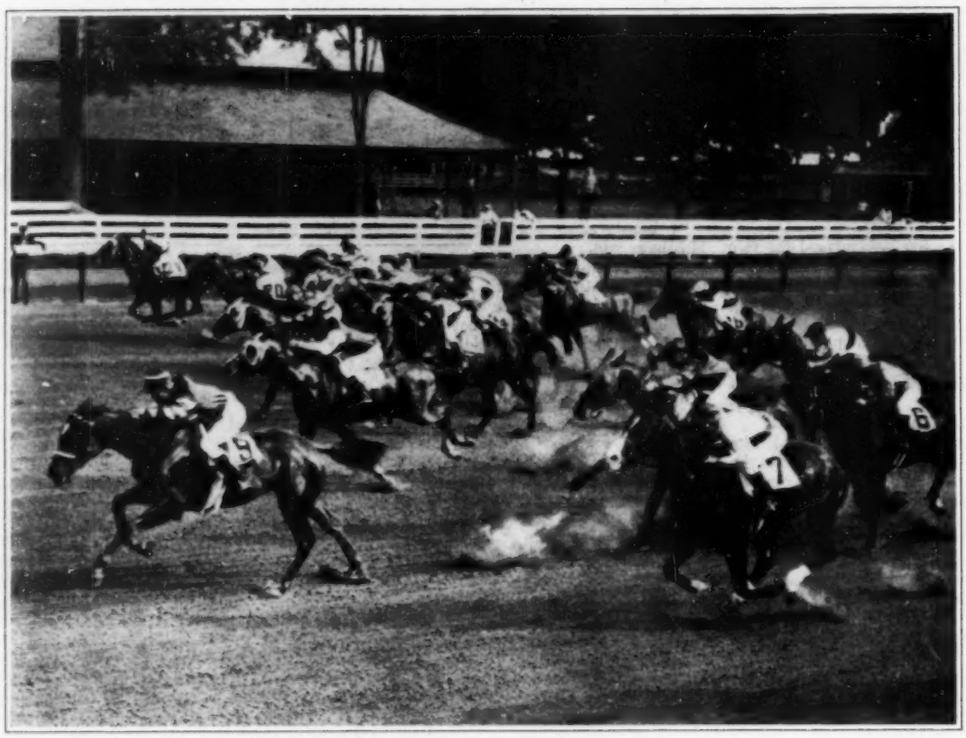
"She Says, 'Miss Fleurney Says That a Woman Ought to be Discreet at Forty, and at Forty-Five She Ought to be Dangerous.' 'Well,' I Says, 'It's Too Late to be Discreet, But I Might Start Being Dangerous'"

THEY'RE OFF

By J. B. SNODGRASS AND WESLEY STOUT

THE horses will be going to the post at Bowie in a few days now and the 1929 racing season will be formally under way. The story of this, the oldest of American sports, is one of many ups and more downs. Today it is on the up-and-up, and promises to remain so if the Jockey Club and similar supervisory organizations keep the reins under a stout wrap.

More than $13,000,000 in stakes and purses was run for on our tracks last year as against $8,000,000 in Man o' War's best season, 1920. Some 7000 horses went to the post and one two-year-old earned $158,590 in his first season. All major tracks increased their stakes. The public patronage never was as great. Racing revenue is become a considerable item in the budgets of several states, and racing results are secondary only to Wall Street prices with the afternoon city papers.



The Start of a Big Field at Saratoga

As goes racing, so goes breeding. Few industries in Kentucky exceed in investment and revenue that of Thoroughbred horse breeding. An unnamed yearling sold for $75,000 at Saratoga last summer and 4500 Thoroughbred foals were registered.

Once before, prosperity was too much for the sport, but since the Jockey Club blew the breath of life back into the maimed form in 1894, it slowly, with periodical setbacks, has worked its way back to health, and through the ten increasingly good seasons since the war it has kept to a straight course.

The last previous period of good times was from 1870 to 1890. By the middle 70's the sport had recovered from the Civil War and was flourishing from Brookline, Massachusetts, to Lawrence, Kansas, and on to California, where the Pacific Jockey Club was offering stakes of as much as $30,000 to tempt good horses over the mountains. In 1885 the season opened at New Orleans in January. At Easter the horses moved north to Memphis and Nashville. In May the racing year began in earnest at Lexington, Louisville, Baltimore, Washington, St. Louis and New York tracks. June belonged to Chicago, St. Louis and New York. In midsummer Monmouth Park at Long Branch, the summer White House; Washington Park, Chicago; Saratoga and Sheepshead Bay marked the height of the season. Fashionable Jerome Park followed, and the year ended in October at Pimlico, Baltimore, and Ivy Park, Washington. There were lesser meets in other states.

Open Bets Openly Arrived At

THIS was America's gambling age and open professional gambling was as recognized a concession at most race tracks as are hot dogs today. It was the day of the Louisiana Lottery with a capital prize of $100,000 and 3500 lesser prizes totaling $502,000, over which General Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard presided. The Kentucky State Lottery, $50,000 capital prize and $250,000 in consolations, was drawn monthly at Covington. It advertised for agents and boasted that it had been authorized by special act of the legislature for the benefit of the University of Paducah. The university seems not to have benefited if, indeed, it ever existed. At Topeka, Kansas, "a public entertainment for the purpose of endowing the Topeka Library Association" duplicated the prize money offered by Kentucky and similarly called for agents. There were others.

At Tijuana and Havana gambling casinos are operated in connection with horse racing, as once they were here. In at least three places in the United States such casinos survive today, but neither has any connection with horse racing. You may bet at most tracks, but only on the horses. That was one of the first and most effective reforms worked in the great upheaval.

It began with the breaking out of schism in the old American Jockey Club, wealthy fountainhead of the sport. The Cassatts, Witherses, Lorillards, Wetmores and James Gordon Bennett withdrew their patronage from Saratoga and Jerome Park to Monmouth Park and Sheepshead Bay, and offered larger purses.

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A Field Leaving the Paddock for the Track at Saratoga

Earned Oats

INTO this breach leaped outlaw racing, crooked racing of every sort, and by 1890 the sport was fading fast under such competition. At Maspeth, Long Island; South Side Park, St. Louis; and Arlington, across from Baltimore's Pimlico, horses were racing at night under electric lights.

At Guttenberg, owned by "Dutch" Fred Walbaum, Gloucester, Clifton and such outlaw half-mile tracks in Jersey, horses were working for their oats in meets of as many as 294 days, running in the winter months on frozen ground and in snow. On January 3, 1888, five races were run at Guttenberg in deep snow. Name-hunch players may be interested to know that in the fourth event, though run in a heavy snowstorm, Blizzard lost to Tunis.

On December 14, 1889, at the Dwyer brothers' New Jersey Jockey Club course the program was run off in a blinding snowstorm, four days later in a torrential rain, and two days after that in a fog so dense that the horses vanished into it at the first turn and were not seen again until they burst down the stretch. In one county in Maryland racing revolved between three half-mile merry-go-rounds at Elkton, Ironhill and Singerly, to evade a local statute limiting any one track to thirty days' racing, and was thought so beneath contempt that it was ignored by the annual turf registers.

Conditions were similar at Alexander Island and St. Asaph's, Virginia, across the long bridge from Washington. In Chicago, the once fashionable Washington Park, which Gen. Phil Sheridan had headed on its organization in 1883, crumbled in a greedy fight between two newer tracks, Hawthorne and Harlem. At Hawthorne there were 260 days of racing in 1893.

The late Jack Phillips used to tell a story of a scene he witnessed on a Nevada track on the sagebrush circuit. A trainer disguised a ringer with a coat of mineral paint. The horse galloped home in front in a sudden rain in which his coat turned a bright green, but the tactful stewards looked the other way.

No outlaw track was more notorious than Gloucester, opposite Philadelphia. The boss of this town of 3500 was Billy Thompson, the Duke of Gloucester. Beginning as a billiard boy in the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, he became a saloon keeper there, then proprietor of the Buena Vista hotel at Gloucester, where the planked shad and cucumbers was a dish to stir the gastric juices. Entering politics actively, he rose to the legislature.

When he failed to interest the Dwyer brothers and Philadelphia capital in building a race track, he spent $200,000 of his own in reclaiming a river marsh on which fishermen long had dried their nets,

and opened his own track. Purses, as at other outlaw courses, ranged from $100 to $250; the horses were the culls of Thoroughbred breeding and often were expected to run every day for their hay.

One side of the boulevard for one block was an unbroken line of open gambling houses, of which the race track was just another. The unrestricted "restricted" district filled two other blocks. When the ferry company refused to operate its boats after midnight because of the disorder, Thompson brought two faster boats from New York and ran them twenty-four hours a day. Thereafter every resort ran all night seven days a week, the only concession to Sunday being closed front doors. Later Thompson bought out the old ferry company and sold 47 per cent of the stock of the consolidation for more than the cost of both. The feudal palace he built on the river front as a home, known as Thompson's Castle, long has housed the United States Immigration Service station.

Eventually Gloucester rebelled, New Jersey rebelled, the country rebelled. At the worst period racing survived only in Kentucky, and there meagerly. In many states it never has returned. New England has not known it for two generations, though bills are now before the Rhode Island and Connecticut legislatures to legalize tracks on Narragansett Bay and at New London respectively. The memory of Guttenberg and Gloucester lingers in New Jersey yet. Virginia, which was the home of the Thoroughbred before Kentucky and counted racing its royal sport in Colonial times, never has forgotten St. Asaph's and Alexander Island. In Illinois it has revived only in the past few years.

St. Louis long has been without the sport which it was among the first to restore after the interruption of the Civil War. Meets such as 143 days alternately between Oakland and Ingleside in California in 1903 killed the golden goose there, although James Coffroth, owner of Tijuana, in an effort to stimulate interest, ran a no-betting meet at old Tanforan last season. Tennessee, where Andrew Jackson's Clover Bottom race meet at the Hermitage was an annual social event, no longer offers a break in the jump between the winter and summer tracks. Ohio has not come back.

Past Glory

IN ARKANSAS the war between Umbrella Bill McGuiggan and Louis Cella killed the sport at Hot Springs. In Charleston, South Carolina, where American racing was born, and in Savannah and Mobile, where it also continued even after the Civil War, it is dead for other reasons, chief among them being the lack of a large urban population.

PHOTO. BY FOTOGRAMS, N. Y.

The Open-Air Paddock at Belmont, Where the Horses are Saddled

A Section of the Crowd Attracted by the Pimlico Futurity at Baltimore

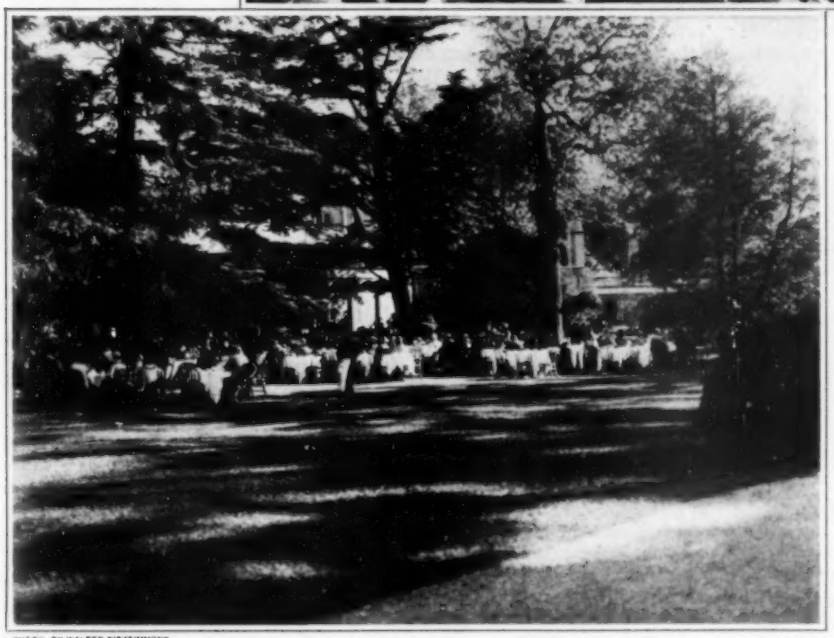

PHOTO. BY WALTER FITZSIMMONS

Society Lunching on the Lawn of the Turf and Field Club, Belmont, Before the Races

Held in Check

THERE now are three tracks at Chicago and a fourth near by at Aurora. That is all the territory can support legitimately, yet there are rumors of a fifth course, despite the lesson of the feud between Ed Corrigan and Louis Cella that led to Illinois being closed to running horses for twenty years. On the other hand, Arlington Park, the newest and finest plant at Chicago, which H. D. Brown built on the North Side, is about to be taken over by a group of wealthy local sportsmen and made a noncommercial track, a Midwestern Belmont, which is an encouraging sign.

Racing was introduced into Florida for the first time several seasons back at Miami. A successful meet under a form of pari-mutuel betting immediately inspired a number of lesser tracks. Public hostility followed as does the night the day, and this winter racing was revived at Miami with difficulty under oral betting copied from New York practice.

The Jockey Club deliberately holds down attendance at the New York tracks and is content with the law that prohibits the pari-mutuel system of betting, although it is more equitable to the bettor than bookmaking and, therefore, more popular. The tracks collect no revenue from the bookmakers and are satisfied to keep them within bounds. Belmont, the finest track in America, lies within a few minutes of the heart of Manhattan by fast and excellent train service, yet the attendance often is less than at Havre de Grace, a little Maryland town, thirty-six miles from Baltimore, the nearest city, and fifty-eight from Philadelphia, to which it especially caters.

If the pari mutuel were to be introduced at Belmont and other metropolitan tracks and the $3.85 admission lowered to the $1.65 of Havre de Grace, for example, a continuous grand stand around the track might not hold the crowds on big days. That, in turn, would produce such an enormous revenue that the Jockey Club and the racing associations would be helpless to battle off the politicians and dynamiters. Once these honeybees scented such a heap of sugar, new tracks would spring up faster than golf courses and, shortly, racing in New York would have been done to death again.

The Jockey Club, superstructure of American racing, grew out of a meeting called by James R. Keene at the Hoffman House in the dark year of 1894, in

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VIVACE—MA NON TROPPO

By Frederick Irving Anderson

He Picked Out a Spot to Step On, Then Another, and Hopped Across to the Door of the Studio. This Was Hung With a Curtain. Using a Pencil, He Pushed Aside the Curtain and Looked In

ILLUSTRATED BY SAUL TEPPER

WHAT'S become of the red-headed girl?" asked George, the clerk in the delicatessen store at the first corner. "I haven't seen her for a long time—two weeks. Do you know what she ate for lunch? An apple, a pickle and a doughnut."

He was ladling out loose milk for Wicks, the overseer of the apartment house on the river brim—one of those most recent shoe-box skyscrapers that specialize in one-room suites, to be had as low as a thousand dollars a year. Wicks was as vain of his kingdom as the mayor of any *arrondissement*, and when he came in here for loose milk he used the back door.

"She wore a plaited skirt that swung like this," said George, gently moving his dipper from side to side. "Where is she? Is she gone away for good?"

"'Good'?" repeated Wicks suspiciously. He didn't like the word, and he didn't like to talk about his people.

"Has she gone away?" said George. "That's what I mean. Can't I ask?"

"Sure, you can ask," said Wicks, and he took his can of loose milk and departed by the rear door.

Other people had asked about that girl. Her name was Lucena Wirden. The gas man had said, "Doesn't she use any gas at all? I'll have to take her meter out, unless she begins again." The milkman had said, "I want the empty cream bottles from 26 R. They won't answer the bell." Wicks, before setting down his milk, looked at her electric-light meter. The hands hadn't moved since the last reading. He knew, because this house bought electricity wholesale at four cents and retailed it to tenants at seven and eight.

He called her by telephone. He could hear the buzz as the girl at the board prodded with her plug. No answer. He stood by the wire, waiting. Her picture came more and more distinctly to him. Her eyes were not blue, as one expected, but a deep brown, almost black, with a glint of red behind them which made her red hair very striking. She had a lilt to her walk, and a quick toss of her head like a bird when she talked. Her skin was so white one thought at first it was glazed with powder, like a Spanish woman's. When she moved in—in a taxicab, as most of his tenants did—she had paid her rent in advance for a whole quarter. The check was drawn on a bank that required a minimum cash balance of three thousand dollars. The pickle she ate for luncheon was not parsimony but regimen. She was working hard with her voice, and the pickle had something to do with it. He wondered about the apple. Some of these advanced students, when they reached a certain stage, went into the chorus for what they called hardening, and they had to give up apples and gum—it made them fat. She wasn't fat. The whole block as far as the bus station for cross town knew her and her swinging little skirt whose bewitching oscillations George had depicted with slow movement of the milk dipper. Her mail had the unmistakable air of a person who is asked out in society. The envelopes were never two of the same size—to the despair of the post-office canceling machines—and the inscriptions were scrawls of painful, loose grace. Once, standing in the elevator alone, Wicks saw one had come unsealed, and he slyly looked inside. It contained a tissue-thin card with some grand name on it, and in one corner was written a single word: "Tea?" He remembered particularly the question mark after the word "tea." It struck him at the time as very effective.

Consuming his milk, with loose bread, Wicks went upstairs and outside, and stood by the river wall, watching his people come and go, as was his prideful habit. He wouldn't have anything happen to this house for the world. It had a good carriage trade. Taxis were on the come and go. There was a taxi stand at the river wall. Most of the tenants were beginners in the artistic professions who, by hook or crook, had scraped enough money together for that final finishing splurge in the glitter of theater, concert hall, gallery, and editorial room, which they so confidently plotted to crash. One wonders where all the money comes from to outfit this army that moves so valiantly on New York every fall. They must all have establishments of their own; for part of the game is to appear prosperous and in no hurry. They always moved in, in a taxi, with a floor lamp or two, an eiderdown quilt, and that inevitable war bag, the hatbox. Sometimes a wardrobe trunk too. In a day or two, along would come several pieces of heavy furniture of the overstuffed variety—on the installment plan—and a grand piano of expensive make, always rented by the month. Window hangings and floor coverings came gradually. They came so bravely, departed so forlornly. One of them, a little doll of a girl with a voice as hard as china, had said to Wicks, when she departed yesterday, leaving all her furniture behind for the installment collector to repossess:

"Some day you will see my picture all over the opera programs and the Sunday papers. Now I have to move into a thirty-dollar flat."

They flowed by like eddies in the river just beyond the jagged rocks. He looked up at the lights, gay curtains, the receding terraces of his shoe-box skyscraper domain. High up, almost out of sight, he caught sight of what he knew, from previous inspection, to be a brace of mallard ducks hanging outside of a window. Instantly he tossed away his cigar, walked in and entered the elevator.

"Have you taken up that girl in 26 R?" he asked.

The elevator boy shook his head. He was a Bermuda boy, had been there only three days. Was there any mail for her? The boy took down a few letters, great and diminutive as usual. He said there was a big batch of it when he came; he had climbed up and tipped it over the transom into her hall.

"Nobody answered?"

"No," said the boy; he looked at Wicks. He anchored at her floor, watching while Wicks pushed the bell and listened with one ear at the door panel. The boy edged over beside him, and they eyed each other, breathing a little faster. They started when the elevator buzzer sounded. The boy closed the gate, looking back till he was out of sight.

"She is Limbering Up Her Throat. Ar-rgh! Ar-rgh! Ar-rgh! Like That"

A door opened down the hall and a young man came briskly out. It was a tenant by the name of Van Halen. He was a writer. He had come to town, so he would tell you if you were interested, to be on hand when things finally broke. He carried a fat brief case, the contents of which he would distribute in person at the various offices in Park Avenue, just north of the depot, where volunteer manuscripts are sorted for the market.

"Nobody's home there," he said.

"How do you know?"

"Who should, better?" replied the young man. "Have you never heard her scream? You'd think someone was

strangling her. She doesn't make tone any more. She's advanced beyond that! She is limbering up her throat. Ar-rgh! Ar-rgh! Ar-rgh! Like that." He gave a clever imitation in a half voice. He added: "Except that she lifts herself up on the piano in thirds, you'd swear dirty work was going on."

"How long since you've heard her? When did you hear her last?"

Van Halen considered before he answered. He looked around.

"Remember that night the lights went out all over the house? About two weeks ago," he said. "She was screeching then—I swear I was on the point of calling the police. Then the lights went out. She stopped like that!" He snapped his fingers sharply. "What made the lights go out?"

"We submeter in this building," explained Wicks. "A fuse blew on the street side. It happens. Give me a leg up, will you?"

With the young man's help he drew himself up and stood with a foot on the door knob to peer through the open transom. He hopped down.

"I can't see anything. I'm going in," he said.

He took out a bunch of keys, from which he selected one, a strange key. It was a master key. There were times when one had need of a master key in a house like this.

"You've got no right to go in there!" said Van Halen.

"You come with me," said Wicks, turning the key in the lock.

The young man recoiled.

"I will not!" he cried. He suddenly rasped, "What are you doing here anyway? Springing another strangling scandal? Well, you can't rope me in!" He retreated to the elevator, punched the bell. "You want a witness? Well, call a cop. Or a coroner!"

Wicks wouldn't go in alone. He telephoned police headquarters.

"Give me East Fifty-first Street," he said.

"For what?" inquired a bland voice.

He explained clumsily. One of the tenants—a good-looking girl—hadn't been seen for two weeks—didn't answer her bell.

"I'll give you the homicide bureau," said the flat voice. "Don't touch anything till we get there."

"No, not the wagon! There may be nothing! Send one man," Wicks pleaded. A thing like that would kill this house. He thought of one famous case. They had found the girl strangled with her own gauzy silk stockings, lying across a couch. Nothing was missing, nothing ever came of it, they never even found out who she was. It had killed that house; it would be years before people forgot.

Shortly a man came from the homicide bureau.

"I go first," he said, entering without taking off his hat. "Touch nothing. Step in my tracks. There are more clews destroyed in the first five minutes than can ever be raked together afterward. You fellows smear everything."

The entry hall was strewn with letters—the ones the elevator boy had pushed over the transom. Wexler, the homicide expert, stood on the threshold examining the floor with a light torch. He picked out a spot to step on, then another, and hopped across to the door of the studio. This was hung with a curtain. Using a pencil, he pushed aside the curtain and looked in.

"Nothing here," he said, chewing thoughtfully. "When you've been through as many of these things as I have——"

Wicks touched his shoulder and pointed to a hall tree on which hung her street things.

"That's her hat and neck piece," he said. "I never saw her wear anything else since she came."

"That clock is twenty-three minutes slow," said the man of murders. The clock stood on a mantel above a fireplace in which lay some ashes. It was an electric clock plugged in on a light socket. It ran in synchronism with the sixty-cycle turbogenerators in the central station; it might drift a few electrical degrees ahead or behind momentarily, but ordinarily it was on the dot. However, a fuse had blown one night recently. The clock had stopped then, of course, and would not start up until the current came on again. That would account for the twenty-three minutes. While Wicks explained this the homicide expert watched him with steady gaze. When Wicks ceased speaking, Wexler continued to gaze at him, as if waiting for more. This disconcerted the manager.

"Everything in the entire house went out?"

"Yes. The fuse quit. That cut off both sides."

"And stayed dark twenty-three minutes?"

"About that, yes."

Wicks mentioned Van Halen—indicating the apartment to the right—and the screams that night. The screams meant nothing. She screamed at all hours of the day and night. There was nothing like the pertinacity of the creatures working at music. No ordinary laborer could have stood the hours and toil.

"The lights went out in the midst of her screaming?"

"She stopped, yes."

"For twenty-three minutes?"

"According to that clock, yes."

"Isn't that pretty good evidence?" demanded the expert.

"Unless the clock had been tampered with."

"Apparently she hasn't come back to tamper with it," remarked Wexler, his doubting gaze going over Wicks' face. He said: "Did you ever hear of a law requiring an emergency storage battery to carry the load after thirty seconds of darkness? A lot of panic can happen in a crowded house in thirty seconds. Where was your battery?"

"I never heard of such a law!"

"You will," promised the detective. He turned and studied the great room. The space suggested opulence—until you learned there was nothing beyond; it was all there was. There was the usual trick setting of period furniture, the grand piano. Wexler stepped from one tiny rug to another, Wicks carefully following. Everywhere was pleasant disorder. One tiny table held cigarette trays, with a day's run of ashes and stubs; throat pastils; a book of powder papers such as girls use to freshen their faces. Another table held a Satsuma bowl full of pennies—hundreds, thousands, it seemed; probably for poker parties.

"Did she run a game here?" Wicks thought not. How did she pay her rent? Did she sign the check, or did the cashier? Was it a cashier's check? Wexler's doubting gaze hovered about Wicks' eyebrow. He, Wicks, had never thought of a cashier's check before, and its possible

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Perez Danced Four Little Numbers, the Same Dance But a Different Tempo Each Time

MEN FROM CHICAGO

By Leonard H. Nason

ALONG the coast of North Africa runs a narrow strip of land called the Spanish Protectorate. What the Spanish protect, other than themselves, is not clear. There is first a line of blockhouses; in their shadow a railroad, its tiny stations sandbagged and protected by machine guns, and beyond the railroad, the sea.

In the afternoon of a certain day the one train that connects the seaport with the railhead was making its daily journey. The Guardia Civil, the Spanish military police, on watch in the fields for prowling tribesmen or stragglers from their own troops, stood stiffly at attention if they were on foot, or came to the position of advance rifle if they were mounted, until the train had passed. This was not because the train contained any important personage, for it did not; but the train was full of soldiers—recruits for the garrison of Melilla—some sailors for the naval guns that were being mounted to counter-batter a similar gun the Riffs had on one of the peaks, and two companies of the Tercio, the Spanish Foreign Legion, going out to the relief of an outpost.

Spain has a military government, the rod and staff of which is the Guardia Civil, and it would not be well if these young soldiers should see a member thereof in an unmilitary attitude. Tourists did not ride on that train. The seekers of easy divorce, the fleers of scandal at home, the flabby new-rich, and the dipsomaniac, male or female, have no yearning to get a slug through their empty skulls by way of some enthusiastic tribesman.

On this day, strangely enough, two men in civilian clothes stood on the platform on the last car, watching successively a little group of burros going up with food to a blockhouse on a hill, a burying detail putting down the results of an early morning raid, and some soldiers of the Tercio practicing machine-gun and grenade firing along the beach.

These men were obviously not Spanish. One was huge and blond, with a ruddy face that inspired instant good-fellowship in all beholders. The other was slighter, younger, and more soberly garbed than his companion, who wore golf stockings of the snakiest pattern, and a suit that announced to all the world in no uncertain tones that it had been made in Regent Street, London, especially for the American trade.

The large, ruddy-faced gentleman was named Inglewood—a lover of Spain, so he said. The young man beside him in the gunmetal-whipcord suit was his courier, Peter Moir, a relic of the A. E. F. Mr. Moir drove the ruddy-faced gentleman's car, carried his baggage, translated for him when he wanted to buy anything, guided him to the points of interest, and bowed his head meekly when Mr. Inglewood was in a bad humor and heaped abuse on him. Mr. Inglewood never knew in what danger he had been on several occasions, for the ex-members of the A. E. F. do not lightly take abuse from any man; but men have to eat and jobs have to be held, and the years have somewhat tamed their once high spirit.

"How much more of this dawdling have we got to do, Moir?" inquired Mr. Inglewood suddenly. "It's time we were there! I'm getting sick of this jerky train. Why didn't you bring the car anyway, as I suggested?"

Moir answered nothing, he having explained now some fifty times that the Spanish authorities would not allow the car to be brought into the military zone.

"Ask one of these men when we get to Melilla!" ordered Inglewood, without waiting for a reply to his first question.

"*Hey, hombre,*" said Moir, "*se compran cerveza por aqui?*"

A soldier who had his head out of the window at Moir's elbow replied. "*No, nada,*" said he.

"He says 'pretty quick now,'" Moir informed Mr. Inglewood.

It was thirty minutes, however, before the train came to a panting halt at the end of the line. The soldiers got down, the sailors were received by more of their number and marched away, and Mr. Inglewood and Moir descended in their turn.

The station was large, of pronounced Moorish architecture, and the platform was filled with soldiers, sailors and natives, all down for the big event of the day—the arrival of the train from the base. From this crowd of loungers a dozen Moors hurled themselves at Moir in an attempt to seize the three large bags he carried.

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

"How Come You Join Up With the Artillurry From Chicago if Your Home Town is Melilla and You Don't Drink Anything But Tea?"

"No!" said he. "*Alla! Alla!*" He added other words more pungent and shoved the Moors with his hands.

"Come, come!" cried Mr. Inglewood, who was being bustled and banged about most rudely by cabmen after fares and Moors clamoring their qualifications as guides. "Hurry up, I say! What are you fooling about?"

"These crazy niggers are trying to steal our bags!" yelled Moir rather breathlessly.

A tall native who had been standing apart from the crowd jumped as though he had heard a shot. He pulled the hood of his jellaba a little closer about his face and bored his way into the crowd around the baggage. In a few well-chosen words he expressed his distaste with the proceedings, and the Moors at once fell back.

"Git!" said Moir as the newcomer laid his hands on the first bag. "Nor you neither! *Alla!* Black boy, leggo that bag!"

"I ain't no black boy!" replied the Moor. "I'm as good an American as you are!"

"Huh?" gasped Moir. He took a searching look at the other. He was chocolate-colored like all the others in sight. He wore a coarse brown jellaba, decorated with what had once been tufts of colored wool, but that had faded to dinginess long since. The jellaba came only to his knees and allowed his black naked legs, laced with scars of thorn tears, to be seen.

"Huh! Right from ole Alabam', I suppose! Bawn in li'l' ole N'awlins! Run along, boy. If we was lime-juicers you'd have another line. Whiskee soda, sair? Officers' club at Port Side for twenty years. Thank you, sir. Served with the Royal Imperial Burmese Prince of Wales Own Dust Biters throughout the wah. Yes, sir, thank you, sir. *Alla!* We ain't tourists."

"I'll knock you from twelve to six if you call me black!" replied the Moor vigorously. "I served in the war with Riley's Bucks from Chi. Where d'yuh get this lime-juice stuff at? I was wounded and back at the Front again, while you were still lookin' in the paper to see if your number had been called yet!"

From the other end of the station came an agonized shout that made all the loungers stare:

"Moir, why don't you come along? Are you trying to drive me frantic?"

"Pick up a coupla bags an' come on," said Moir hurriedly. The Moor, however, remained aloof.

"You think I'm carryin' bags for a livin'?" he asked. "Well, you can shove 'em up your nostril! I come over here to give you a little hand because you're an American, an' all I get for thanks is a fresh line!" He pulled the hood of his jellaba even lower and seemed to retire into himself.

"Naw, don't get sore," pleaded Moir, gathering up the bags. "How would I know? Gee, if you were mobbed every time you got anywhere by a crowd that tried to steal your bags or bite your ear off, you'd be suspicious. Walk along with us. I'll carry the bags."

There was no response from under the hood, but a flow of Arabic that sounded like a man gargling his throat.

"C'mon," grinned Moir. "Don't be hard on a guy. I was with the Rainbow myself. I was drivin' ambulance. I come from Chi too—Lincoln Park."

There was no answer. The Moor had faded into the crowd.

"What are you thinking of?" roared Mr. Inglewood, appearing suddenly. "Don't you realize that I'm tired and nervous enough without you aggravating me like this? Are you going on with me or not? Let's decide now! I didn't come to this jumping-off place to stand around on a station platform while you amuse yourself showing off your Spanish!"

Moir made no reply, but shouldered the bags and started off with them in Mr. Inglewood's wake. A brown hand suddenly reached over and grasped the handle of one. It was the Moor, his hood still low over his face.

"You from Chicago, no kiddin'?" he asked.

"Sure," answered Moir. "Forty-ninth Street. I lived there for years."

"Lemme carry your bag," said the Moor. "I can't let a guy from the old town go away mad." It seemed that his voice was strangely agitated.

The Moor guided them to a terrible, creaking, four-wheeled vehicle that bore remote likeness to a victoria. They mounted therein, and the Moor, getting on the seat with the driver, climbed the hill to the sun-baked, ragged town. Trenches ran along the road, gun emplacements protected by sandbags were in the middle distance, and at the gate of the town were two huge sawhorse-looking things covered with barbed wire that could be swung instantly across the road in case of attack. From the gate there was a wide view, a flat scrubby plain; then, rising suddenly, two, three thousand feet, a solid granite wall, treeless, barren, a barrier of rock. It was the northern edge of the Atlas, and from its heights the Riffs looked down into Melilla.

At the town's one hotel Mr. Inglewood descended majestically and went in.

"Can you sneak away from him for a while?" asked the Moor as he helped Moir to unload the bags. "I'd like to converse with you."

"I'll see. Gee, I don't know. He's liable to snap an' bark for an hour or more, an' keep me sittin' around bitin' my thumbs while he makes up his mind what to do. Then he may go right up to the room an' pound his ear. Where could I meet you?"

"Well, go down the street an' turn to your left. You'll see the square. Just go down an' stick around there awhile. I'll be waitin' for you."

"Good. But listen, now, no kiddin'; you an American or what?"

"Sure, I'm an American. What do I look like?"

"Well, where's your home town?"

"This is it," said the Moor. "I come from Melilla. I'll tell yuh all about it later. Cheese it, here comes the boss."

"Everything is all right," said Mr. Inglewood, appearing at the hotel door. "Bring in the bags. How much did you give that rascal for carrying our bags?"

"Not much," answered Moir. "He's a good lad."

"Don't be too liberal with your tipping. They can't be used to getting much money here. I'm going up to wash. Meanwhile find out what you can do for a guide."

Mr. Inglewood went away and Moir was left to smoke a cigarette and converse with the hotel *conserje*. He wondered if he would be able to get away. He would like to talk with a man who wore a brown jellaba and who spoke English with a Chicago accent, who claimed Riley's Bucks as his outfit and Melilla as his home town. He smoked two cigarettes and finished questioning the *conserje* before his employer reappeared, smelling of malt liquors.

"What have you found out?" demanded Mr. Inglewood.

"He says," answered Moir, "that he can get you a guide that will show you all around the native town, take you through the bazaars, buy anything for you that you want cheaper than you can buy it yourself, and only charge you one duro. That's four pesetas."

"Bah!" said Mr. Inglewood. "I don't want to see any native town. They stink. I want to go out in the country, out to those mountains."

Moir interrogated the *conserje*, who shook his head vigorously. The conversation was long and animated, so that Inglewood became impatient.

"Come, come!" he said. "Don't say so many words. What's the answer?"

"He says we can't go; that the Spanish won't allow you to go outside the lines."

"Nonsense! Why won't they? I'm an American citizen. D'yuh mean to say any Spaniard can tell me where I can or can't go? Guess not!"

"Well, I wouldn't risk it," advised Moir. "One of those birds in the patent-leather hats would slam a bullet through you and ask about your nationality afterward."

Mr. Inglewood pursed his lips and took a few turns up and down the hall, patting one hand in the palm of the other behind his back. Suddenly he returned, and taking Moir by the arm, led him outside and away from the sight of the *conserje*.

"Listen," said Mr. Inglewood, "do you suppose you could find that tramp that brought our bags up?"

"Well, I could try," answered Moir. "It'll be a terrible job, but I'll see what I can do."

"Good. Go to it. Start now. And when you find him, see if you can fix it up for him to take us out a ways—not far, of course, but just to see the country. Tell him I'm a painter or anything. But fix it up. And don't fuss about price with him. I want to go out and have a look and then get out of here. I hate this country. It gives me the shudders already. Skip along now. Go right about finding him."

Moir found the square easily enough. He looked long and earnestly at the crowd of turbaned natives, at the khaki-clad soldiers and the few nondescript civilians that were passing and repassing, but saw no sign of the guide. One or two ghostlike figures passed—women veiled from head to foot in white—and in following them with his eyes Moir saw a small booth around which were wicker chairs and tables.

"I'll go have me a drink," he thought, "and maybe this bird will show up."

Moir's guess was correct. He had no more than taken his seat, before a brown jellaba appeared from nowhere, and the Moor with the American accent was in the chair opposite.

"I was wondering where you were," said Moir. "The boss sent me out to dig you up. Well, what'll it be? They have good beer in this town?"

(Continued on Page 38)

He Drew His Passport From His Pocket as Though It Were a Sword and Waved it Under the Nose of the Riff With the Yellow Belt. "I'm an American Citizen!" He Shouted

GOVERNMENT BY TUMULT

By Garet Garrett

TO EVERYONE occurs that moment in which this changing, dissolving self-re-creating modern scene is suddenly without meaning. There is a sense—it may be a very desolate sense—of existing blindly in a gigantic phantasm. All the phenomena are artificial. Where is any principle of order in it? What are its laws?

Well, there is much more order in it than we see. Notwithstanding the illusion of unending confusion, it does in an amazing manner steadily increase our command of material satisfactions. It is true, we have yet to find and formulate its laws. But think how long it was before the laws were found and formulated that govern such everyday natural phenomena as rain, thunder, pestilence, fecundity; think for how long it was that natural happenings were believed to have no other cause than the whim of petty-minded gods acting locally. It had first to be imagined that Nature's processes were lawful; then this had to be proved. Having proved it and having formulated the laws of them, then man was able to anticipate, manipulate, control and exploit natural phenomena. That is all we mean when we speak of his power over Nature.

PHOTO, COPYRIGHT BY THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE, N. Y. C.

Mexican Immigration is the Single Largest Racial Stream Now Pouring Into the United States

Now observe that he no sooner delivers himself from his thralldom to Nature—Nature regarded as caprice—than he begins to build upon his knowledge of her laws what now we know—and yet know so imperfectly—as industrial civilization, thereby producing a vast body of artificial phenomena. Here is a new reality. He comes all at once to such an enigma as ruinous surplus, to such strange riddles as unemployment and business cycles, to such a startling discovery as that the rhythms of industrial production and exchange are in an absolute sense vital. If they break he will perish.

Probing Into Our Problems

THAT this civilization works at all is proof that it contains a true principle of order, but we have studied it less than we have studied the principle of order that rules the heavens. Concerning artificial phenomena we have not learned what we already know about natural phenomena—namely, that among all differences there is harmony, that all things are related in one web, and that what appears to be a singular thing is but a singular aspect. On the high plane of science this truth is acting; on the working plane of human affairs it has not arrived.

We react to the artificial world in which now we live as once we reacted to the natural world when what happened to us there could be neither foreseen nor controlled. Hence our way with the problems of modern life, treating them locally or separately, or as if persons and institutions were to blame, or thinking to treat them by ritual and incantation, as when Congress solemnly writes on a piece of paper that they are hereby abolished. We continually mistake the crisis for the problem. Looking backward, it is easy enough to see that in the old pattern of life famine was not a problem. It was a crisis. The problem was superstition retarding man's advance upon knowledge. So in our plan of life, though it is more difficult to see, unemployment, for example, is not a problem. That also is a crisis. The problem is how to comprehend this new system of artificial reality as a whole. It has no history. The imagination has not yet been able to seize it as a structure of unity, standing in tension. That being the case, we cannot intelligently control its phenomena. They lead us into one crisis after another, tending therefore to control us. In meeting the crisis as if it were a problem in itself, we involve ourselves in new difficulties, and so go on with government by tumult.

Take anything you like to represent what we are calling our problems and it will serve to illustrate, first, the fact of inseparability; secondly, the approach through government by tumult, and, thirdly, what it would be like to act with knowledge. Take Mexican immigration.

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Mexican Laborers at Work in Field Where Strawberries are Picked Every Day in the Year

A Mexican rising at night in a furtive manner above the Texas border—what does he represent? Specifically he is an irregular immigrant; therefore a subject for the border patrol. But if he is caught, what will happen to him? He will be made to pay a head tax and a passport fee, and then to come in by the gate in a regular manner. As he enters, his bedding, stuffed with raw cotton, will be put through live steam to kill such passengers as the pink boll worm that come that way into the Southwest and are doing great economic mischief there.

Pro and Con

THEN he is a proper immigrant. Nobody can stop him. There is no quota limit on Mexican immigration; and it is the single largest racial stream now pouring into us. So it appears that what he represents, regular or irregular, is the Mexican immigration problem. When anything is to be done about it Congress is the body that must act, and its way of acting is to shut its eyes and make a wavering stroke through a mass of conflicting private and official opinion. That is to say, as our habit of thinking is, it is a political question and must be approached as such. A political question, notoriously, must be argued with a tumult of voices.

Consider what happens at a hearing before a committee of the Senate or the House of Representatives. The conviction that the Mexican is an undesirable immigrant is ably supported by witnesses who talk of racial histories, eugenics, seed stock and biological sequences. It is supported, too, from another point of view, by organized labor, talking of the American standard of living, the competition by which it is undermined or retarded in its rise, and how, when the asylums of cities such as Los Angeles are burdened with Mexican humanity, the liability of this immigration, which American labor has already felt in a direct manner, is felt indirectly by the taxpayer also. Unfortunately scientific opinion on the Mexican is generalized from incomplete data, because it is a new study, and such testimony therefore may be impugned with facts of personal experience by such as have a motive to do so; unfortunately, also, the suggestion of selfish interest may lie against the testimony of organized labor; and as for its statistics, they may be brought into conflict with other statistics open to very different interpretation.

Then there is the voice that calls itself the voice of agriculture. It is not. It is the voice of certain specialized groups of agriculture, representing maybe one-twentieth of the total. One group of the Southwest says it cannot survive if cut off from Mexican labor, which is altogether more suitable than American labor and perfectly meets their economic need. Moreover, this Mexican is a human being. The people who sit here at committee tables in Washington do not know what they are talking about. Have they lived with the Mexican? He is trustworthy, docile, willing, and if facts are really wanted, the fact is that many of the finest citizens of the Southwest are of Mexican origin. Next the Southwestern cotton growers, who say they cannot get their cotton picked without Mexican labor, and after them the farmers

who have lately been going in large numbers from the North to small prepared garden estates in Texas, lured by the picture of lying on the grass in winter watching Mexicans grow their fancy spinach and onions. They will lose their dream and their investment both if the Mexican is kept out.

And then, most vocal of all, the sugar-beet growers all the way north to the Red River Valley in North Dakota and east and west from Ohio to Colorado, who will be simply ruined unless they can have Mexicans to do what white men—it is their own saying—what white men can no longer be hired to do. Sugar-beet culture absolutely depends on Mexican labor. In many areas the sugar beet is the cash crop that alone enables American families to maintain themselves on the soil. It alone has saved thousands of farms from foreclosure. Moreover, resting on sugar-beet culture, which rests on the Mexican, is a great beet-sugar-refining industry in which millions are invested. That would vanish along with the beet if the Mexican were kept out.

Disaster Either Way

FROM chambers of commerce, West and Southwest, come letters and telegrams saying all together, first, that the quantity of Mexican immigration is grossly exaggerated by people who are romantically fearful of its social consequences, and, secondly, that it will be disastrous to do anything about it, because so much American wealth and prosperity must rest upon this kind of labor. The Southwestern railroads send an able lawyer to say that Mexican labor is indispensable to them in maintaining their lines, and if the supply is cut off the railroads of course will be obliged to serve themselves first—which means they will take this labor away from agriculture and thus oblige agriculture to despair.

The Department of Agriculture makes a contribution. It goes only as far as to say that Mexican immigration is a menace from the point of view of pest control, referring to such things as the pink boll worm and the Mexican fruit worm. Perhaps the Department of Agriculture cannot go further than this, having of course to think of the labor problem of the sugar-beet growers who will not themselves do the squatting job and can find only Mexicans to do it for them.

And now comes the United States Bureau of Reclamation, saying a free supply of Mexican labor is essential to the success and prosperity of various Federal irrigation projects—namely, 500,000 acres of watered desert in the Rio Grande and Salt River valleys on which the Government has already spent nearly $40,000,000 to provide 14,000 farms for 71,000 persons, and this is to say nothing of sugar-beet agriculture practiced on thirty-one Federal Reclamation projects all the way north to Montana, Wyoming, Nebraska and South Dakota. "These Mexicans," says the Federal Reclamation Service, "come or are brought to the projects in the spring and stay until the beets are harvested. They are the only known source of satisfactory labor to do this work." Wherefore, the Federal Reclamation Service would "view with considerable misgiving any legislation which may disturb these conditions of labor in the Southwest and in the beet-growing areas of the North"—from the testimony of the Director of Reclamation Economics, Department of the Interior, before the Committee on Immigration of the United States Senate in 1928.

PHOTO. FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

The Mexican Peon is Generally a Mixture of Spanish, Indian and Negro Blood

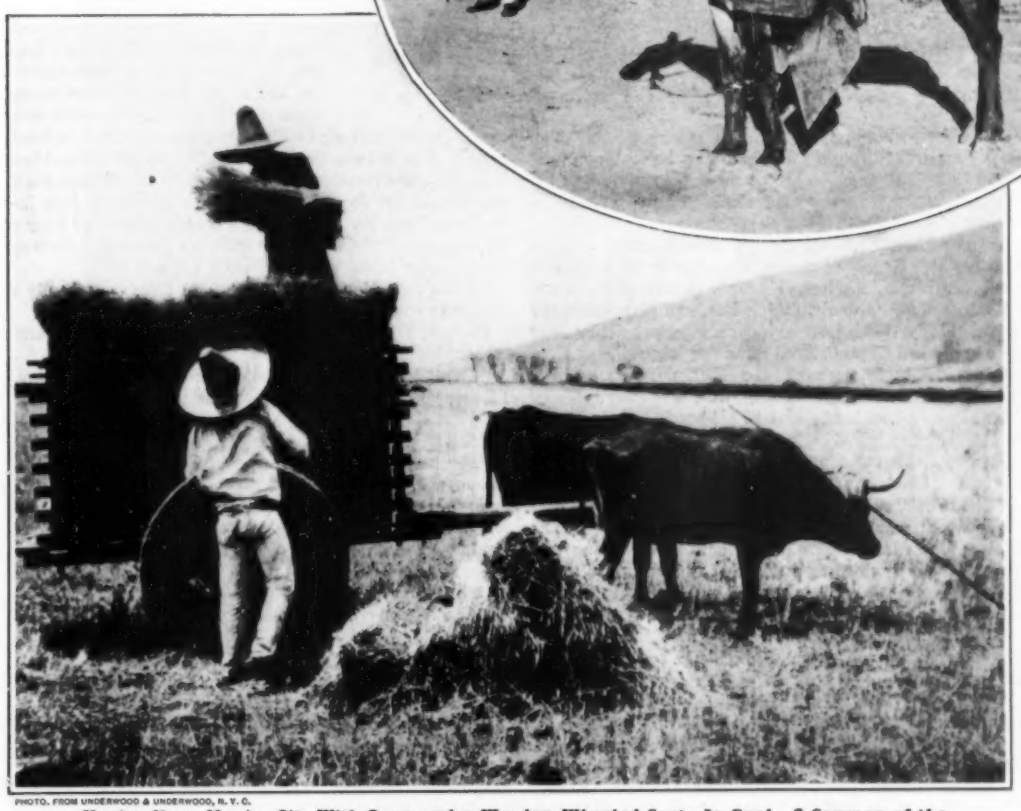

PHOTO. FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

Haying Near Mexico City With Oxen and a Wooden-Wheeled Cart. In Oval—A Cowman of the Ranches. In Mexico a Cowman is Called a Vaquero

The Reclamation Service is not competent to discuss immigration.

But neither is the Department of Labor competent to discuss agriculture, and yet, as it argues for limiting immigration, the Department of Labor says: "The opponents of limited immigration find many ills which they endeavor to trace to the restrictive policy. Even the difficulties of the American farmer have been traced by antagonistic forces, including sections of the press, to the smaller influx of foreign born. Strange to say, the same organs in their propaganda have attributed the economic failure of farmers to both lack of help to grow more produce and lack of population to eat up the surplus."

Confusion is then at its apex: One department of Government arguing for the free admission of people thought by other departments of Government to be undesirable as immigrants, and arguing for it on the ground, not that the Mexican is desirable but that his labor is needed to protect a joint investment of Federal and private funds in irrigated agriculture. If a department of Government or a department of industry, on the same ground of alleged economic necessity, argued for the admission of morons into the social body, we should all be properly scandalized.

Why? Because the word "moron" has a definite significance. But when you say "Mexican immigrant," who may or may not be a moron, nothing definite is signified. If you are of those who need his labor you may say, and honestly believe, he is, after all, not so bad. You can point to worse immigrants. If, on the other hand, you are of those who view the rising tide of Mexican immigration with foreboding, you will say—what undoubtedly is true—that the peon, recommended only by his willingness to do squatting labor in a docile manner for small pay, is far below the average of American intelligence. If he is assimilable, still to assimilate him is to mix worse with better, and if he is not assimilable his coming may be the portent of a low labor caste in perpetuity, and this of course is repugnant to a system founded on an ideal of casteleasness.

The One Positive Idea

THERE is the tumult. When it has continued a long time some action is shaped or not shaped, a bill is passed or not passed, and that is government by tumult.

It must be already apparent that what we call the problem of Mexican immigration is definitely related to many others, both economic and social, touching labor, agriculture, industry, and deeply the social body as a whole in its ideals of citizenship and nationhood. The one cannot be intelligently acted upon without reference to all these, and yet these others, as they become acute, will be approached in the same way through tumult, and separately.

Perhaps the one positive idea you would get from the controversial record of the subject is that if the gate is closed to Mexican labor we shall have to abandon the sugar-beet industry. The testimony on that point seems

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TRADERS' RISKS

"That's Another Song a Trader Has to Learn to Sing. No Regrets. No Regrets, Captain Whitney. There's Your Ship"

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

IT WAS in 1825 that my grandfather, Captain Arad Whitney, made his first voyage as captain in the brig Desiree of Salem, with Captain Wilkins going senior to him in the Arabian Horse. Captain Wilkins, I've heard my grandfather say, had told the owners that Arad was a crack seaman and a good ship handler, but a little on the side of the angels when it came to trading. The two ships hardly lost sight of each other to the Fiji Islands, where they loaded birds' nests to make soup for Chinese mandarins; they met again at Juan de Fuca Strait on the Northwest Coast to trade for otter skins; and after one fierce brush with the Indians there, pointed the ships for Honolulu, to finish out with sandalwood for the Canton voyage.

So there was young Captain Arad, standing on and off the harbor of Honolulu, with the wind blowing in strong puffs off the mountains, and the sun coming up as hot as if thrown up out of the volcano's gullet. The hills back of the town looked to be covered with green and purple velvet; and Captain Arad looked sharp at the Punch Bowl, an extinct crater in the middle distance, to see whether the king had added any guns to his plantation there. He wasn't close enough to tell, but a glance at the inner anchorage showed him the Arabian Horse at anchor there, and he blinked his eyes. The senior captain had outskilled him on this leg.

Captain Arad struck his sails—all but the foretopsail—and, with his own hand on the wheel, swam his ship forward lazily through the narrow break in the surf leading to the anchorage. The rising sun showed him Señor Marini's whitewashed stone house; the mission, the consulate, the king's palace and the grogshops—they hadn't changed from the last voyage—and then, looking over the port rail, he saw a reception committee of the king's watermen, in canoes, bringing a warp to him from the shore. They dashed through shallow water with a jolly shout, dragging the Desiree to her anchorage near the king's quay. The harbor master, Naipo, a splendid fellow in a sailor's pea-jacket, buttoned tight to his throat and extending to his thighs, shouted that the king would receive pilotage in person.

Captain Arad, having himself rowed across to the Arabian Horse, passed under the counter of a topsail schooner, Hesper, and looked sharply at her. Beyond was a Russian ship, no doubt taking salt, and then came the Horse. Molly Wilkins, the skipper's wife, was sitting near the wheel when Captain Arad came over the rail.

"So we beat you, my son!" she called playfully.

And Arad said "Yes, ma'am," a little grimly. Molly Wilkins was a cool thirty-nine to his hardy twenty-three; as a girl she had held him in her lap—delighted to do it—and was not above bragging of it now that Arad was six feet tall. "I blew out one suit of sails," he said.

"The Horse has kept one pump going the whole voyage," Molly Wilkins said. "You needn't feel bad. We were only in at sundown last night. Zack hasn't seen the king yet. He's below now whittling out one of those frightful little idols to give him—but land knows what the missionaries will say to that!"

"They made the king burn all his idols last voyage," Arad said, bringing his black brows down to the bridge of his nose.

"Yes, and now they say his mother's taken rum away from him."

"A good thing too," Captain Arad said shortly.

"It doesn't help trading," Molly Wilkins answered.

Captain Wilkins' great fat voice roared from the hatch, "Leave it to Zack Wilkins to bring back rum and idols enough to trade with, boy!"

His iron-gray thatch of hair was wet, his moon cheeks red with toweling, and he still held the towel in one plum-colored fist. In the other was the idol he had carved; and in spite of himself, Captain Arad smiled. The idol was the dead spit of Captain Wilkins himself; the same round, coy eyes, the same bullet head sunk between square shoulders without the trace of a neck intervening, and the fingers of the hands dovetailed over a fat paunch. But Captain Arad wasn't the man to be won over to a nefarious undertaking by a laugh.

"I don't like the idea of it, where the king's practically a Christian now," he said.

Captain Wilkins came all the way out of the hatch and laid the idol face down on deck.

"Don't like it. A little delicate still for a trader, boy. I'll tell you something else you won't like: I'm going to sell your ship to the king."

"Sell her? Sell the Desiree?" Captain Arad cried.

"Sell her, yes. It's too bad, but I've got to piecen out the voyage. That brush with the Indians drove us out of Juan de Fuca Strait before I had got skins enough. I've had, all along, the authorization to sell the Desiree here for sandalwood—and I ought to get the full of the ship's hold twice at least for her—but I didn't want to dishearten you by telling you when we were on the Coast."

"You'll have no further use for me then," Arad said bitterly.

"For you? Never you think it, boy. The owners aren't letting go a smart seaman like you for lack of a ship. You'll come aboard the Horse as mate."

"And don't show me that long face," Molly Wilkins said, thrusting at Arad's shoulder with her brown fist. "You're not out of your command yet. Zack hasn't sold her; he only hopes to. The missionaries may have cooked his goose. You should have heard him taking on about these missionaries. They've put the king up to making

pilotage dues a dollar for each foot of ship's draft in and out; and just the inner anchorage comes to eighty Spanish dollars, where it used to be free."

"I'll sell fast enough!" Captain Wilkins boomed, sinking through the hatch again. "I made Kauai before Honolulu—a bad landfall"—he winked—"and I found out that George P. Tamoree has started a revolution on his own account there. The king here will want guns and powder as well as ships, and I am Johnny-on-the-spot."

Arad muttered dismally that it would come hard with him to leave the Desiree, but Captain Wilkins didn't hear him. His eye was on Señor Marini, the king's interpreter, who was coming over the rail in a brilliant Spanish poncho.

"The king is levying the windward tax today—on Maui," Marini said at once with an agreeable smile—"but the queen does the work. He'll see you as soon as you can come ashore."

"I'll come now," Captain Wilkins said. He lowered into Arad's boat a wheelbarrow, a square little red leather trunk and a crocus bag with the idol packed in it. With his arm round Molly's waist, he said, "You'll have to stay aboard, sweetheart; the black beggar has put a taboo on his house, and white women can't enter it. . . . Arad, you'd better come."

"Mind you give his nibs my love," Molly said with a misliking grimace. And if the conference had been with the king of England, she would have spoken him no different, Arad was thinking. Men were always children in her eyes. He was resentful to the throat of this new turn in his affairs, which would end in bringing him aboard the Horse, no longer his own master, but mate of a ship in which, as the hands before the mast knew, he had been cabin boy.

They passed under the topsail schooner's stern again—the Hesper—and the crew were hard at their drill of swaying up the boarding nettings.

Captain Arad muttered, "If this was a brig instead of a schooner I'd swear it was the Lascar."

"It is the Lascar; only it goes past me on my blind side this morning," Captain Wilkins said.

"Is Meeker still aboard?"

"No; he died at Valparaiso—of inflammation of the brain, Blount says. Blount is captain now."

"The little reptile. Captain, haven't we orders from the house to board her and retake her if we run across her? There's been no pretense of an accounting, either under Blount or Meeker; and this shift of rig is good enough proof of guilt. The man's a pirate. He's worse—he's a thief!"

"He's worse yet—he's an armed thief. They're pretty nimble with those nettings, Arad; the guns are shotted and he keeps a stand of muskets and lances bright as gentlemen's swords. One thing at a time, my boy. That arrow wound I got at Juan de Fuca hasn't closed yet. I don't heal as good as I did ten years ago—not nearly. Must be I've been stuck in too many places."

"With ten men," Arad whispered hotly—"you give me ten men, captain ——"

"You're a little bloodthirsty for a man that shies at idols," the senior captain grinned; and then he brought down his mighty gin-carry of a hand on the lad's shoulder. "You hold your horses till I see the king."

The boat sided with a pier just beyond the mission chapel. The sailor dropped his oars, tossed the wheelbarrow ashore. Captain Wilkins put the red leather trunk tenderly upon it and took the crocus bag in his own fist.

A voice came through a window in the coral wall of the chapel: "Lord, thou knowest my deeds from my youth up; thou knowest my sins and my iniquities; thou—thou who didst found the earth and hang it upon nothing, who didst form the mountains and create the winds, who didst shut up the sea and say, 'Hither shalt thou come, but no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.' . . ."

Captain Arad acknowledged the power of this utterance, he bent his head; but the gentle voice was shattered by a tumultuous flurry of oaths from Captain Wilkins. His sailor had jolted the red trunk off the wheelbarrow. The captain was on his fat knees in a second and opened the trunk, but the square-shouldered bottles there had suffered no damage. He pushed off his red brow his round beaver, weighted with a pocketbook containing his protection and other papers, and got off the ground, creaking. The missionary barred his way—a tall man in black, with a mouth as grim, a look as able, as the captain's own.

"You are bringing the king rum," the missionary said.

"It will be good for what ails him," the captain retorted.

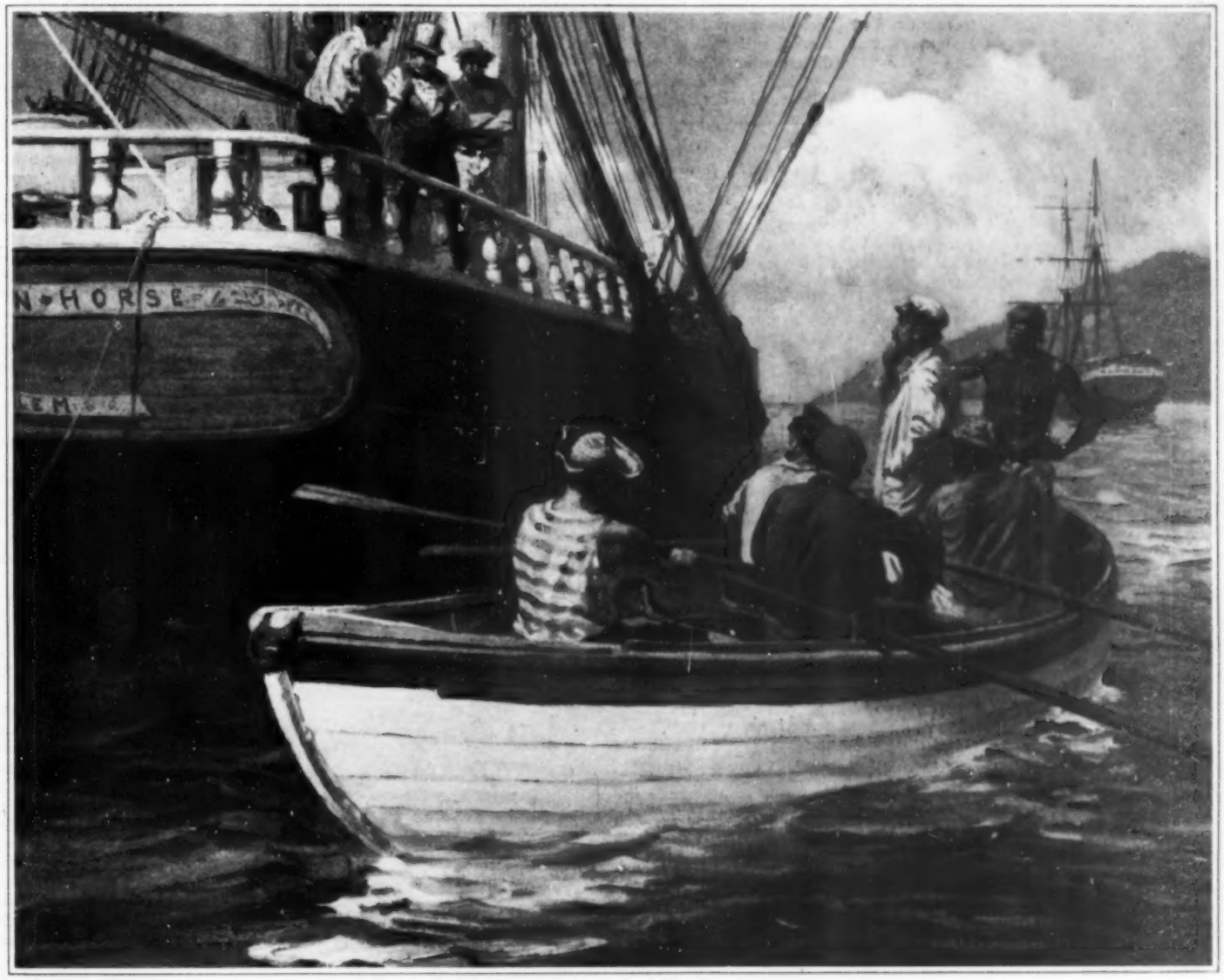
"He is breaking his mother's heart, drinking rum and playing whist!" the missionary cried. Captain Wilkins' round face grew bleak.

"There'll be no whist playing for a time now," he said. "A revolution has started on a neighboring island."

"It will die out," the missionary answered. "But no, you won't let it. You've got guns and powder to feed it; I can see that. You, a Christian man ——"

"A geographical Christian," the captain interposed. Captain Arad burned red for shame of his captain's words, and stood shifting from one foot to the other. As to selling powder, Captain Wilkins said, he had as soon get a ball in him as one of these cursed Indian arrows. It did the business quicker. Captain Wilkins showed his wrath with professional ease; he had been getting angry, even furious, over nothing all his life; and now it made his neck thicken to reflect that the missionary had been preaching a doctrine to the king and the king's women that would strike at the lifeblood of ships and trade.

(Continued on Page 130)



"I've Hear You've Sold Your Ship, Captain!" He Sang Out From the Stern Sheets

TROUT MEADOW

By Hal G. Evarts

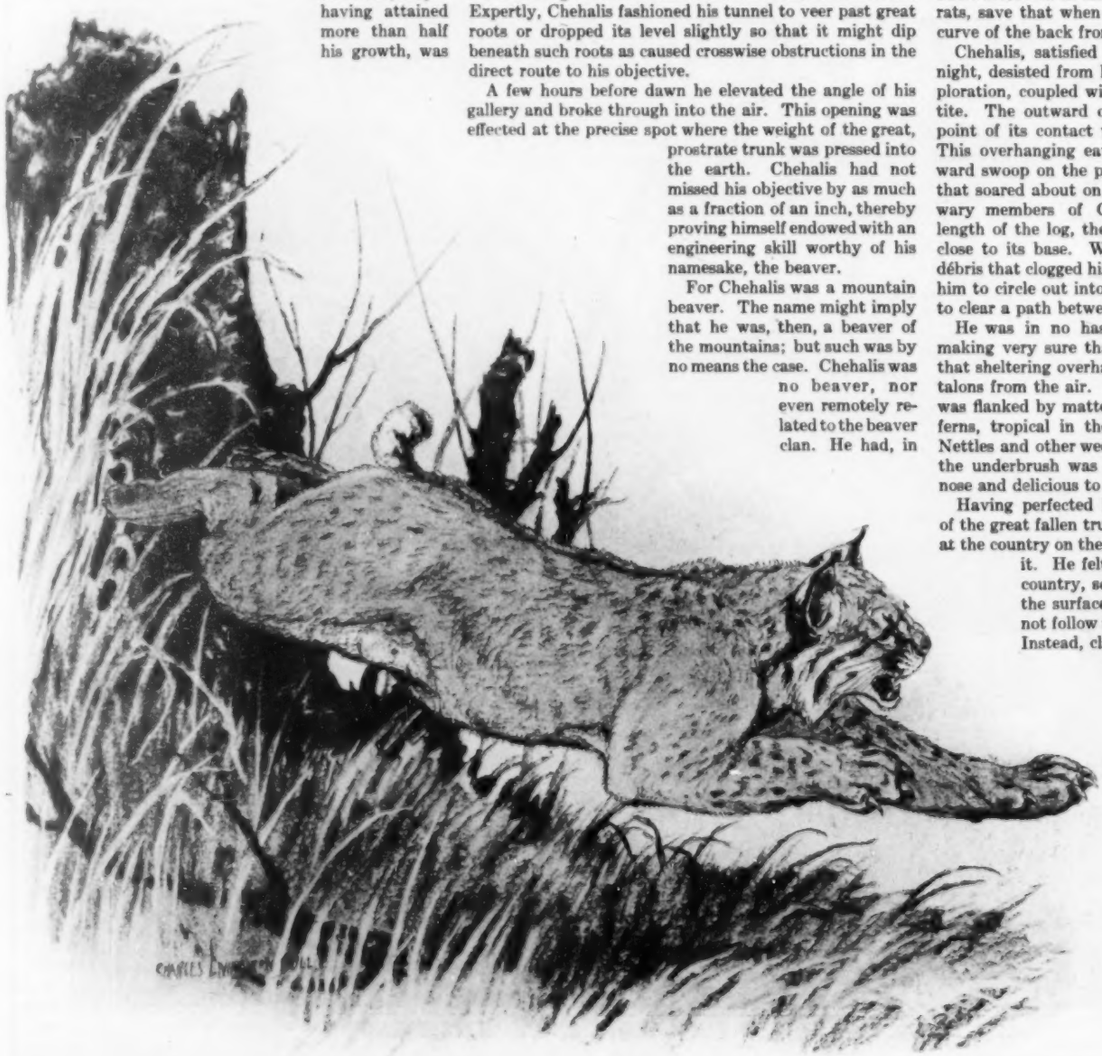
ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

THE hills were clothed with a rank stand of mighty trees that stood in close-formed regiments of six-foot trunks—firs, pines and cedars whose tufted tops strained upward to attain a place in the sun through that matted roof of the forest.

It was not much of a meadow; merely a narrow, grass-carpeted stretch that flanked one side of the brawling little creek for a hundred yards. On the other side the regimental ranks of the trees marched down the slope to the water's edge. Its chief claim to notice, therefore, was not grandeur of dimensions but the fact that it was the only opening of any sort within a considerable radius.

The first glimpse that Chehalis had of the meadow was from its upper end. The little creek was graced there by a series of waterfalls that tinkled and frothed into rock-bound pools preparatory to issuing forth from the dark tunnel of the trees for the smooth run along the flank of the relatively flat meadow. Chehalis, prospecting through the gloomy forest an hour after nightfall, halted and peered nearsightedly at the opening below and on the far side of the creek. It was ingrained into the very nature of all those of his tribe to be suspicious of open places which afforded no cover from natural enemies—of which the tangled forests of the Northwest harbored many, enemies both of the trails and of the air.

Chehalis stood beneath the rounded side of a prostrate, six-foot trunk that sprawled upon the forest floor. Following it to the butt end, he peered across to where another fallen monarch had dropped slantingly along the slope above the meadow. There was a space of fifteen yards between them that afforded no cover. Chehalis, though but three months old and scarcely larger than a common wharf rat, not yet having attained more than half his growth, was setting forth, after the independent fashion of his clan, to establish bachelor quarters of his own.



Starting at the butt end of the log whose overhanging side had sheltered him on his surface travels, he began to dig into the soft, moldy earth of the forest. His short forearms and powerful shoulders were fashioned for this work, and the excavation progressed rapidly. Possibly because he expected to grow and felt that he would use this same tunnel after attaining full size, or perhaps for the reason that he desired more commodious quarters than do most burrowing creatures, Chehalis sunk a shaft six inches in diameter to a depth of a foot or more, then started a tunnel of the same dimensions that led toward that other huge down log.

As he worked, he stopped on occasion to devour a few tender roots encountered in his tunneling operations. At the end of a couple of hours, transporting the loosened earth back to the original opening struck him as too laborious. He branched aside, shoving the excavated earth into the tunnel behind him, and presently his furry, earth-incrusted muzzle was thrust through the surface mold on the slope and broke through into the air. For a space he waited there, his quivering muzzle working as he sampled the wind. The air brought no tidings of enemies to his delicate nostrils, so he proceeded vigorously to resume the work in hand. The loosened earth was propelled from this new opening, the floor of which dropped away slightly from the level of the main tunnel, and the débris thus ejected was spilled down the slope. The construction of the main gallery was then resumed; the new, dropping branch being utilized as the outlet for excavated material. Expertly, Chehalis fashioned his tunnel to veer past great roots or dropped its level slightly so that it might dip beneath such roots as caused crosswise obstructions in the direct route to his objective.

A few hours before dawn he elevated the angle of his gallery and broke through into the air. This opening was effected at the precise spot where the weight of the great, prostrate trunk was pressed into the earth. Chehalis had not missed his objective by as much as a fraction of an inch, thereby proving himself endowed with an engineering skill worthy of his namesake, the beaver.

For Chehalis was a mountain beaver. The name might imply that he was, then, a beaver of the mountains; but such was by no means the case. Chehalis was no beaver, nor even remotely related to the beaver clan. He had, in fact, no known relatives, his breed apparently having maintained itself from the beginning without ancestors or cousins. But the white men, who learned of this strange beast from the Indians in the days of the fur trade, were much concerned with the quest of beaver pelts. This obsession, no doubt, was largely responsible for their having bestowed the name of mountain beaver upon the tribe of Chehalis; for there seems no other or better reason for such misleading nomenclature.

Tirelessly These Creatures Hunted Their Prey

Chehalis sported no tail that was noticeable, his muzzle was roundly blunt from thrusting, and in size and color adult members of his clan might be mistaken for muskrats, save that when walking there was a slight upward curve of the back from nose to rump.

Chehalis, satisfied with his engineering work for the night, desisted from his labors in favor of a bit more exploration, coupled with satisfying his ever-present appetite. The outward curve of the great log overhung the point of its contact with the ground by some two feet. This overhanging eave would prevent a straight downward swoop on the part of any of the great horned owls that soared about on silent, velvet wings in search of unwary members of Chehalis' clan. As he cruised the length of the log, the young mountain beaver kept very close to its base. Wood rot and other such clusters of débris that clogged his path at intervals, instead of forcing him to circle out into the open beyond them, caused him to clear a path between the log and such obstructions.

He was in no haste to complete such work, merely making very sure that he did not emerge from beneath that sheltering overhang and expose his back to merciless talons from the air. At many points the great down log was flanked by matted vegetation. Great beds of lovely ferns, tropical in their density, waved on every hand. Nettles and other weeds flourished in rank profusion, and the underbrush was of many varieties, aromatic to his nose and delicious to his palate.

Having perfected his surface runway half the length of the great fallen trunk, Chehalis decided to have a peek at the country on the far side of it, so he tunneled beneath it. He felt that it might prove to be enemy country, so when his working forepaws broke the surface on the far side of the log, he did not follow them at once and emerge into the air. Instead, clearing away the loose leaf mold and wood rot that made up the surface, he thrust his rounded nose from the tiny orifice. His sensitive nostrils conveyed to his mind a far better portrait of conditions in the immediate vicinity than any he could have gathered from a survey made by use of his eyes. The air bore no taint of enemy presence, so he followed his nose and thrust his head from the orifice; then shoved his heavy shoulders through into the air, carrying the loose fringe of earth with him. He enlarged this cross runway to a diameter of six inches and cleaned it out to suit his fancy.

Emerging again on the far side, the least flicker of a dark shape brought panic to his heart

and caused his instant withdrawal. A huge owl, its round, merciless eyes having observed the thrusting forth of excavated earth, had dropped to hover on silent wings in an effort to surprise the engineer upon his exit into the open. Chehalis retreated to the other side of the log and retraced his way along the newly constructed surface runway beneath its generous overhang.

The least rustle of lacy wing tips upon fern fronds apprised him of the fact that the great owl had soared over the log and was flanking his retreat. The bird tried twice to reach him with the strike of an outstretched leg and spreading talons, but the overhang of the log and the flanking tangle of ferns and brush protected him. With hissing squeaks of rage and a vindictive popping of its terrible beak, the winged hunter vented its disappointment.

The mountain beaver dipped down into the sheltering mouth of his tunnel and followed it to the point where the short branch diverged to open a few feet below upon the slope. Just within the mouth of this outlet he rested placidly for several minutes, then thrust his muzzle forth into the outer air. This exit was in the center of a sidehill thicket a few feet above water line on the creek bank.

The tangle of brush above him was ample insurance against surprise by an owl. His chief concern while prowling in the thicket, therefore, was to be on watch against surprise by four-footed enemies. As he went about the work of collecting sufficient food to last him throughout the long hours of the coming day, he paused frequently to test the air. With precision and neatness, he cut off succulent nettles, holding the several plants crosswise in his mouth, the butts one way, until the bundle reached capacity size. Then he transported it back to the mouth of the cross tunnel. He dragged a section of inch-thick fallen branch close to the opening and propped his bundle of nettles across it to prevent the forage from resting upon the moist earth. A dozen or more bundles, consisting of nettles, ferns, lupin and the tender branches of various shrubs, were arranged in similar fashion.

Chehalis had set forth to collect still another assortment, when he came to a dead halt. A curling shift of the wind carried the rank scent of a prowling lynx to his sensitive nostrils. He whirled in instant flight and attained the mouth of his tunnel just as a great shape landed outside of it on silent, velvet paws. The big cat, having missed his prey by inches, thrust a tentative paw down the burrow. Chehalis, safe beyond the reach of those unsheathed claws, gave vent to a few chattering growls, then settled down to await the departure of his enemy.

The first faint gray of dawn was spreading when he emerged again. He had collected far more than sufficient food to serve his requirements during the day; but as if pressed by the fear that there would be a shortage, he made occasional hurried trips abroad to add still more bundles to his food cache. When the rays of the sun

From the Depths of the Pool the Goggle Eyes of the Great Trout Watched That Tiny Shape in the Night

tinged the tips of the trees with a faint crimson, Chehalis retired. He arranged the bundles of forage so that they covered the mouth of his side door. Then he slept for a brief space. But Chehalis was a creature who must be at work in order to be contented. Interminable engineering operations seemed essential activities to him.

Hunger roused him within an hour, and, having breakfasted, he began operations upon a new tunnel that led away up the slope. At brief intervals he repaired to his food cache. An observer, watching that little brush heap, would have noticed occasional twitchings of the bundles of forage. Those mysterious movements were occasioned by Chehalis as he extracted a few shoots and drew them inside his doorway. He did not so much as show himself during the process.

But though he remained invisible to outside eyes, his own eyes surveyed the outside world through the latticework of his bundles of forage. The trout meadow and its immediate vicinity were inhabited by other queer creatures. Chehalis' side door in the thicket was but a few feet above the level of the creek at a point above where it flowed into

He Whirled in Instant Flight and Attained the Mouth of His Tunnel Just as a Great Shape Landed Outside of it on Silent, Velvet Paws

the meadow. He peered forth upon great moss-covered rocks that choked the stream. The water poured down through the breaks in these rocks in several small cascades to form a rock-bound pool.

Swift movement there claimed Chehalis' attention. A chunky little bird—not quite so large as a robin, of a smooth dark-gray shade and with a tail that tipped as impudently as that of a wren—flirted about in the stream. Chehalis and this bird knew each other, and he watched the antics of the water ouzel, that mysterious little fellow of isolated mountain torrents who sometimes is called, and aptly so, the mountain dipper. A queerly contradictory figure in nature, this bird.

She perched on a spray-lashed rock at the water's edge, her head tilted pertly sidewise as her alert eye searched for insects. Her short legs were not those of the wading tribes, yet she waded round, submerged to half the depth of her body. Her bill was not that of shore bird or water fowl, yet she not only extracted insects from the sand in emulation of the former but submerged her head to feed on the bottom of the stream after the fashion of the latter. Her body was not fashioned as sturdily as those of surf ducks to withstand battering waves, yet she wandered into the pounding weight of waterfalls and seemed to feel the hammering waters no more than if they had been puffs of air. Apparently, she defied all laws of the elements and of gravitation. She was not modeled for swimming; yet, as Chehalis watched, she tossed herself into the frothing current, which bore her as if her body were but a bubble of air, and whirled her ashore, where, with feathers dry, she proceeded to spear an insect. The next instant, as if that same body had been transformed into the heavy metal which leaden colors implied, the dipper walked calmly on the floor of the stream, while the swift waters poured above her, and fed there on hellgramites as unconcernedly as if feeding in the open air.

She emerged at last, several of the grotesque larvæ of the trout fly gripped crosswise in her bill, and darted into the crevice formed by two great rocks. There, concealed by the spray of a waterfall, a compact nest of moss was wedged in the depths of the crack and sheltered the young

(Continued on Page 59)

VIGILANTE—By Hoffman Birney

Sanders—Lion of the North

The Cabin in Bannack Where the Local Lodge of Vigilantes Met. In Oval—Dr. Dan L. Byam, Judge of the Miners' Court That Tried George Ives

THE news that the murderer of Thiebalt had been captured and was in jail in Nevada spread with unbelievable swiftness through the mining towns of Alder Gulch. Anticipating a trial as formal as mountain practice permitted, the outlaws retained every lawyer of ability that was practicing in the district. James M. Thurmond, John D. Ritchie, Alexander Davis and Harry Percival Adams Smith were all engaged. The decent element found themselves facing the trial without benefit of able legal counsel.

"Sanders is in town," someone said to Mortimer H. Lott. "He's a lawyer—a nephew of Judge Edgerton."

"Get him!"

A. J. Culbertson hastened to Virginia City and found Sanders in Tilton's store, where A. J. Oliver & Co. maintained their stage office. He was purchasing a ticket to Bannack, where he made his home, but he canceled the reservation and proceeded at once to Nevada. So informal was the entry into vigilante history of its brainiest, most courageous character, Wilbur Fisk Sanders.

He was only twenty-nine years old—born in Leon, New York, May 2, 1834—and had journeyed to the West the previous September from Akron, Ohio. Sanders had been in the Union Army and was an acting adjutant general when his health broke under the rigors of campaigning and he was discharged for physical disability.

The Court Room in the Open Air

THE miners looked curiously, and the roughs contemptuously, on this unknown, but before the trial of George Ives was concluded they were to become better acquainted with the man who was to be Montana's first United States senator and, in after years, to be characterized by Robert G. Ingersoll as "the keenest blade with which I ever crossed."

A jury of twelve was to hear the evidence, but every man of the hundreds assembling took it for granted that he had the right to interject comments, observations, questions or protests at any time. Necessarily, the trial had to take place in the open. Two high-wheeled wagons, drawn up in front of Lott Brothers' store, were judge's dais, lawyers' bench, prisoner's dock and witness box. Facing the wagons was a semicircle of benches from a near-by hurdy house, and on these the jury was placed. It was December nineteenth, clear and cold, and a large fire blazed within the area inclosed by the jurors' seats. From time to time a juror would rise and stand with his back to the blaze for a few minutes, or Ives and his counsel would leave their seats and hold their chilled hands over the flames.

Beyond the benches, a barrier between the court and the sympathy or antagonism of the partisan crowd, stood a close cordon of guards—armed men drafted for the purpose by Williams, the Lott brothers, and Judge Byam—and behind this wall of weapons were the spectators. There were a thousand or fifteen hundred of them jammed into the narrow area between the buildings. One thing they had in common. Every man was armed and every man was in a mood to use the weapon. They perched on the sluice boxes and lumber piles or stood in the street, listening attentively to the testimony and, from time to time, shouting their applause or criticism.

The entire forenoon had gone before the jury was selected and Judge Byam directed that a recess be taken until after dinner. Wilson, the puisne judge who shared the bench with Byam, approached Sanders during the recess.

"There's a miner named Bagg—Charles S. Bagg—at Junction, that was a lawyer in the States," he said. "He might be a big help to you." Sanders assented eagerly, and Judge Wilson located Bagg and introduced the two men.

"He brought to me," said Sanders in describing the meeting, "a short, stubby, hairy, fatherly looking man, somewhat rude, with dilapidated garments, whose boot legs did not have sufficient fiber to stand up and into one of which he had vainly essayed to tuck one of the legs of his pantaloons."

The man himself possessed more fiber than his boot, for Sanders continues:

"He spoke intelligently and made it manifest that his indignation was deeply stirred by the events which had taken place, and I counted it fortunate that such a find had been made. If the lawyers for the defense appealed to the miners on questions submitted, the appeal of my colleague was with greater intensity and frequency to the Almighty, with whom, judging from his speech, he was on terms of considerable intimacy. He lacked nothing of audacity and volubility, and being himself a miner, he appealed to the assemblage on their own level with great effect."

The trial of George Ives continued for three days—the nineteenth, twentieth and twenty-first of December, 1863. Carefully, thoroughly, brick by brick, Sanders and Bagg built up the damning structure of evidence. He was guilty, it was shown, not only of the brutal murder of Nicholas Thiebalt but of at least half a dozen other killings equally wanton. Men sought Sanders during the trial or in the evenings at the home of Nicholas Wall, in Virginia City, and supplied him with additional evidence. Seeing that law and order was at last making a definite stand, they gained courage.

"Don't get me into it," a man would whisper, glancing fearfully over his shoulder. "Don't say who told you, but George Ives ——"

A Gesture of Chivalry

THERE was a stir when Long John Franck took the stand. For hours there had been rumor and counter rumor of some member of the outlaw band turning state's evidence.

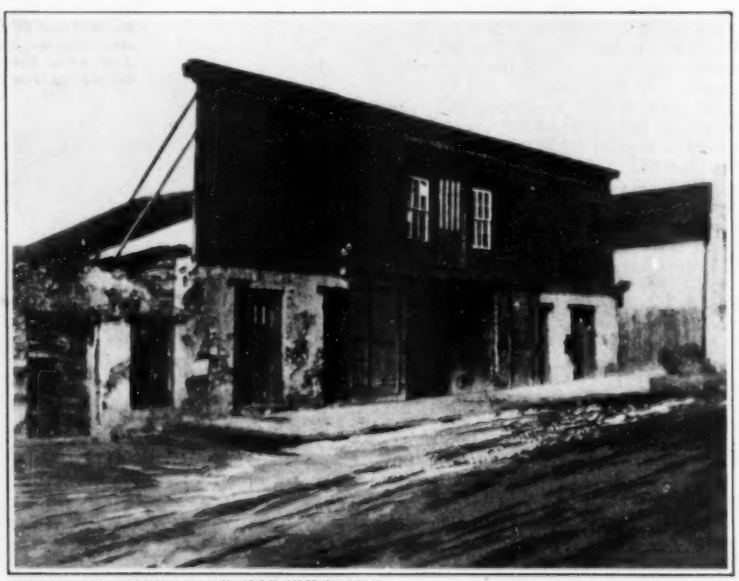
Thiebalt, he said, had paid the charges asked for the pasturage of the mules on Dempsey's range. The purse he drew from his pocket had contained several hundred dollars in gold dust.

As the youth started on his return to Alder Gulch with the animals, Ives had remarked that it was a pity to let that much money and a valuable span of mules get away from them, and had hastily flung a saddle on a horse and galloped after young Thiebalt. In a short time he had returned, driving the mules before him and triumphantly displaying the sack of yellow dust.

"He said," quoted Franck, "that he had come up on the Dutchman from behind, but that only a coward would shoot a man in the back. So he'd hollered to him, and when Thiebalt stopped his mule and turned around he'd thrown down on him and made a center shot right in his head."

The young German was unarmed; a circumstance that detracted considerably from any appreciation of the bandit's chivalrous bravery.

An effort by the defense to establish an alibi crumpled miserably. George Brown and Whisky Bill Graves were



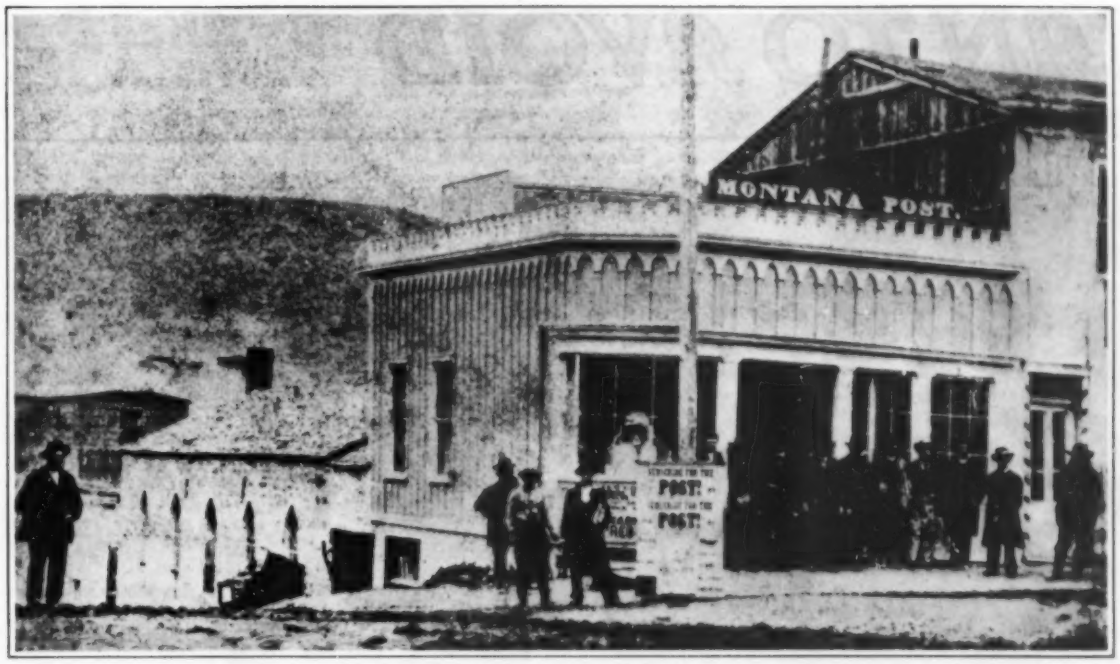
PHOTOS. BY L. H. JORUD. COURTESY OF THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF MONTANA

Vigilante Headquarters at Virginia City. The Members Met on the Second Floor

placed on the stand, but within a few minutes were contradicting each other and tangling themselves in such a skein of falsehood that the crowd roared with laughter as the pair were dismissed.

Throughout the first day of the trial friends of Ives swaggered conspicuously in the front ranks of the crowd, shouting objections to the testimony introduced and threatening vengeance. As their own names were drawn into the case, however, their bravado subsided.

Henry Plummer was otherwise engaged while the life of George Ives hung in the balance. The skin of Henry Plummer was the only hide which he was interested in saving. Shrewdly coupling his own name with the names of the best men of the town, he circulated a story that the miners of Fairweather had gone hog-wild and that a mob was en route to Bannack to hang him, his deputies Ned Ray and Buck Stinson; George Chrisman and A. J. McDonald, two reputable merchants; Thomas Pitt and Judge Sidney Edgerton. As a result of this story, an armed force, headed by Plummer, stood watch all night to repel the attack of the bloodthirsty mob!



Home of Montana's First Newspaper, Virginia City, Edited by Thomas Dimsdale, Historian of the Vigilantes

Pushing Through to the True End

NATURALLY, word of the rumors came to the ears of Judge Byam, Sanders, Bagg, and the little force of resolute men who were conducting the trial, but none hesitated. They knew that a miscarriage of justice, a sudden flare of mob hysteria such as had freed the murderers of Dillingham, would place the outlaw group in undisputed control and that every one of Ives' prosecutors would get a bullet in his back before another dawn.

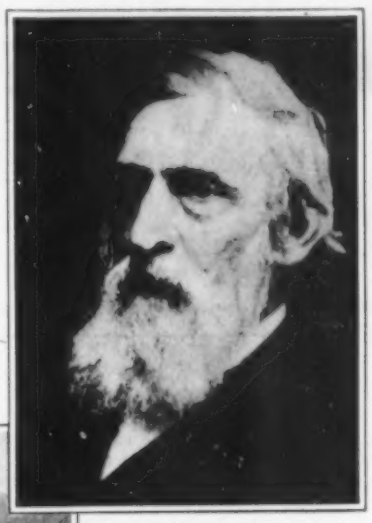
And most courageous of all, the flaming torch of an open-eyed, clear-seeing and clear-thinking Justice, was Wilbur Fisk Sanders!

The attitude of Ives' attorneys showed clearly the hopelessness with which they regarded their client's case. "Thiebalt's dead and nothing can bring him back to life; the exact circumstances of his killing will never be known. You all know George Ives, and he's a pretty good fellow. Why not give him another chance?" was the burden of the appeal to the jury and the crowd.

The twenty-four jurymen were out less than half an hour. George Ives was guilty, and twenty-three of the twenty-four had signed the verdict. Only one, Henry Spivey, swayed by prudence, had failed to affix his signature to the document.

No man knew exactly what to do next. Byam held the paper between his fingers as his gray eyes swept the close-packed ranks before him. And in that expectant hush the fearless Sanders leaped to his feet.

"May it please the court," he cried, "I move you that, as George Ives, after a fair and impartial trial, has been found guilty of the murder of Nicholas Thiebalt, we do now approve the findings of this jury and declare its verdict of guilty to be the verdict of the miners' meeting here assembled!"



Sidney Edgerton, Montana's First Governor, Who Arrived as the Vigilantes Were Forming

"Second the motion!" snapped the voice of James Williams.

Byam did not hesitate for an instant.

"You have heard the motion!" he shouted. "All in favor say 'Aye'!"

The roar of approval fairly shook the gulch.

"And I do further move you," cried Sanders, "that George Ives, being duly convicted, be now delivered to the proper officers of this court, taken to a suitable place, and there hanged by the neck until he is dead!"

"Second the motion!"

As promptly as he had put the first resolution, Judge Byam submitted the second.

"Aye?"

"Aye!"

Judge Byam turned to Robert Hereford, sheriff of Nevada, and directed him and Adriel B. Davis, sheriff of the Junction district, to make the necessary preparations for an immediate execution.

The friends of the doomed man suddenly came to the realization that George Ives stood in the shadow of the rope. Night had fallen and the mouthy bravado of the road agents returned. First a murmur of dissatisfaction and protest, then shouts of "Outrage!" "Give him some time!" and finally a hubbub of threats directed toward Judge Byam, Sanders and Bagg. Anticipating exactly this situation, Sanders had taken steps to double the number of the guards.

While the uproar was at its height, Ives, who was sitting quietly in a chair drawn close to the fire, rose and walked to the wagon where Sanders was waiting the return of the sheriffs.

"Look—George Ives ——"

"Shut up! He's talkin' to Sanders."

"Sh-h-h-h."

"Colonel Sanders," he began courteously, "I'm a gentleman and I believe you are one, and I want to ask a favor which you alone can grant. If our places were changed, I know I would grant it to you. I've been pretty wild, I admit, but my people know nothing of it. I have a mother and a couple of sisters in Wisconsin and I want time to write them a letter and to make my will. If you will have this execution postponed until tomorrow morning, I give you my word of honor as a gentleman that I will not try to escape and that I will not permit my friends to interfere."

PHOTOS. BY L. H. JOHNS. COURTESY OF THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF MONTANA

The Grave of Henry Plummer, Bandit Chief, Near Bannack

An Eye for an Eye

AT THAT tense moment another voice broke the stillness. The eyes of every man turned to "X" Biedler, who, leaning on a shotgun that was taller than himself, stood on the sod roof of a low cabin across the street.

"Sanders," he cried, "ask him how much time he gave the Dutchman!"

A ripple of grim laughter ran through the throng. The interruption, Sanders afterward admitted, lifted a burden from his mind.

"Ives," he said quietly, "you should have thought of this before. You still have a few minutes. Get down and start your letter and I'll put a motion about your property that I think will be satisfactory to you."

During the wait many of the crowd were permitted to pass through the cordon of guards to say farewell to the prisoner, and the interruptions prevented him from finishing the letter he had begun to his mother. The two sheriffs, Hereford and Davis, returned, after three-quarters of an hour, to state that they had been able to find no satisfactory place for the execution.

"Any place will do!" shouted one of the guards in disgust. "How about that?"

He pointed to a log building that was under construction a few yards away. The speaker scrambled to the top of the wall, threw down one end of the uppermost log, and with the help of willing volunteers, wedged it in place so

(Continued on Page 65)

A MAN TO AVOID

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

He Was Evidently Intensely Vain. If Millie Wounded His Male Vanity They Were Lost

III

IT TOOK Millie fully twenty-four hours to be sure that Raikes intended to ignore the incident—ignore it more thoroughly than was involved in not speaking of it. He had apparently wiped it out of his consciousness. His eye met hers as steadily, his voice was as even when he spoke to her, his whole manner was as completely impersonal as if his lips and hers had never met. Strange to say that of all the possibilities she had thought of in the hour she sat waiting for his return she had never thought of this.

Did he imagine she was the sort of girl to whom it made no difference whether you kissed her or not? It was the insolence of the attitude that maddened her. Perhaps he thought he had done her an honor. And she was so helpless. If he did not speak of it, pride and strategy alike prevented her doing so. If she could have thought of some cutting phrase in which to bring the subject up she would have had work finding an opportunity. They were never alone. She could not pursue him to his work to ask him—what? His intentions? They had already been made clear. His intention was to forget.

She was driven to the eminently unsatisfactory revenge of secretly despising him. She called him "chief" in a voice like honey, and a look that challenged him to notice its contempt. He managed to ignore both. So did Jimmy, who thought things had never gone so well.

"I knew you'd get to like the chief," he said one evening.

"Like him?" said Millie.

She thought if Jimmy weren't such a goose that sentence might have alarmed her.

"It's wonderful that he's so much interested in your painting. He respects you as a fellow worker. That's grand." The boy laughed with some embarrassment as he went on: "To be honest, Millie, I was awfully nervous when you said that about expecting me to expect him to fall in love with you. Do you remember?"

"It was indeed a mad thought," answered Millie.

Jimmy did not quite like her tone. "I don't mean it sounded mad to me, as you know very well. I only meant that I was pretty sure that Raikes wouldn't see it like that. I mean, because he never seems to be much interested in women."

"No?"

"And, anyhow, it's better this way, isn't it?" Jimmy went on. "More flattering too. Any fellow might fall in love with your beauty, Millie, but to have a man like Raikes accept you as an assistant ——"

"It quite turns one's head," said Millie.

That evening the Indian, who had gone back to San Roberto, where he lived, showed her a small gold god, which he had brought to convince her skepticism. His father, he said, had found it twenty years ago in the ground below the steep side of the pyramid of the sun temple. He knew there was more where that came from. Would she not speak to the patron and tell him, persuade him? A day's work might make them all rich.

Millie took up the heavy little haloed figure, with its crude upturned feet, its square shoulders, and stared at it. It was an almost irrefutable piece of evidence. She thought of showing it to Raikes, but she couldn't do it; she could not reopen that subject. Jimmy could though. She would speak again to Jimmy.

It was inevitable that, feeling as she did to Raikes, she and Jimmy should be drawn closer together. Every evening now, after supper, they sat an hour or so by the fire, smoldering to keep mosquitoes away, and talked of their work and themselves, but for the most part, of Raikes.

"Now, Jimmy, what is the use of saying there isn't any treasure there when there was this?" she said, and put the heavy little image into his hand and closed his fingers on it. Her touch was persuasive. Jimmy opened his hand reluctantly and stared at the god, lying on its back in such an ungodlike manner.

Yes, he admitted there was no doubt of the authenticity of that. Well, then, would Jimmy show it to the chief? Jimmy shook his head; not so much in refusal as indicating that she didn't know what she was asking of him.

"Don't you think that he might admit for once in a lifetime that he was wrong? No? He must never, never be wrong, never have made the slightest error of judgment from the cradle to the grave?"

She knew that she made Jimmy suffer when she talked like this, but, she said to herself, it was for his good if she could free him, could make him more of a person, less timidly subservient. But he would not meet her in the open, and she chivvied him from vagueness to vagueness, from ambush to ambush, as strong natures will chivvy weak ones. It did not occur to her that if she succeeded in making him do her will it was only a shift of masters for him.

"Oh, Jimmy," she exclaimed at last in desperation, "will you never look at the thing honestly? Do you or do you not believe that there is treasure under the sun temple?"

Jimmy, like a man being led to execution, admitted that he thought it likely. Well, probable. Well, almost certain now.

"Then this is the situation," said Millie: "You believe that there is treasure there—you hold the proof of it in your hand—but you do not intend to tell the leader of your expedition of your knowledge. Why? Because you dread an outbreak of bad temper. That is cowardly, Jimmy, my dear—cowardly—and if you will let me say so, really disloyal. You were talking about loyalty a few minutes ago—that I wasn't loyal to him as chief—but I assure you I should consider it treacherous to do what you're doing. Suppose, after we go home, someone else finds it—as of course they will—and gets a huge appropriation from the Carnegie people or from one of the great universities. How will he feel if he finds we knew about it all the time, but were afraid to tell him for fear of his irritability?"

"It isn't just like that, Millie," the boy answered, speaking with some difficulty. "I am afraid of his outbursts, but more because they wreck him so afterward. He hates being like that more than we hate it. Yes, I know—I know that's saying a great deal, but it's true. I really think he's a genius, Millie, but he's utterly unfit for dealing with stupid things and idiotic people, and the world is made up of them. The only way he can get on at all is for some stupid person like me to make everything as easy as possible for him to go his way; not to question, but just to coöperate. I know he's irritable and unreasonable, but I feel sorrier for him than for anyone I ever saw, and I won't create a situation in which I know he is going to behave badly."

She tried to stop him, but too late; Raikes had been within earshot and had heard all of the last sentence—only the last, not all the admiration and affection that had gone before.

"Has it come to this—to be pitied by Jimmy Salisbury!" said Raikes, standing scowling at them in the firelight. "For I am afraid there is no doubt that this unreasonable individual who must be saved from behaving badly is my unhappy self."

As Millie looked at him a feeling like repulsion swept over her, not at the man himself but at the evil spirit that had suddenly taken possession of him. She had seen people in wild fits of temper before and had not minded, but there exhaled from Raikes at this moment a bitterness of hate that was like an icy, impenetrable cloud about him. There was something terrible, almost indecent, about it. If this was what Jimmy meant by his behaving badly he was fully justified.

"Might I ask you to explain why you feel sorry for me?" he went on.

Jimmy, almost incapable of speech and quite incapable of thought, stammered that he was sorry for him because he wasn't happy.

"Happy!" said Raikes with a sort of shout. "Of course I'm not happy! Did you ever know anyone with the least intelligence who was—anyone who could look forward, or back, for that matter? If you're going about ignorantly pitying everyone who isn't happy you'll have your hands full."

One of the qualities that differentiated Millie from a million other girls like her was a certain ideal of courage that she kept before her. Because she was now afraid of the poison in the air, she made up her mind to speak, especially as Jimmy was in a despair that rendered him mute.

"You would understand better," she said, "if you had heard all that Jimmy ——"

The sunken, piercing eyes turned on her for an instant. "Would you be good enough to stop trying to interpret Jimmy to me and me to Jimmy?" he said. "We have neither of us, I think, asked for your good offices and they have not, so far, been very successful." Then he went on addressing Jimmy alone: "I don't suppose you know how much opposition I met with when I proposed taking you on this expedition. It was said that you were actually the worst student in the department—dull and industrious, the most hopeless material of all. But I insisted, not so much because I differed with the opinion of my colleagues as because I found in you something solid, docile and obedient, something I could count on—or so I thought. And now I find you gossiping about me behind my back, frightened into idiocy by my approach. Fearing I shall behave badly! According to whose standards? Yours?"

Jimmy was suffering horribly. It was terrible to see, and yet it was not in order to save Jimmy that Millie now rose to her feet. Jimmy was suffering, yes, but Raikes was like a man destroying himself. She could not bear it. She, who had always been the first to throw a little tow on any fire already burning, suddenly felt she would do or say anything to stop this scene. She got up and, going to Raikes, she put one hand on his shoulder, and with her other she took his hand, which was clenched at his side.

"Don't talk to him like that," she said gently.

He withdrew his shoulder from her touch, and opening his fist, cast off her hand as if his fingers had been entangled in a spider's web. Otherwise he did not notice her at all, but went on to Jimmy:

"Of course I know why you are making an idiot of yourself, whose influence is guiding your uncertain steps toward liberty, but what a fool—what a fool you are to have let a woman like that destroy you. I don't mean destroy you as a flaming sword destroys." He cast one glance at her over his shoulder. "I mean destroy you in the sense that a clumsy baby destroys its toys without knowing that it's doing any mischief at all."

With this he left the firelit circle as quickly as he had appeared in it, and going into his own tent, dropped the flap. Jimmy did not move. He sat still with his elbows on his knees and his hands on each side of his brow. Millie stood

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"Has it Come to This—to be Pitied by Jimmy Salisbury!" Said Raikes, Standing Scowling at Them in the Firelight

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 16, 1929

The Golden Rule in Business

MR. OWEN D. YOUNG, before leaving for Europe, spoke from the pulpit of a New York church and uttered some very sound and wholesome truths in regard to present-day business ethics and the golden rule in big business.

Mr. Young is chairman of the board of directors of the General Electric Company; and he is, as might be supposed, an apostle and exponent of big business. He represents all that is best in enlightened industrial circles; and his position is such that he is entitled to a careful hearing when he acts as spokesman for big business.

There can be no doubt of the extraordinary change which corporation methods have undergone in the past quarter century. Inequitable practices which were once familiar routine and an unconsidered part of the day's work have become extinct in most of the larger organizations; and if they are to be found at all, they must usually be looked for in small and obscure concerns.

The change for the better has been due only in a small measure to attacks from without. Theodore Roosevelt's campaign of trust-busting turned the spotlight upon sundry evils which were rife in his day and put the fear of God into the hearts of buccaneering corporation managers; but the most effectual housecleaning was initiated by men of vision who perceived that, in spite of its being a copy-book maxim, honesty really is the best policy. They extended the application of the dictum from personal relationships to group undertakings in which the obligations of ownership are diluted and obscured by delegation of authority to others and by division among hundreds or thousands of stockholders who have little or no personal knowledge of the ethical considerations which govern the operation of their property.

A second step soon followed the first. Mere honesty is not enough. There must be honesty of spirit as well as honesty in letter. There must be the will to live and let live; and so the golden rule in big business became the standard which men of vision established. First, they proved that honesty pays. Presently they proceeded to demonstrate that the golden rule pays even better. With that, the moral evolution of big business went into high gear.

Mr. Young lays stress upon the growing sense of trusteeship which governs the grand tactics of business. Capital, according to this new gospel, must be safeguarded and conserved, or it will be fearful of venturing into industrial channels. Labor must be assured fair wages and continuity of employment. Customers must have an honest product, honestly sold at a fair price. The public at large must be faithfully served, and the great corporation, like the powerful individual, is bound to function like a good citizen.

"In principle," says Mr. Young, "the golden rule is all that a business man needs; yet if you ask me to apply the golden rule to a bank rate, I find it amazingly difficult to do. It is like telling me to apply the multiplication table to the design and manufacture of a steam turbine. What is right in business requires that the golden rule be applied by men of great understanding and knowledge, as well as conscience, in highly complicated situations."

There can be no doubt of the reality of the difficulties which Mr. Young points out; and yet he would probably be the last to deny that they are likely to work out their own solutions. Time always brings recurrences of situations which, when they become sufficiently numerous, can be typed and assorted. The disposition of individual cases, however complicated, gives rise to a body of precedents, good and bad, wise and unwise. Experience gradually reveals which are which; and lines of procedure which are sound and equitable, though at first faintly indicated, steadily become more clearly defined. The growing body of procedures and decisions which time has proved correct becomes a surer and safer guide for the solution of new problems as they arise.

This moral evolution of business standards will be hastened by the new spirit which is becoming increasingly apparent. Sharp practice and overshrewdness which are within the lines of honesty but press hard upon the borderline of crookedness are not so fashionable as they once were. Honesty of this sort never made a friend, but it is sure death to confidence and good will. Big men know that they cannot afford it. Little ones learn to their hurt that it costs more than it comes to, though they sometimes have to go through a bankruptcy court before the lesson is driven home.

In all these matters there is an elusive factor which is hard to define. Some of us are honest because we love honesty for its own sake; others because honesty pays. Some of us do not reason out such things at all. We merely demand the luxury of decency.

We have a personal pride which forbids us to herd with petty crooks and pikers. It is this spaciousness of heart and spirit, this largeness of view, which has done so much to make us the people we are. America is no place for pikers.

The Capital

THE inauguration of a President at four-year intervals serves, among other purposes, to bring together an unusual assemblage of representative men and women; an event not without value in itself. Among them are the great and distinguished of the land, hordes of sight-seers and just average everyday people.

It would be interesting to know what collective impression these folk carry away with them, for, after all, the effect which the nation's capital makes upon its citizens is of more than passing consequence. In a country as great as this, with such a part to play, it would be well if the seat of government were an example of order, suitability and beauty.

Although George Washington was father of the capital as well as of the nation, more than one patriotic citizen has criticized his choice of location. Situated on the banks of the Potomac River, the city contains much low land and is very hot in summer. But as the years go by, the wisdom of Washington's choice, topographically speaking, becomes more manifest. What were once marshes and tidal flats have been filled in and landscaped into beauty. Streets once filled with mud and wallowing hogs have been paved; the capital is no longer a somewhat dirty and unhealthful if picturesque village; it is a great modern city of impressive spaces and noble vistas.

With the coming of the automobile it is found that Washington as a whole is not flat at all, but is a city of hills, ravines and a generally broken and rolling terrain. Confined in early years to a small, low section near the river, it has now spread far out into a distinctly varied territory. Probably few cities anywhere have within such a short distance the opportunity of so picturesque and valuable a park project as the rugged gorge of the Potomac River and the cataract known as Great Falls. Only a few miles above the city the river changes from the peaceful appearance of tidal Virginia and Maryland to the striking and imposing scenic effects which are associated with the Far West.

Each year that passes adds value to the historic traditions of the capital's location. The army of pilgrims to Mount Vernon increases steadily and taxes the mere physical facilities. It is hoped that the Mount Vernon Boulevard, or memorial highway, along the river, connecting the Lincoln Memorial, Arlington Memorial Bridge, Arlington Cemetery and Mount Vernon, will be finished by 1932, in connection with the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of George Washington.

In every direction are reminders of the Civil War—battlefields, crumbling forts, bridges, river fords, and towns with never-to-be-forgotten names. The very city itself is surrounded by a chain of Civil War fortifications, most of them sadly neglected until very recently; although in at least one of them, it is reported, Lincoln was under fire.

Gradually all are now becoming parks, and in time they will be connected by a boulevard. Annapolis, with its vital part in national history, is very near, and Williamsburg, one of the earliest of colonial capitals, is less than a day's automobile ride. The same is true of Monticello, the home of Jefferson, now restored to the nation. The birthplaces of Washington and of Robert E. Lee are nearer the city, and when they have been restored in a few years, will be Meccas for thousands.

But Washington is far from being a complete or perfect city. There, as elsewhere, civic complaisance is sure to cost the whole people dearly. The plans are magnificent indeed, not only those of Major L'Enfant of a century ago but of Secretary Mellon, Senator Smoot and the National Capital Park and Planning Commission of today. Among the proposed developments—all on the grandest possible scale—are those having to do with the Union Plaza, the Triangle and the Mall. Work has actually started on the great Triangle development; in reality, a whole new city of monumental government buildings.

All the plans are majestic enough, but it will take patience, tact and public support throughout the country to carry them through. It is the same in Washington as elsewhere. People do not become aroused until the damage has been done, until desecration is an accomplished fact. Land that could have been bought for a song a few years ago for park purposes is expensive now; it may cost far more in years to come.

Too often the public assumes carelessly that any wooded open space is available for park or recreation purposes, when in reality it belongs to private owners. A large and beautiful island in the Potomac River, completely commanding the Lincoln Memorial, belongs to a gas company, which might erect large tanks thereon. In any city the utilities must needs be provided for; their proper location requires care and thought. Whether the Great Falls of the Potomac can be utilized for power without destruction of their scenic grandeur is another of the delicate questions to be faced.

Like other cities, Washington is lopsided in its development. Large areas close to the very heart of a nation's lawmaking are still in farm lands, while feverish overdevelopment takes place in far more distant sections with no greater natural advantages. A peculiarly intricate as well as unusual financial and taxation problem makes public improvements even more difficult than elsewhere. Thus it is no easy sledding to make the capital an example to the country of fitness and beauty. It belongs to the whole people, and it will become worthy of the ideal which they unquestionably have set up only as they take an interest in having that ideal realized.

HOOVER—OR SOME OTHER?

By Richard Washburn Child

THE greatest danger which can afflict any President of the United States is that constant and ever-growing temptation to enlarge the field in which, as the engaging phrase goes, "his name will go down in history for all time."

Tremendous is the lure to exercise for this purpose the power which lies in the new economic and financial position of the United States. It is one thing to write one's name across the United States and its welfare and future and its square dealing with the world, but quite another to dabble in "world fixin'" and find personal acclaim, or lay down pressure or preachments across the seas.

One may confess this temptation and yet resist it. A strong man may stand on good sense and restraint, even while the eternal crop of world fixers press upon him to accept the Jupiter complex.

Coolidge resisted quietly. As a result, the country has seen a postwar period of unparalleled recovery from chaos; a recovery built upon the basis of industry, sense, individual responsibility and self-help, without ostentatious or sentimentalized nose poking or Hearts-and-Flowers futility. We have seen a constant and wholesome movement toward peace, without acceptance of nostrums or æsthetic political dancing by professors off their job. All the gains have been made by patient negotiation, not upon gestures and words but upon deeds, not upon slogans and superstates or school-teacher Utopias but upon the theory that in international affairs peace is something more than the absence of war, and that there is now so much emphasis upon preventives of war that it seriously interferes with the engineering of peace.

The United States, by its good offices, has in ten years an unparalleled record of negotiation, mediation, financial assistance and administrative advice. Officially or quietly and unofficially, it has arbitrated and adjusted more causes for turbulence with more quiet efficiency, it has taken leadership in more economic adjustment and peace building and has brought about more treaties and conciliations, than will appear in the League of Nations' show windows in a quarter of a century.

Though Wilson harbored the conception of standing out of the world conflict so that we might keep a wise and calm view and later have that view to put at the disposal of the world, he was a mistaken statesman only in the minds of those who felt that if Roosevelt had been President, and we had preferred to stand against the aggressor, there would have been no aggressor. When Wilson had the opportunity to keep not only himself but the United States out of the humbuggery of Paris, his greatest opportunity came. He threw it away.

At that time I was visiting one of the Wilson right-hand men and there arrived a mission from certain Balkan countries suggesting that after the war was over the United States Supreme Court might accept the arbitration of boundary and other questions.

There was the seed of our true power. It was greater than all the volunteer shepherd service ever recorded in history. If Wilson had sat still on that power—what a difference! We had the position of one who would be asked over and over again, in the name of good sense and good will, to be a conciliator and judge. In spite of the handful of us who begged the Wilson Administration to take thought, all that advantageous opportunity for service was thrown away when we lost a quiet isolation, so precious not only to us but to all the world. We became a mere party to the suit, along with the other distressed plaintiffs and defendants.

The Coolidge method did not lead him to parades in foreign capitals lined with flags and cheering mobs and flower-strewn paths, but neither did it lead to dangers and humiliation for us and for our children. Abroad, more than here, it is recognized

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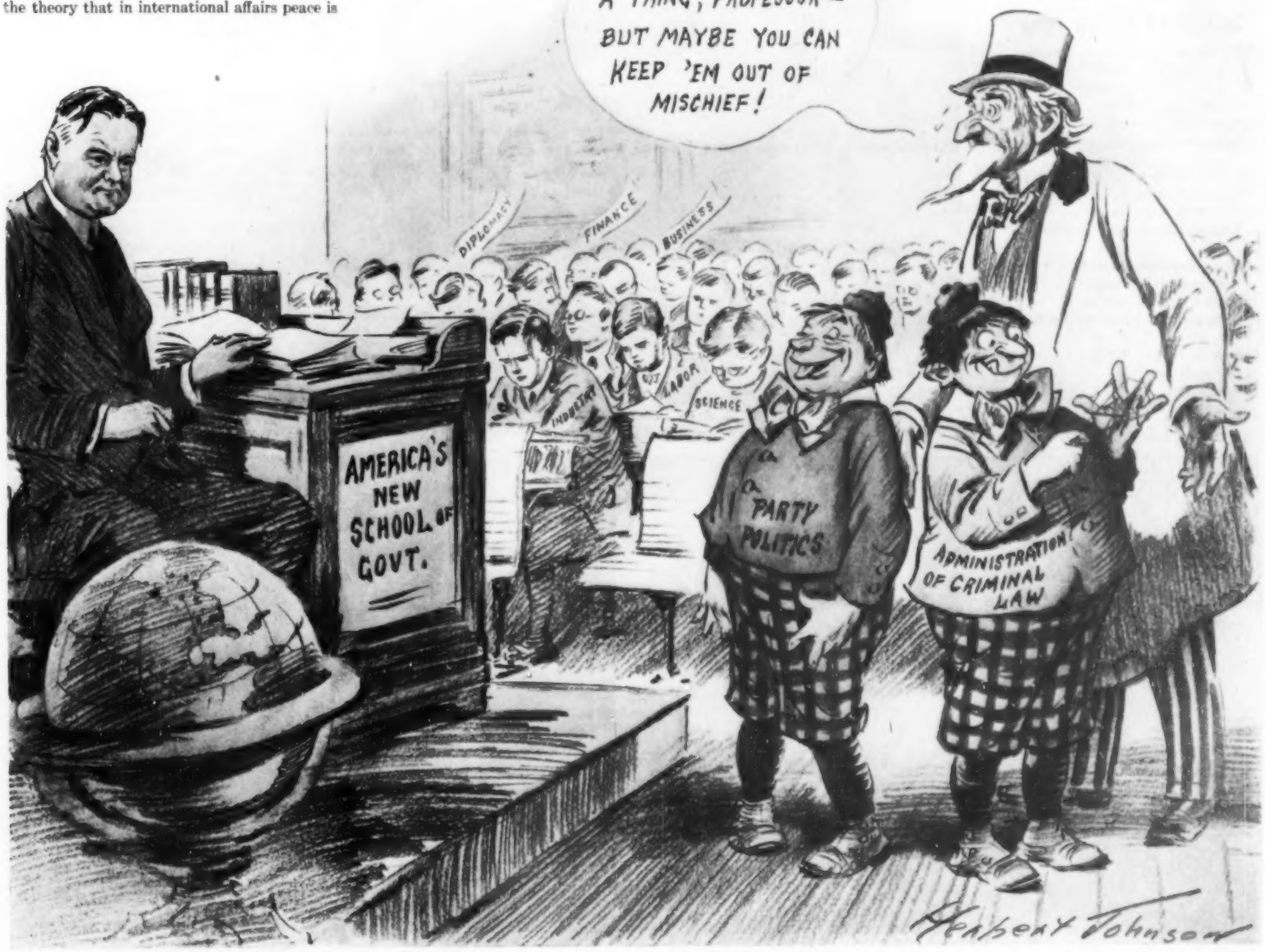


THE DUMB-BELL TWINS

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

DRAWN BY MARGE

"I Just Can't Seem to Dance With You at All, Mr. Smith!" "The Trouble With You, Little Girl, is You're Muscle Bound!"

DRAWN BY RAY THOMPSON

"Uncle, Why Did You Bring Your Ear Trumpet to the Exhibit?" "Wal, One Never Knows When a Picture'll Start Talkin' These Days!"

DRAWN BY CHESTER I. GARDE

Game Warden: "This Can't be Yours—it's a Sportsman's License!"

A Cynic's Spring Song

THE spring has come, it seems.
What's that to me?
This is a world of sorrow through and through.
It hasn't any meaning I can see;
Why should I join the vernal ballyhoo?

Ah, life is all so futile! . . . What?
Oh, there's a robin. Well, a bird
The more or less is surely not ——
That was a bluebird that I heard!

Well, let them sing. Oh, there's
A cherry tree in bloom!
Still what a world—the air's
Quite soft and warm—of gloom.

Out on it! . . . Why,
I've never seen
So blue a sky,
The grass so green!

DRAWN BY ROBERT L. DICKEY

A Dog Cabinet—Why Not? We've Had Tennis and Golf Before or What Have You?

Well. . . . Oh,
It's spring!
Heigh-ho,
Let's sing!

Yip,
Hip! —*Gorton Veeder Carruth.*

You Can't Win

"WELL, it looks as though some of the boys were taking an awful ride from the market."

"You said it. Say, you know, it's a tough racket. I was talking to a bird who's been in the game for twenty-seven years, and he says that there isn't anybody who can speculate consistently and come out on the long end."

"That's what I say. For every dollar made there's a dollar lost."

(Continued on Page 158)

DRAWN BY DONALD McKEE

The Cover Artist Has Become So Adept That it Didn't Discommode Him at All When His Studio Was Without Heat for a Whole Day

DRAWN BY R. B. FULLER

"C'mon Now! We Need a Fourth at Bridge!"

Slow-cooked
Golden Brown

Campbell's Beans
out-sell all others ~ by far!
Enjoy their new perfection

Every day in every grocery store in the land women decide which beans they consider the best. These "moments" of selection—millions of them—tell the story of reputation and success. By their actual purchases, the women of America unite in making Campbell's Beans the overwhelming favorite.

Even greater now than ever before is the public approval of Campbell's Beans, since they have been perfected to a more tempting deliciousness. The beans are whole, yet deliciously mellow and tender. Slow-cooked to a golden brown, their famous tomato sauce blends in the flavor that everybody likes.

HE'LL COME HOME

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XLII

WHEN, a little before dawn of the same day, Mrs. Kahnet descended to her husband's study, urged by an inward and compelling desire to minister to someone, she found him still seated at his writing table. Before him was a tin of sweet biscuits, some apples, and a paper upon which was a mass of penciled statistics.

The telephone bell rang. He listened, nodded and hung up.

"Mischa Groffe has not returned. He has been out all night," said he. "Stay here awhile and take the messages."

He went out, and climbing the stairs, knocked gently at his wife's door.

A small, dry voice answered "Come in."

Noelle was standing by the window, her figure silhouetted against the pale opal sky. The hum of engines and words of command were faintly audible.

"You haven't been to sleep?"

"Of course not."

"Miss Noelle," he said, "you don't know how much I admire you. You haven't asked me if there is any news."

"Because you would have told me," she answered.

"That reason would not discourage most women. Yes, you are very admirable. I am ashamed to have been able to do so little."

"What has happened tonight?"

Briefly he stated the facts as he knew them.

"Then this is revolution?"

"Say rather chaos. Which may, and probably will, swing toward revolution unless something is done to check it."

"All night long," said Noelle, "I have been watching those fires in the east and thinking—thinking. If things are as bad as you say—there's my father's invention—isn't this the time to use it?"

For fully five seconds he looked at her fixedly. Then very slowly he nodded.

"You're right," he said; "although I've struggled to convince myself that not even now were we justified. But you are right, for the very argument of human obligation which prevailed on you to keep silence now commands us to speak. For fourteen years that stuff has followed me like a shadow, and it has overtaken me at last." He rose and paced the room. "You have the formula?"

Noelle shook her head.

"I know where it can be found."

"The formula is in code. You know the key word?"

"No, but Dominic knows."

"Dominic? That scatter-brained fellow who left us last night?"

"He went to Xavier. The formula is there—hidden in the garden."

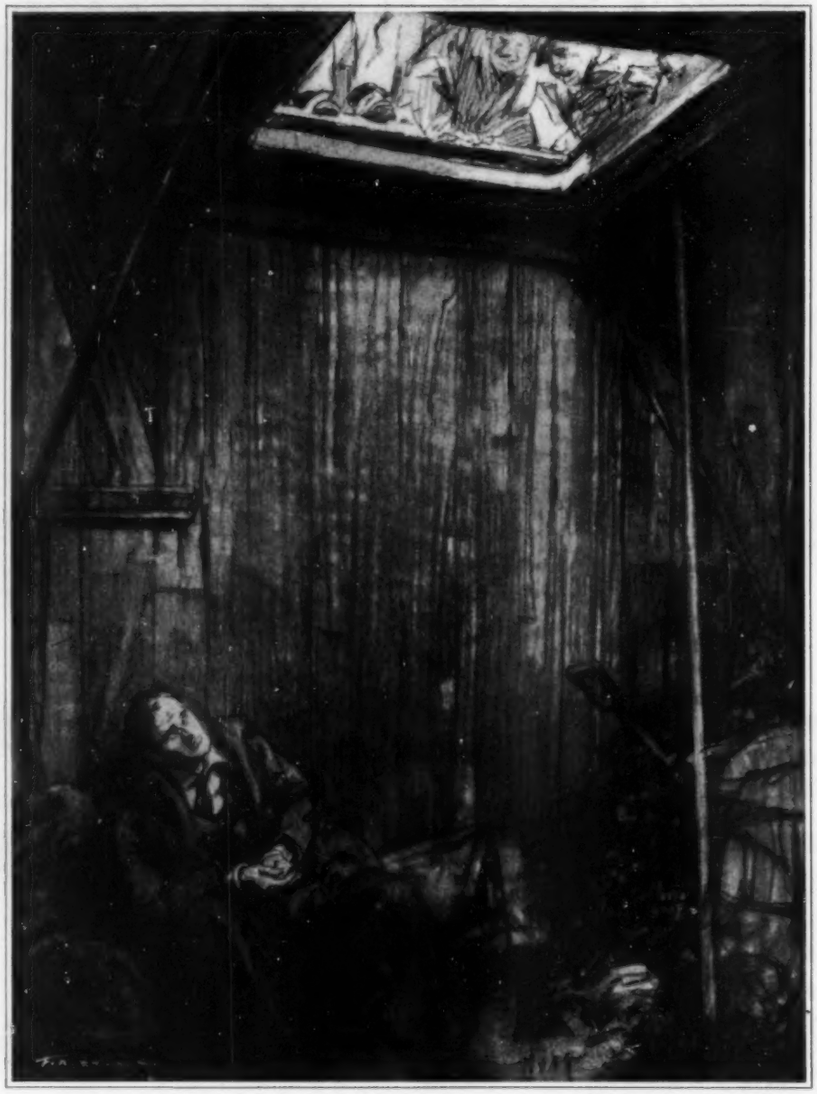
Oscar Kahnet screwed up his forehead and picked up the telephone instrument from beside his wife's bed.

"Let me see, the number was —— Ah, yes. Trunks, please. . . . What's that? Nonsense, man. Government service. Give me trunks at once. . . . Supervisor then?"

The remarks he addressed to the supervisor were like a rattle of musketry. A moment later in a calmer tone he was speaking to the trunks operator.

"This is Hyde 9191. Subscriber, Oscar Kahnet. I want Duncton One O. Yes, Duncton in Sussex. I will not hang up. Priority call. Put me through straight."

Two minutes later a woman's voice, faint but clear, answered.



"Without Further Ceremony I Was Dumped Through a Hatchway Into a Little Black Hole Aft. Here, I Was Informed, I Should Remain Until the Political Differences of the Nation Had Been Settled"

"Yes, who is it?"

"Hold," said Oscar Kahnet, and handed the instrument to Noelle.

"Is that you, Anne—it's Noelle here. I want to speak to Dominic. . . . What? Not there? But he started at ten o'clock last night." Noelle turned to Oscar Kahnet. "He hasn't arrived."

"That man will ruin the country yet," said he.

"Anne," said Noelle, "your father, then. It's frightfully urgent."

For half a minute there was silence and a faint record on the line of a voice calling, "Father—father."

Then old Shaftoe saying, "Yes, my dear, what is it?"

"Mr. Shaftoe, I want —— Hullo—hullo!"

The line had gone dead.

Noelle rattled the receiver rest.

"Hullo, Hyde Park," said a new voice. "Midhurst speaking."

"Put me back to Duncton One O."

"Sorry, miss," said the voice. "All the south lines have been cut. We were warned that something ——"

The sentence ended abruptly in a click and a drone.

"They've cut the lines," said Noelle, and looked at Oscar Kahnet with the pallor of a passionate agitation on her cheeks.

Oscar Kahnet took the telephone and rattled the receiver rest.

"Supervisor at once."

Followed a *rafale* of question and answer, at the end of which he put down the instrument with the nearest approach to anger Noelle had seen him display.

"Half the trunk lines are down already," he said. "We were just too late."

With a light of determination in her eyes, Noelle came to her feet.

"I'll go to Xavier," she said.

"You—how? Every car has been commandeered. I might get a government permit, if we wait."

"I can ride a motor bike."

Motorcycles had not yet been included in the restriction order.

He shook his head.

"The roads may not be safe. I will get on to the Home Office. They will issue a car and an escort."

"No, no, no!" cried Noelle, and stamped her foot. "I go alone or no one goes. Do you think it's bearable for me to stay here idle with Bob in the hands of these men? I'm going alone, I tell you, and now. You will have plenty to do finding Dominic. You must scour the country for him. You have the list of chemicals Bob gave you when he rang up from Xavier. Get all you can—tons—all there is of them." She paused for breath and went on: "If I am not back by tomorrow night you can send others; tell them to look under the millstone by the sundial, in the back garden of Xavier. Now, a motor bike, please, at once."

Inquiry proved that the second footman had a motor bicycle that he was most reluctant to lend and Mrs. Kahnet had some riding breeches that she was very willing to lend. The footman sold the motorcycle in a strong market, Oscar Kahnet paying double its original purchase price.

Said Mrs. Kahnet as Noelle stamped on the self-starter and made the engine buzz, "A ride down to the country will do you all the good in the world."

Without a word of farewell Noelle vanished in a cloud of smoke from the exhaust.

XLIII

WHEN, at an early hour the same morning, the Home Office rang up Bow Street Police Station with instructions that one Robert Shaftoe was to be brought to Whitehall under escort, immediately the consternation among the officials was profound.

"But neither of the two gentlemen was detained, sir," an inspector replied. "The chaps that pulled off the bank raid was questioned and one of 'em gave away that they was members of a gang of Continental crooks."

The Home Secretary in the meantime had taken the phone and cut these disclosures short in a peremptory and pyrotechnic manner.

To digest his inquiry into civil language produces a question upon what authority we had been released.

"No orders was given to detain 'em, sir."

"They are to be brought here within the hour. You have their addresses?"

"Oh, we're sure to have the addresses, sir," replied the inspector, but witnessing three of his colleagues in the act of shaking their heads, he had the mortification of contradicting himself. "We don't seem to have got the addresses after all."

(Continued on Page 30)

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(Continued from Page 28)

There followed a silence on the wire of so profound and nerve-shattering a nature that the inspector's cheeks blanched beneath their tan. The silence was followed by an eruption of criticism even more devastating in its consequences.

"For heaven's sake," said the inspector at the telephone to a brother in blue, "take a turn on here. I can't stand no more of it."

As the duty in question only involved listening, the transposition was effected without exciting notice.

At the conclusion the second inspector said, "Very good, sir. At once, sir," hung up the receiver and leaned against the wall for support.

"Putting joking on one side," said he when he had recovered a measure of his composure, "not even in the army did I 'ear swearin' to match it. He said if we had to turn out five hundred men, those two chaps 'ave got to be in Whitehall today."

Inspector Number 1 nodded grimly.

"Just a nice job for a day like this," said he. "What with special guards to find for every blinking thing, we can do with a bit extra."

But protest notwithstanding, the activities which ensued were conducted with an enthusiasm and dispatch for which it would be hard to find a rival.

Oscar Kahnet was on a toll call to Thames Haven when the police cut in on priority.

"I want to know the whereabouts of Robert Shaftoe."

"So do I," was the dangerously sweet rejoinder.

"Know anything about him?"

"Only that he was kidnaped outside my house at eleven o'clock last night."

There was an ejaculation of surprise. Then: "Was there a gentleman with him?"

"There was. He left here to get his car from the Savoy Hotel about an hour earlier. He was to have driven to Sussex. He hasn't arrived and hasn't been heard of since."

"Do you know where I could find him?"

"No. But I'll pay five hundred pounds to the man who does."

"You will," was the surprised rejoinder. "The Home Secretary says he's got to be found—that both of 'em have—if the whole force does nothing else but look for 'em."

"That's the first good news I've had in the last twelve hours," said Oscar Kahnet as he hung up the receiver.

While the police supply the public with a rich source of humor, they also supply the finest organization of its kind in the world. If the Big Five themselves were not enlisted in the job of searching for Dominic and myself, men of an eminence, not less than six, seven or eight gave to the matter their devoted and immediate attention. Detective Inspector Reskey of Scotland Yard, in company with some minor lights, set forth on the trail of Dominic. He began operations at the Savoy Hotel. He then proceeded to Savoy Street forthwith.

"What time did he leave here?" he asked the garage proprietor.

"Couldn't say that, but he turned down toward the Embankment just as them fires started over east."

Reskey put his thumbs together and thought. "Sure of that?"

"Certain."

"H'm! Now, in your opinion, would that gentleman, seeing those fires in the east, drive off west?"

The garage proprietor scouted the idea. "He couldn't do it—not that gentleman. He'd just 'ave to find out what it was all about."

Resky looked at the time. It was 9:45. As the police patrolling the city were doing a twelve-hour shift by emergency orders, the men who were on duty the preceding evening would not yet have been relieved. Nodding to the garage proprietor, Reskey entered his car and drove down Savoy Street to the river.

The constables questioned on the Embankment could offer him no exact information, but at the corner of Blackfriars Bridge a young constable was sure he had seen a car answering to Reskey's description.

"It linked up behind the big convoy," he said. "A Bradley it was, with a special body. The gentleman driving was chucking cigarettes to the chaps riding on the tailboard of the last lorry."

That was good enough for Reskey, and complimenting the constable upon his powers of observation, he pursued with high hopes the course taken by the convoy overnight. At a police station in Rotherhithe he paused to make fresh inquiries and was rewarded with the information that Inspector Harris of the Rotherhithe Division had boarded and commandeered just such a car as the one he sought. The inspector, he learned, had been detailed for special duty at Gravesend, and thither Reskey proceeded with all the speed he could command.

At Gravesend he met with a disappointment, for the convoy had been split up and dispatched to various destinations to aid in the work of fighting the flames. Of Harris and the car he could ascertain nothing and he continued his journey eastward with declining spirits.

Valuable time had already been lost, nor was there any reason to suppose that his chances of finding the truant car were favorable, but as he was in the act of taking a blind corner rather wide, he heard the roar of an approaching engine and drew over to the left only in time to avoid a collision.

The onrushing car went at the corner full bore, applied the brakes, dry skidded and went recklessly on. In that brief instant Reskey recognized his quarry, let go a yell and swung round his own car in pursuit.

The road was moderately wide and he made the turn without a reversing, but even so it took time and the Bradley was leading by three hundred yards when he rounded the bend and came into the straight beyond.

Dominic Vane had neither heeded the yell nor the gesture that accompanied it. All night and part of the day he had been trying to escape and was in no mood to invite recapture. That Dominic had succeeded in effecting his freedom was due to the fact that the officer had

(Continued on Page 70)

"Somehow I Struggled Along to See What Was Left of the Motor Bike. It Simply Didn't Bear Looking At"

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One of a series of industrial drawings by Earl Horter

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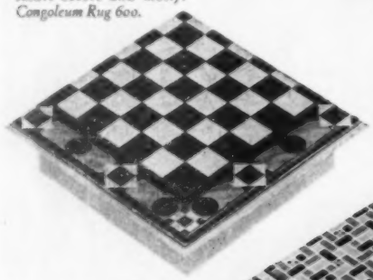

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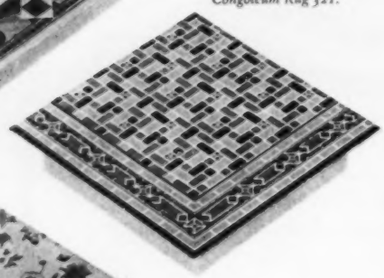

"BOUQUET"—*women of taste will delight in this charming adaptation of an old Colonial design. Congoleum Rug 324.*

"Mother, let's always eat in the kitchen"

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DEATH ON SCURVY STREET

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

After a Reluctant Moment They Said Good Night

XVI

WHEN Ruson took the stand as the first witness in his own defense, it was already mid-afternoon, and Sill shrewdly occupied the remainder of that session of the court in questions wholly matter-of-fact. There was a straightforward candor in Ruson's bearing, a steady courage in his eye; and the sympathy of the spectators, strongly with him even before the trial began, was heightened now by his demeanor on the stand.

He told that afternoon, in some detail, the story of his long association with Mr. Bellmer. The picture he drew was that of an ancient alliance between two men, friends from their early years; an alliance in which one was always the stronger of the two, protecting and upholding the weaker man, who gave a stout devotion in return. Bellmer conceived great plans, Ruson executed them. And Ruson as well as Bellmer shared in the rewards. Ruson said at last, in summary on this point:

"I am well-to-do—yes—even wealthy—and all I have comes from Mr. Bellmer."

Sill glanced at the clock against the wall. "And what was your feeling toward Mr. Bellmer?"

Ruson said gravely, "Always one of deep affection and gratitude."

It was upon this reply that court adjourned for the day; and the crowding spectators, visibly disappointed at the interruption, drifted toward the corridors. Charlie, among them, discovered Phœbe waiting outside, and he stopped in surprise to speak to her.

"Hullo!" he said. "Send for you, did they?"

She nodded abstractedly, watching the young man. "Mr. Sill wants me to follow Mr. Ruson on the stand," she explained. "He telephoned me." She hesitated. "Tired, Charlie?"

"Not particularly." He slipped his arm through hers. "Come along with me," he urged. "It's all over for today. I've got to go back to the office, but you might walk a piece with me."

She fell into step beside him. "You heard Mr. Boetius?" she asked, a subdued concern in her tones.

He nodded in a grave, thoughtful way. "But Mr. Boetius is all right," he told her. "He's been blindly loyal, if you like, to a chief not worth his loyalty, and a wife who didn't deserve it. Some men have a weakness for such loyalties. But he didn't kill Bellmer, Phœbe, if that's what you're thinking."

They were leaving the courthouse together. "I knew about him," she confessed—"about the picture. But I couldn't tell you. You saw it?"

"I identified it," he agreed. "How did you know?"

"Mr. Ruson told me, the day he was arrested, that it was in our reference department. He told me to get it and send it to Inspector Tope," she explained, "and not tell anyone. I had to do it, Charlie, but I've been mighty miserable."

His eyes smiled tenderly. "I see," he assented. "That's why you've been restrained these weeks. Bless you, you needn't have worried, Phœbe! If I'd known about the picture I'd have dug it up myself. You have to lay all the facts on the table, sweet, no matter where they strike."

"But I knew how you felt about Mr. Boetius!"

He chuckled teasingly. "Don't worry about me. Mr. Ruson's got enough to worry about." His tone changed. "Mr. Ruson has certainly done his bit for Boetius, hasn't he?" he suggested grimly.

She evaded this. "They've no case against Mr. Ruson, have they?" she asked; and Charlie, as they threaded their way through the busy streets, considered this.

"Well, I don't know," he confessed at last. "Someone prodded Pelky and someone prodded Reevil and someone prodded Boetius—if all they said is true. But no one of them killed Bellmer—if all they said is true. And Ruson is the only one who knew enough about Bellmer's affairs to reach all three of them. Danner can argue a circumstantial case out of that, Phœbe."

"A mighty thin one!"

"Well, when Tyler testifies that he saw Ruson in the alley ——"

"He didn't see him! You and Mr. Tope know that."

Charlie nodded. "Well, that's so," he assented, and he grinned reassuringly. "I've got to swing off here," he confessed, coming to a halt. "Back to the office. Don't you worry, sweet. Mr. Ruson'll come out all right in the end. He made a good impression on the stand."

So, after a reluctant moment, they said good night and Charlie went on to the office. He thought Boetius, back at his desk there after the ordeal of his testimony, wore the aspect of a man set free, as though a load had been lifted from his heart and mind.

It was Tuesday afternoon when Ruson took the stand, Wednesday morning when he resumed his testimony, and the benches were packed to hear what he might have to say. Sill began by repeating his last question of the day before.

"I asked you, Mr. Ruson," he reminded the other man, "what was your feeling toward Mr. Bellmer at the time of his death."

"A feeling of grateful affection," Mr. Ruson replied.

"Gratitude for all he had done for you?"

"And affection for the man."

"You liked and respected him?"

"Yes."

"Did you know his manner of life outside the office?"

"To a considerable degree."

"Be so kind as to describe it."

"Mr. Bellmer was a natural adventurer. He sought adventure in the underworld—sought danger and battle and victory there."

"Can you be more specific?"

"He pretended to engage in the liquor traffic, but only for the sake of the contacts that venture brought him. He loved danger. It was a sporting proposition with him, nothing more."

"Did you approve?"

"I disapproved, and I sought to dissuade him. But I often disapproved of Mr. Bellmer's actions, and he was accustomed to laugh at my dissent."

"So that your remonstrances had no effect?"

"None whatever."

"Did he usually tell you where he meant to go, where you could locate him while he was absent?"

"He did not. I could summon him by making a prearranged change in the heading of the daily weather report in the Journal."

"Did this arrangement satisfy you?"

Ruson smiled. "I was forced to be satisfied."

"On the occasion of his last absence, did you know where he was going?"

"No."

Mr. Sill paused, consulted his notes. "Now, Mr. Ruson," he said at last, "as to Mr. Bellmer's will. You were a witness to that will?"

"Yes, sir."

The attorney handed him a thick document. "Will you say what this is?"

Ruson examined it briefly. "It is Mr. Bellmer's will."

"I offer it," said Sill, and Danner nodded acquiescence.

"Now, Mr. Ruson, to save time, tell us the provisions of this will, if you know and unless Mr. Danner objects."

Danner made no objection, and Ruson said readily: "All his property, including the Journal, to be sold and converted into bonds. Five hundred thousand dollars to be paid to Mr. Dent of the Banner to compensate him for his losses through our competition. The residue to charity. Mr. Boetius to be executor and his judgment to be final as to the price at which the property should be sold."

"Was this not an extraordinary document?"

"Mr. Bellmer was an extraordinary man."

"Did you know the provisions of this will when you witnessed it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you discuss it with Mr. Bellmer?"

"At length. He asked my opinion of the appointment of Mr. Boetius and I agreed that Mr. Boetius was to be trusted."

(Continued on Page 35)

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GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 33)

"There is no bequest to you in this will?"

"Mr. Bellmer had treated me generously; I had no need of his further beneficence."

"Mr. Bradeen and Miss Hill were also witnesses?"

"Yes."

"They are dead?"

"Yes."

Mr. Sill nodded; he turned aside again to glance at the notes on his table. "Mr. Ruson," he asked, "did you see an editorial in the Journal on Wednesday before Mr. Bellmer was killed—an editorial headed Murder Made Easy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who wrote that editorial, if you know?"

"It was in line with our policy, but stronger than our usual editorials. Mr. Boetius suggested it, Mr. Bellmer approved, and in effect dictated it to me."

"Mr. Boetius suggested it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who was present at the time that suggestion was made?"

"Mr. Bellmer, Mr. Boetius and myself."

"What form did the suggestion take?"

"Mr. Boetius urged that we point out the possibility of murder under the guise of accident. I dissented, on the ground that this might have an evil effect on evil minds. Mr. Bellmer overruled me."

"Now, Mr. Ruson, come to the evening of Mr. Bellmer's death. At what time did he leave the office, if you know?"

"He was in conference with me after dinner till about 9:30. In fact we had been busy all day discussing various matters. He left me about 9:30 and went to his office, and a little later he sent me an envelope full of memoranda for Mr. Boetius. At ten o'clock, or just after, he stopped at my office door and said good night."

"And you replied?"

"I said, 'For heaven's sake, Don, be careful.' I was always concerned for his safety on these adventures."

"What did he say?"

"He laughed at me and went away."

"When did you next see him?"

"I have never seen him since."

"Did you send the memoranda to Mr. Boetius?"

"I had sent them just before Mr. Bellmer appeared."

"As to your movements after his departure?"

"Miss Mannis was tired and I told her to go home. I left almost at once afterward."

"At about what time?"

"At about twenty minutes past ten."

"And then?"

"I took a taxi to the Unicorn Club. I had left some papers there, in a brief case in the check room, the day before. I wished to get them."

"You arrived there?"

"About 10:30. It is a five-minute drive, but we struck some traffic."

"You alighted there?"

"I dismissed the taxi. I was tired." He smiled. "I'm afraid I stopped for a highball."

"Did you speak to anyone while you were in the club?"

"The door man, the desk man, the steward and two or three friends. Mr. Fay and Mr. Welder and Mr. Steel."

"And you stayed there how long?"

"Possibly twenty minutes. I left at about ten minutes of eleven."

"And went where?"

"Directly home. I was at home by eleven."

"Where is your home?"

Ruson gave the address. "An apartment," he explained. "I live alone."

"And after you reached home?"

"I undressed and went to bed and read for a while."

"What did you read?"

"I was reading Gibbon at that time."

Someone smiled, and Sill acknowledged this faint mirth by asking, "Did you find that work an aid to quick slumber?"

"I found it full of interest."

"How long did you read?"

"I am subject to indigestion," said Ruson. "I had an attack that night and it became acute. I got up finally and telephoned down to the elevator boy to go to the drug store next door and get me some medicine."

"What was the time then?"

"It must have been about a quarter to twelve."

"What then?"

"He brought me the medicine and I took a dose."

"Had you relief?"

"I had a bad night and I was ill all next day."

"That is, Sunday?"

"Yes, sir."

"And next day, Monday?"

"I felt unable to go to the office on Monday."

"Did you do so?"

"No, not till Tuesday."

"Now, Mr. Ruson, when did you first hear that Mr. Bellmer was dead?"

"Mr. Boetius phoned me Monday afternoon that he had seen the body at the morgue."

"You had no previous word?"

"No, sir."

"What are your relations with Mr. Boetius?"

"They have always been cordial."

"Now, Mr. Ruson, when after Mr. Bellmer's death did you next enter the office of Mr. Boetius?"

"On Tuesday morning."

"Was he there at the time?"

"He was not. I sent to summon him. I had just arrived at the office and I had many questions to ask."

"What did you do?"

"I waited in his office."

"Now, Mr. Ruson, did you see anything in the office on that occasion?" Ruson hesitated; and the attorney, after a moment, repeated in a stern tone: "Whether you saw anything?"

"I saw—many things."

"For instance?"

Ruson seemed to take a reluctant resolution. "I saw his cane," he said at last, almost defiantly.

"Where was this cane?"

"There was a file of daily papers hanging on a rack against the wall of his office. This cane was behind these papers, almost hidden there. But I happened to be in such a position that I could see it."

"Did you remark anything as to this cane?"

"It was broken."

"Describe this condition."

"It had been splintered halfway between the handle and the ferrule. It was bent at an angle there."

"Did you speak of the matter to Mr. Boetius?"

"No."

"Why not?"

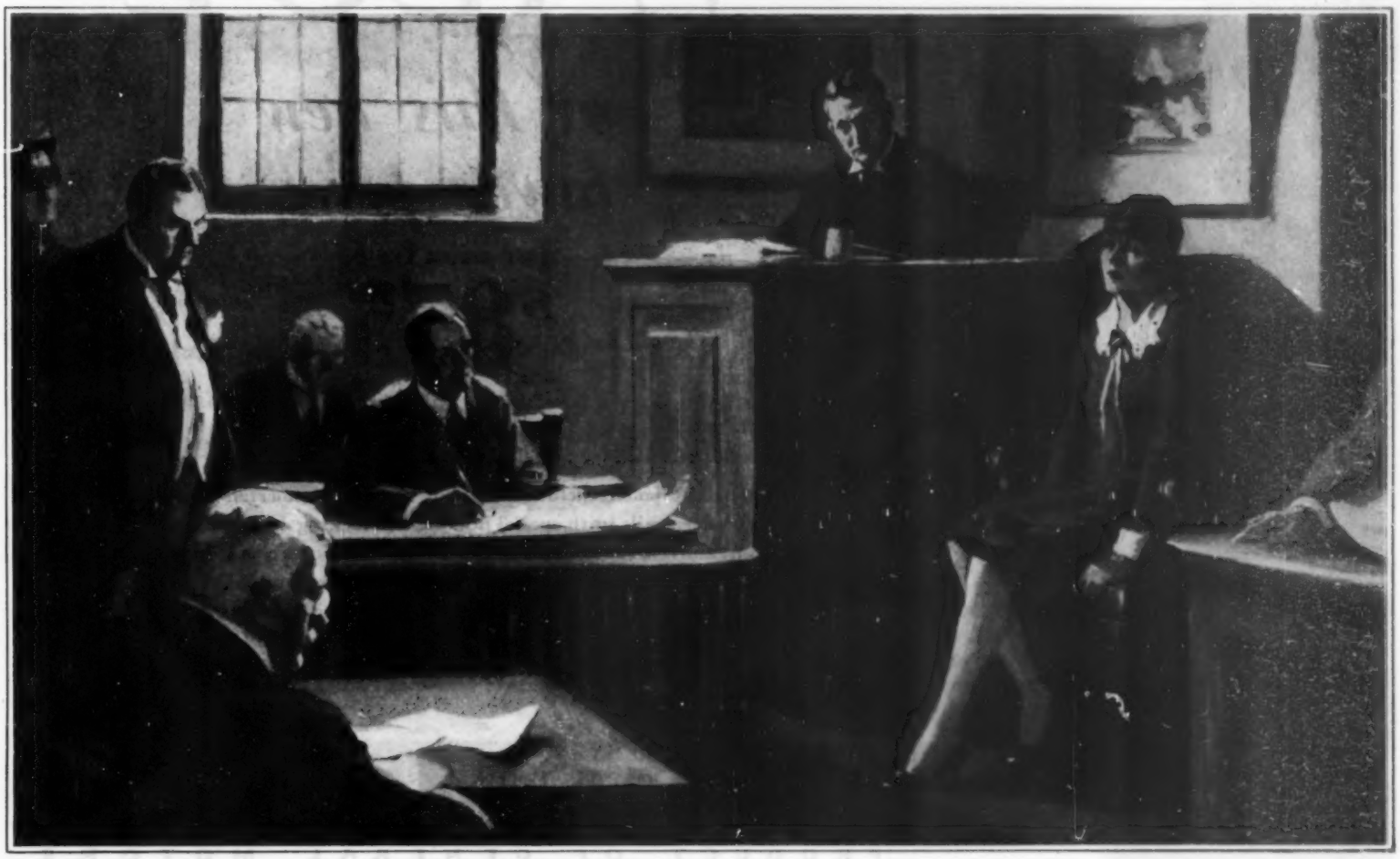
"He was sensitive about his lameness."

"So you said nothing about the cane to him?"

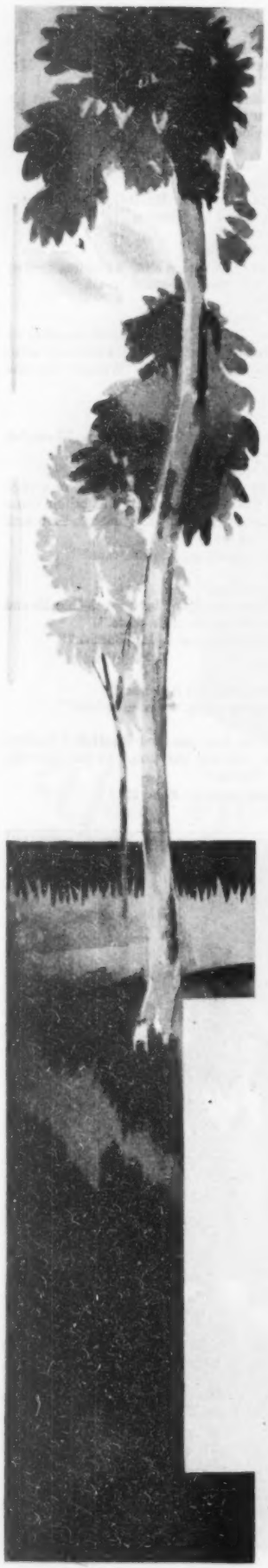
"No."

Sill nodded and his tone assumed a satisfied finality. "Now, Mr. Ruson, one last question," he said gravely. "Did you kill Mr. Bellmer?"

(Continued on Page 120)



The Silence That Fell Upon Her Word Had an Aching Quality, and She Became Very Pale



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MEN FROM CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 13)

"I'll have a little tea," answered the Moor.

"Tea? What you mean—tea? Whisky?"

"No, tea. They have real good tea here, made outta mint. My religion don't allow me to drink hard liquor."

"Listen!" protested Moir. "You mean to say ——"

"No," said the Moor soberly, "I'll have tea. It says in the Koran not to drink, and we don't drink. There's nothing in your Bible says you shouldn't, so go ahead."

"I'll drink tea with you," said Moir. "It'll do me good. How come you join up with the artillurry from Chicago if your home town is Melilla and you don't drink anything but tea?"

The Moor waved his hand. A waiter appeared, and after a certain time brought two tall glasses exhaling a most delicious odor. It was a mint julep without the kick. The two men inhaled.

"Gwan," urged Moir; "what's the story?"

"No story," said the Moor. He kept the hood of his jellaba about his face and spoke from its interior, so that his voice had a sort of stifled sound. "I was born in this town an' I got a mother an' sister here yet. I went off with a cousin of mine—was a balancer—when I was about ten. He was with a circus. He come home here on a vacation, an' he bein' in need of a kid for the top of a pyramid, an' my old man not bein' in need of me, I went with him. I was in the States twenty years. Man, there's a country!"

"Where'd you live—everywhere?"

"No, Chi mostly. We used to show at the Coliseum winters. I took out my citisenship papers in Chi. We lived in Halstead Street with some feller from Melilla had a rug shop. Of all the towns in God's country, Chi is the best. I been in 'em all, an' I know."

"Yeh, it is a nice town," agreed Moir.

The sun began to go down behind the Riff, and the two, sitting with their faces to the east, could see the granite summits changing slowly to a deep red, as though heated red-hot from within, and a deep, inklike blue seemed to rise up from the valleys like a tide to meet it. Doors slammed in the *sok* as the shops were closed, a bell tolled somewhere, and the crowd of passers seemed suddenly to treble in number. They were Moslems going to their mosque to pray.

The two at the table forgot their surroundings. They spoke of swimming at Fifty-first Street, and of fishing in the lagoon. Was the Wrigley Building completed? The Moor told of battles with sailors from the Great Lakes, of discussions with the South Park police, which Moir capped with an account of a keg party in the old Exposition buildings in the early days of mobilization.

They wondered what had become of famous Chicagoans—Chinese Mary, for instance, who was really a high-yaller. They spoke of Bathhouse John, and a man named Diamond Joe, shot to death in his own restaurant, and wondered who had killed him. Moir told of watching the ore boats coming out of the mouth of the Calumet and sliding by, hull down, headed for the Sault. It had been his ambition, as a kid, to go on one, for the lure of strange places and of high adventures was on him even then.

"Ah, but this is a long ways from Lake Michigan," said the Moor finally. He seemed to sigh.

"It is that," agreed Moir. "I never seemed to realize how far I was from home before. Maybe it's just talkin' to a guy from there."

The sun had gone lower, and the blue from the valleys had mounted almost to the crest of the Atlas. Directly across from them was a great peak on which the Riffs had the big gun, and this alone remained crimson, to match the cloud-streaked sky overhead. The two men at the table seemed entranced by the beauty of the scene before them, for they left their tea untouched and remained silent for a long time.

But their thoughts were not out there upon that purple plain, and the changing colors of that granite peak went unnoticed. They thought of how one might stand upon a certain bridge in a far-away city and see before him, clear down to Twelfth Street, a treble row of stationary lights, with other lights that darted here and there among the first, like luminous fish. They could hear, thousands of miles away as they were, the shrill of traffic whistles, the roar of the Elevated from the Loop, and the throb of the heart of that great city. And the sun would go down, and the lake turn from blue to crimson, and then to black. One last flash, far out, where the waters of the lake beat on the crib, then the sun was gone and all was dark.

"Man!" gasped Moir, coming to himself with a jerk. "Well, if you think Chicago was such a fine town, what did you leave it for?"

"You mind the nice time we had in the Bois de Montfaucon?" asked the Moor. "I was stringin' wire up to a infantry P. C. Well, I stopped a piece o' shell with one leg. I went to Baxwall, an' when I got out the division had gone home. Well, I knocked around between Lee Cornoh, an' Brest, an' Kerhuan, an' places like that, an' I up an' asked for my discharge, which they give me. So I come down here."

"Well, you're comfortable enough, ain't you?" asked Moir. "Let's have some more tea; this is gettin' cold. It don't cost much to live here."

"Naw," said the Moor, "that ain't the point. I don't like the country no more. The Spaniards put my teeth on edge. Where do they get off—hornin' in on this town? Who invited 'em? Well, anyway, I'm an American, and the place for an American to be is in America."

"Yeh," said Moir, "but you'll get over it. You can buy a drink when you want it over here, and a man can sit back and draw his breath once in a while without goin' broke. Life's awful hard in the States these days. But lookit, I forgot what I was supposed to talk about. This boss o' mine wants to know if he can't get out along the hills a little bit. He asked at the hotel and they said the Spanish wouldn't let him. Well, he wanted to know if maybe you could fix it for him. Whatever it costs he'll pay. He's lousy with jack."

The Moor said nothing for a long time, and Moir became impatient. But finally the other spoke.

"Where'd you link up with this boss o' yours?" he inquired.

"Oh, he's a client," answered Moir. "I work for a tourist agency in Paris. Chauffeur-courier, that's what they call me. He hired the car for three months to tour Spain. I think he's huntin' gold or oil or somethin'. We hung about Santander for weeks, while he went out samplin' water and breakin' rocks with a little hammer. He looks like the jolliest old come-have-a-beer-with-me guy you ever saw, but he's the meanest old son that ever needed chloroformin'. What a second lieutenant o' M. P.'s he would 'a' made! I'd 'a' quit him long ago only he's liberal with his pesetas. An' then, it would mean my job, too, an' good ones don't hang on every clothesline in this country."

"He wants to go outside the lines, does he?" asked the Moor. "When?"

"Oh, as soon as possible. He wants to get out of here."

"Well, I can fix it. Tomorrow afternoon. Where'll I meet you?"

"Oh, here," said Moir. "And lookit. Don't let on you speak English, see? I don't hablar much Spanish—only what I picked up on the border. I can get around, see; but when he tells me to ask a question quick, right off, I have to ask a guy what time it is, or do they sell beer here, or somethin' like that. The guy in the hotel speaks French; so we get along all right. So we'll dope out everything beforehand and not speak any English in front of him."

"Sure," said the Moor. "All right by me. What's your name, kid?"

"Pete Moir. What's yours?"

"Well, you wouldn't know if I told you. Ahmed's good enough."

"Good night, Ahmed. See yuh tomorrow. Two o'clock awright? Two o'clock then."

They shook hands and parted.

Mr. Inglewood was aroused early the next morning. In the first place, a bitter wind blew at dawn from the mountains, and the blankets were overthin. Shortly after daybreak the conscripts of the new class that had just been called up went by the hotel on the way to drill, and the rapid beating of the *paso doble* by the drums drove all possibility of sleep from his mind.

He lay awake and cursed until breakfast-time, when they brought him coffee that took the skin off his alimentary tract, and bread that the jaw wearied in chewing before it was soft enough to swallow.

He was, then, in a genial mood when Moir knocked on his door and inquired if his employer had any commands for the morning. Mr. Inglewood first requested his chauffeur-courier to go away from the door to a nameless place more uncomfortable than Melilla; then directed him to procure hot water and a cleaner towel, that Mr. Inglewood might shave.

He spent the rest of the morning in telling Moir his opinion of him, Moir, as a guide, and that when he returned to Paris he would inform Moir's superiors thereof. He directed Moir to eat luncheon with him, instead of apart, as was customary. This, so that his prey might not escape him even for the short luncheon hour. It was Moir's fault that the food had been cooked in extremely strong olive oil, that the meat was probably goat, the chicken a fowl that had been old before the Algeciras Conference, and that no decent cigars could be had afterward.

"Well, it's two o'clock!" said Inglewood finally. "Let's go to the square. I know that nigger friend of yours will be late, but we might as well be there as here!"

"He's not a nigger," protested Moir, who had up until then remained silent under the flow of abuse; "he's a Moor."

"They're all niggers to me," replied Mr. Inglewood. "Come on! What are you waiting for? Are you going with me or not? If you're not, say so now; so I can make a change at once. I'm not paying you my good money to have you loll around a hotel at my expense while I do all my own work!"

As Moir was already leading the way to the square, the concluding part of the sentence had to be panted into his ear as Mr. Inglewood hastened to catch up with him. It therefore lost a great deal of its significance.

Ahmed was not late. He was there already, waiting in the shadow of the little café. He said a few simple words in Spanish that Moir could easily understand, then led the way across the square and into the native quarter. They plunged through narrow gateways, wound interminably in and out of narrow streets, strangled at frightful smells, turned their eyes away from fly-covered carcasses of sheep hung up at the butcher shops, and arrived at last in an open field. Across this Ahmed led the way boldly.

They panted, for the sun was hot, and the cold wind that had blown in the morning had ceased. Their way began to lead over small hills that hid even the mountains from them. Once Ahmed held up his hand, then quickly threw himself to the ground. The other two followed his example, flattening themselves in the scrub bushes. They lay there a long time, then came the thud of hoofs, and a mounted patrol of Guardia Civil went by, so close that Moir was almost stepped on. He lay still, however, and looked up at the horsemen. They nodded in their saddles, both of them asleep, and their reins slack on their horses' necks. The three went on again after a while and began to mount a dry watercourse that led up into the hills.

A bend in the path brought them out on a summit, and the whole country lay spread before them. Melilla, all dirty brown and white, the far-away sea, and in between, the rolling country they had crossed.

"*Aqui esta*," said Ahmed, and squatted on his heels.

"We're outside the lines," translated Moir. "Now, sir, what would you like to do next?"

Mr. Inglewood's eyes gleamed. He walked a short way, so he could see both sides of the hill. The countryside rolled on, in little bumps and domes, right to the very foot of the granite walls of the Riff. He rubbed his hands.

"There's oil there," he muttered. "There's oil in these hills!"

Moir began to hunt for his cigarettes. He knew what would happen now. His employer would potter about looking for pools of water or kicking rocks around.

Suddenly Mr. Inglewood gave a start of surprise. Moir followed the direction of his gaze. Three men had come out of the mouth of a gully and were advancing in his direction. They wore, as did Ahmed, the brown jellaba of the hillmen, but all torn and ragged from the thorns. These men were armed, each one of them with a rifle that looked astonishingly well cared for. One of them wore the yellow belt and patent-leather cartridge boxes of a Guardia Civil.

They were sinister-looking men, their heads shaven, all except a single braided lock in the center. They were Riffs, thought Moir. They did not look like the photographs released by Spanish or French propaganda bureaus. They were huge men, ragged, but with the upright bearing and bold look that comes of pride of race, and with the clear-cut intelligent features of men who might have been patriarchs of Israel. But did not Moir remember that the German prisoners he had seen were always small, shrinking, undersized things, but that those Germans he met in the woods, coming at him bayonet foremost, were always men of immense stature and bloodthirsty appearance?

The Riffs approached and spoke to Ahmed. Moir looked on with tightening throat.

"Who are these men?" demanded Mr. Inglewood, coming over. "Tell them to go away, Moir. I don't like their looks. You know what to say to them. Tell them to go on about their business!"

This last the three Riffs seemed to be doing, for two of them had already nimble-stepped around and cut off the American's retreat.

Moir looked quickly about. There were two blockhouses in sight—one gleaming white against the mountainside, the other, a roof sticking up out of a pile of sandbags and barbed wire. Both were too far away. Even if they were seen and help sent, the Riffs could have them away or cut their throats long before anyone could get to them.

"Snap out of it, Ahmed!" called Moir, forgetting in his excitement that Ahmed was not supposed to understand English. "What's all this about? Do these birds mean trouble?"

"I'll give you two guesses," replied Ahmed calmly.

This would be one guess too much. The third Riff, tall, deep-chested, with a hawk-like nose and a long iron-gray beard, approached Ahmed and kicked him several

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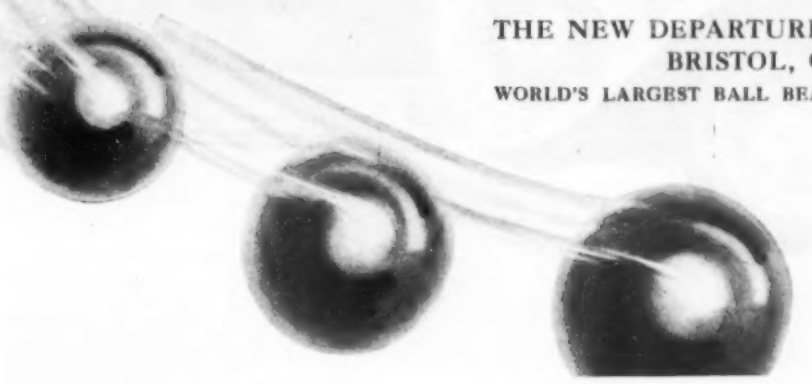
NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS



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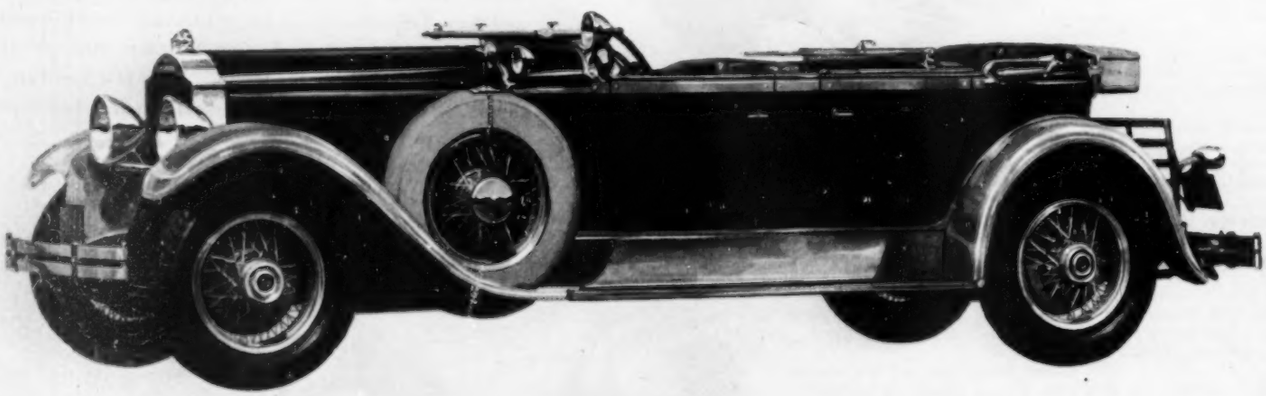
ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



(Continued from Page 38)

times, at the same time motioning with his rifle toward the gully whence the three Riffs had appeared.

"What do these men want?" demanded Mr. Inglewood angrily. "Give them some money, Moir, if that's what they're after. Give them some money and tell them to get out of here. Tell that guide to tell them to go away."

"Come on, Ahmed; what is this—a holdup or what?"

"I guess it's a holdup. They look kind of mean," answered Ahmed.

"Oh, you speak English, do you?" cried Mr. Inglewood. "Well, you tell these men that I'm an American citizen!"

He drew his passport from his pocket as though it were a sword and waved it under the nose of the Riff with the yellow belt. "I'm an American citizen!" he shouted, with all the impressiveness with which his fellow countrymen inform impassive *douaniers*, *carabineros*, gendarmes, or what not of their nationality. The Riff was impressed as much as the aforementioned always are. He replied to Mr. Inglewood by a savage dig in the ribs with his rifle.

"*Alla, alla, hombre!*" said he, and waved his hand.

"Where do they want us to go?" asked Moir.

"When we get there I'll tell yuh," replied Ahmed. "They're liable to run us clear over into the French side of the mountains."

"See here!" stormed Mr. Inglewood. "You tell these men I won't have it! I'll report every one of them to the police, and you too! I'll have every man in this crowd slapped into jail!"

He ended with a sharp cry. A rifle had again prodded him vigorously. The bearded Riff seized Ahmed's jellaba and shoved him a few steps. Police! Jail! Mr. Inglewood looked helplessly at the distant roofs of Melilla and groaned. Then he followed the rest of the party down the gully.

They came, at nightfall, to an abandoned Spanish blockhouse. Shreds of the barbed-wire entanglement tripped them as they were kicked forward into an inclosure of sandbags, where Inglewood and Moir, at their last gasp from the exhaustion of a climb straight up the Riff that had lasted without halt all the afternoon, fell to the ground.

They lay there upward of an hour, listening to the cries and the hee-hawing of mules that must belong to an encampment of a considerable number of men. After a while Ahmed succeeded in getting someone to bring them some water. This revived them enough to realize that the place smelled horribly. This revived them still more, and Mr. Inglewood began to curse feebly.

"What do they want with us?" he asked. "What are they going to do with us?"

"Here come some guys that'll tell us," answered Moir.

Two men in long white jellabas came in, followed by three men with rifles who must have been the three that had captured the Americans, for Moir could distinguish the Guardia Civil belt on one of them. They conversed with Ahmed for some minutes.

"These birds want money," said Ahmed. "How much have you got?"

"Not a cent!" cried Mr. Inglewood. "I'm just a poor man! All I've got is my watch and a few traveler's checks!"

"It won't satisfy 'em," said Ahmed. "They want five thousand dollars apiece!"

"Never!" gasped Inglewood. "I haven't got that much money in the world!"

"Haven't you got some friends would raise it for you?"

"Yes, yes!" panted Mr. Inglewood. "I never thought of that! Tell them my friends will raise it! They'll have to send someone to Melilla, and that will take time. Meanwhile we'll be missed! They'll come after us! Tell them I'll write a letter to my friends, and in the letter I'll tell just where we are. You must know the place! You can give me directions and then we'll be rescued!"

Ahmed translated and Moir could swear he saw the Riffs' teeth gleam in the darkness.

"They can't wait," said Ahmed. "They're moving on to the country of the Beni-Banzourt."

"Then maybe they'll go on and leave us," said Mr. Inglewood hopefully.

"They will—for the vultures!" replied Ahmed.

The Riffs made a sudden movement. They seized Mr. Inglewood, and Moir saw one of them drag back his head by the hair so that his throat lay bare. A nasty, crescent-shaped knife twinkled in the gloom. Mr. Inglewood shrieked and Moir, sick to his heart, looked away.

"No! No!" shrieked Mr. Inglewood. "Don't let them kill me! No! No! I've got it! I've got it in my vest! Money in my vest!"

A Riff at that instant flattened Moir to the ground and held him there, but he heard, as a man in a nightmare, Ahmed yelling frantically, then Inglewood's cries turn to hurried sobbing.

Cloth ripped, the Riffs chattered among themselves, then someone appeared with a torch of some kind. Things calmed a little.

"How much is it?" Ahmed asked. "They want to know how much it is."

"Four thousand-dollar bills!" mumbled Mr. Inglewood.

The Riff that held him allowed Moir to rise, and he could see the others examining something in the light of the torch, and ruffling the leaves of Mr. Inglewood's book of traveler's checks.

"They say to sign the traveler's checks, and that will ransom one of us."

"Me! Me!" cried Mr. Inglewood in panic. "It's for me! It's my money! You two will have to get out of it yourselves! No! No! I haven't got any more!" He crawled to the counting Riffs and seized their hands. "You understand it's my money?" he pleaded. "I'm the man it belongs to! It's to ransom me!"

One struck him back-handed in the mouth, and another rose and kicked him heartily. Then they went back to their counting.

Night came on apace. The cries and the stamping from the camp outside redoubled. Wood smoke and the smell of roasting meat drifted across the sandbags. The men in the white jellabas went away; then the three guards dragged Mr. Inglewood into the shadows. Moir thought they were going to cut his throat after all, but he could hear his cries and protests long after the guards had disappeared with him.

A cold like that of the Outer Dark came down on them. Moir could hear wood crackling, and see the dancing of flames on the old blockhouse wall. The Riffs had built a big fire to keep themselves warm. A guard, hood low, crouched on his heels against the sandbags. A Riff, the light gleaming on his shaven head, suddenly stepped forward in the glow of the fire. Moir ceased beating his breast and looked at the newcomer. Something about the profile ——

"How's the kid?" inquired the Riff.

Why, it was Ahmed, and no Riff at all! But wait. Ahmed's head was shaved, and the scalp lock, tightly braided, trailed over one ear. The muzzle of a slung carbine showed beside his head, and as he bent forward to speak to Moir, a pair of field glasses swung out from his neck.

"You belong to this crowd?" cried Moir.

"Sure," grinned Ahmed.

"But they kicked you around so!"

"Yeh," said Ahmed, "they would. I'm kind of a second lieutenant of this crowd. I give 'em orders to be rough to me, an' they carried 'em out with glee. Soldiers is soldiers anywhere."

"I was beginning to think the thing looked kind of raw. Them Riffs bein' right there, and them grabbin' us an' all, just as if they knew we were comin'. An' I suppose you split with 'em on the five grand."

"Listen, my boy," said Ahmed, "don't get me wrong. You've lived over here with this scum so long you can't tell a white man when you see him. You mind you wanted to know how come I was in Melilla? Well, when I went to war I had about six thousand smackers that it took me twenty-five years to save. I give 'em to a guy to invest. Well, he figured I was going to get killed, I guess. Anyway, I hung around Brest and those places waiting to get home and I never got home; so, thinks I, why go back to the U. S.? I'll take my six grand and go back to Melilla, buy me a wife or two an' be rich the rest of my life. Well, when I got to Melilla, I get a reply to the letter I wrote from Brest. It says the guy I give my money to don't remember the transaction! We got the Legion after him an' it seems he sunk a lot o' money in wells where there was no oil, an' it was all lost. Anyway, I'm out the six thousand, an' I remembered it, if he didn't!"

"An' so you feel free to lift it off the first fish that comes along!" said Moir indignantly.

"Fish hell! Inglewood was the guy I give it to! I spotted him when he was bawling you out about the bags. He used to wear sideboards, but he shaved 'em off. He owed me six, I got five off him, and I'll have to give one thousand of it to the company mess fund, so to speak. That leaves him owin' me two yet.

"This gang here is a razzoo, goin' across country to buck up some tribe that's losin' heart a little. I was down in Melilla with three men lookin' the place over. I heard you talkin' on the station platform, and when I heard the good old American tongue I stepped right up. Boy, it sounded good! And just as I was going away mad, who should appear but hog-face! It says in my Book: 'The evil man shall be delivered into our hands, and the neck of the unbeliever shall be laid bare.' Well, when I heard you say he wanted to go out to see the country, I just sent my three guys on ahead to wait for us. That saved cuttin' Inglewood's throat in Melilla and being compelled to give the Jalifa police about two-thirds of what I got off him."

"Yeh, but what have you got against me to drag me up here in these mountains to freeze to death and my clothes all torn on these thorns? A guy from your own home town too!"

"You shouldn't be over here workin' for these swine!" said Ahmed coldly. "The place for a man from Chi is Chi. If you'd stayed home you wouldn't got into no jam with us."

"That's what they all say," replied Moir, "but a man that works for forty dollars a month and spends forty-five is gonna have a long time savin' up to get three hundred iron boys to pay his way to Chi with. We can't all get a gang of niggers to back us and go out and steal it off tourists!"

Ahmed made no reply. The firelight shone in through an old embrasure, shadows wavered; then the red glow flickered unobscured on the blockhouse wall. Ahmed was gone.

An hour or so later, Moir, numb with the cold, and with every joint aching, stood up and attempted to find his way out to that fire. If a Riff killed him, it would at least save him from freezing to death. No one challenged him. He walked across even as far as the embrasure and looked out. There was the fire, built of what looked like the wreckage of watering troughs, furniture and the planks of outbuildings. It was deserted. No sound came from the darkness beyond—no stamp of hoof or cry of man. Moir climbed over the sandbags. Silence. He approached the fire. Silence. He spread out his hands to the blaze, then turned his back, then turned about again, bathing himself in the heat. After a while he went out into the darkness a little way, but found nothing. The Riffs had gone.

Moir, with an old soldier's instinct, at once went about snatching the unburned portions of wood from the fire and reducing the size of the blaze. He would have to

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Watch This Column
Our Weekly Chat

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I BEG to present to the moving-picture world the Universal movietone "*Show Boat*," adapted from Edna Ferber's novel of the lower Mississippi, combining the musical hits of Florenz Ziegfeld's incomparable stage-production by Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein 2nd, as well as original stars of the stage version and the Ziegfeld plantation singers. This, I consider to be the most important coalition of screen and stage geniuses ever effected, led by Laura La Plante as "Magnolia," Joseph Schildkraut as "Ravenal," Alma Rubens as "Julie" and Otis Harlan as "Captain Hawks." In all sincerity I recommend this picture as one of the most absorbing of many years. Please take my word for it.

-C. L.

The story of "*Show Boat*" is unique and rich in unusual characters, in drama and in bizarre settings. It deals with the great legend of the Mississippi River in all of its colorful aspects during the days when show boats, great floating theatres, peopled with men and women as picturesque as the river itself, steamed up and down the great waterway, bringing romance to the barren lives of those who lived in the quaint river towns along the banks.

Florenz Ziegfeld
World's Greatest Stage Producer

The combined entertainment resources of Florenz Ziegfeld and Universal are thrown together in a way to stagger the imagination of showmen all over the world.

Edna Ferber's master-story, one of the best sellers of modern times, is the basis of this glittering production. The vital forces which throbbed in her book are made to throb in the picture.

Edna Ferber
Author of "Show Boat"

Jerome Kern's delicious music—the same music which has tickled the appreciative ear of the world since Ziegfeld produced his stage version of "*Show Boat*"—is fully as delicious in the picture.

The fetching lyrics of Oscar Hammerstein 2nd, on the lips of everybody the world over—are just as catchy in the picture as on the stage.

Helen Morgan's singing — that deft, unique and breath-taking delivery of excellent songs—all this is in the picture and fully as fine as on the stage.

Harry Pollard's direction—plus LAURA LA PLANTE'S very best work of her career on the screen—plus JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT'S greatest screen rôle—plus a stunning cast of the screen's best performers—all these are in the picture.

Laura La Plante
the "Magnolia" of "Show Boat"

Look back over that list of names! Talent! Genius! Art! Showmanship! The very essence of all that is hoped for and desired for the screen—and all combined in what I consider to be a most unusual attraction—"*Show Boat*."

Carl Laemmle, President

If you want a photograph of Laura La Plante and Joseph Schildkraut in a love scene from SHOW BOAT send ten cents in stamps.

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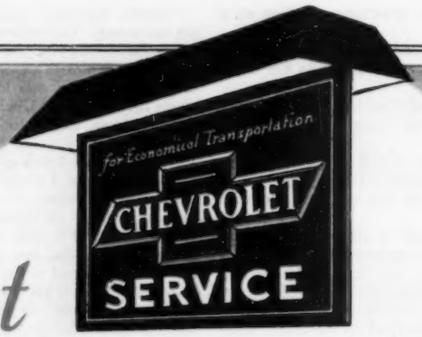

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Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan • *Division of General Motors Corporation*

QUALITY AT LOW COST

(Continued from Page 41)

spend the night on that cold mountain and must be economical of his fuel.

He was so occupied with this task that it was not until he had finished that he heard groans. Inglewood!

Moir went out into the dark with a blazing stick as a torch and, guided by the sounds, discovered his employer stretched out on the ground, bound and gagged. He bore no sign of wound, but Moir could see, from the stripes on his arms and body, what had happened.

The Riffs had beaten him with rods, and thoroughly. They had also shaved his head quite bare.

At dawn Moir found the old road that led down from the blockhouse. It was well grown up, for it had not been used since the Spanish withdrawal two years before, but they could follow it. Mr. Inglewood at first announced that he could not move, but on Moir's telling him that he would have to walk or starve to death on the mountain, he managed to get to his feet and stagger a few feet.

So they went down, step by step, in deadly terror of being shot by prowling Riffs for Spaniards, and by Spaniards for prowling Riffs, until they reached the valley, where a patrol of Guardia Civil took them in charge and transported Mr. Inglewood, across a horse, as far as the hotel. He recovered rapidly then.

First, cable for money, then notify the ambassador at Madrid that the United States should at once send a fleet to Morocco to demand the five thousand dollars alive and Ahmed dead, then that the military governor, the commanding officers of troops and sailors, and the commandants of the Guardia Civil should all gather in Mr. Inglewood's room and hear his complaint. The result of all this was that the next day the money arrived and, shortly after it, a young officer of Cazadores, who, in perfect English, informed Mr. Inglewood that the local government would be highly gratified if Mr. Inglewood left Melilla on the morning train, it having been reported that he had gone outside the lines in defiance of regulations to the contrary, and that he had had dealings with the enemy, a *rezzou* of which had been reported in the neighborhood.

In vain might Mr. Inglewood rage, in vain might he storm. They sent two Guardia Civil to awaken him the next day, and to see that he did not miss the train. So they went home to Algeciras, where there is an excellent hotel, and Mr. Inglewood took to his bed.

The following morning, after a long sleep, a change of clothes and a real breakfast, Mr. Inglewood sent for Moir.

"Prepare the car, Moir," said he. "Look after your oil, gas and water. Grease it up well and pump up the tires. It's time you were doing something to earn your money. We'll leave here at noon for Malaga."

Mr. Inglewood then descended to the veranda to smoke a cigar and to compose a speech. He had arranged for an English-speaking chauffeur to come over from Gibraltar, and he was going to fire Moir. But he must do a good job. He must remove any thoughts of superiority that Moir might have because of the events on that peak of the Atlas. Meanwhile, Moir, on his way to the garage, was handed a letter.

"For me?" gasped Moir. "Who ever writes to me?"

He had a chill second as he thought that his boss in Paris was going to fire him, but the address was in longhand. Moreover, the postmark was Tangier. Now who —— The letter stated:

Dear friend: I am writing this to tell you I am in Tangier. I did not declare myself to Inglewood because I am going home and don't want any trouble. I think you are a good guy, if you could only get away from the gang you travel with, and if you would like to go home I will stake you to a passage. I can't leave a man from Chi if he wants to go. So meet me at the Hotel Victoria if you want to go. There is a boat stops here Thursday; so be here before then, because I am going on her, and my next stop is La Salle Street Station. No more for now. From your friend AHMED.

P. S.: I guess he will remember this transaction.

On the veranda Mr. Inglewood smoked, then paced up and down, and when his speech was composed, sent for Moir. They hunted high and low. Moir was gone. Someone said he had driven out in the car a half hour ago.

Mr. Inglewood sat down and contemplated Gibraltar across the bay. Several new phrases occurred to him. By George, when he fired Moir, he would do it right! At dinnertime it was announced that the car had been found in Algeciras, but of Moir there was no trace.

The boat for Tangier, that leaves Algeciras at noon, went steaming by, and the hotel porch, where danced with rage a fat figure, was visible from the ship's deck. A man who leaned over the rail with a pair of field glasses observed the dancing man, and did not need two guesses to know the reason. He laughed a hearty, care-free laugh; the first since the old days in the Army.

"Well," he chuckled, "next stop La Salle Street!" And he rubbed his hands joyfully.

GOVERNMENT BY TUMULT

(Continued from Page 15)

unanimous. There is a great deal of it and it stands unrebutted. The sugar-beet growers say so, the sugar-beet refiners say so, the Federal Reclamation Service says so, the Department of Agriculture says nothing to the contrary. Or you may have observed for yourself in the sugar-beet areas how obviously dependent that kind of agriculture is on the labor of squatting Mexicans. Nevertheless, that one positive idea is false. Simply, nobody has had the incentive seriously to challenge it. The point is that in tumult there is worse than bewilderment; there is positive error.

From this picture of confusion there is no turning to any other, for there is no other. That is as government acts. Not that we do not know better. Not that the resources of scientific method and exact data have been exhausted. Merely, in the political tradition there is no approach but through tumult to any public question. It is the town-meeting tradition, founded in old reality, when life was in simple formations. Here is new reality, with life transacting at terrific speed in a design so complex that to understand it as one vast mechanism, still evolving, should be of itself a highly organized task; in fact, a science.

With a View to the Future

It is impossible for anyone to say what would be a scientific conclusion about Mexican immigration. This is not only for the reason that we do not know all the facts and relations; it is for the reason that in such matters there is properly no such thing as a scientific conclusion. The conclusion at last must be political. That is to say, the use of scientific method is to light the way for a political decision. The people must decide; that right and that responsibility belong to them. Their decision may be wise or unwise, it may be still arrived at through conflict of opinion, but the controversy should turn upon intentions, not upon questions of fact. And this you might call scientific government. A scientific finding and presentation of the facts; a free decision in the light.

So then, as concerning method only—what is it? Specifically what would be a scientific approach to the subject of Mexican immigration?

The very first difficulty is of instrumentality. A method will not apply itself, and in the field of government there is no instrumentality purposely intended to approach national problems in a scientific spirit. But suppose there was something like a Committee of the Whole on the State of the Nation—the name is too long. Call it simply a National Council—acting quite outside the field of politics, honorably disinterested, with no power but to command such facilities as exist for research and fact finding, and no mandate but to consider what the problems of this new reality are, reduce them to terms of exact knowledge, then relate them and so enable us to comprehend as a whole this artificial world in which we live.

This is not to imagine a body of supermen. The question is only how, in the service of the economic body as a whole, to utilize the kind of mentality that has already created its parts—a question merely of lifting to the uses of government such methods as are common in those enormous private organizations which now are separately as big as the Government was in the first American age.

How this mentality acts in a private capacity would be a revelation to most people. In the research and mechanical laboratories of a great motor industry you will find them working on a car to be brought out five years hence. That is really nothing. The greatest of the public-service corporations is building its stations all over the country, with an image in its mind of what the country will be like a quarter of a century hence. How does it get this image? By research on the economic changes taking place; by projecting such present signs as appear in the movements and growth of population, in new principles of merchandising, in alterations of habit and custom, in new methods of production, in the geographical decentralization of industry, the physical limitation of cities, all into one composite picture of the future; seeing, therefore, not only what is as a whole, so far as it concerns them, but what will be twenty-five years hence.

In great respects the mentality that has created and is still moving that artificial world we speak of is of a higher order than the mentality acting in what we call government. Seeing this, many people are beginning to say, "Well, then, say government in the old political sense is bankrupt. What of it? Let that other mentality take over the whole responsibility. We shall all be better off."

For the People's Welfare

Here is a subtle danger. It is true that industry has found the imagination to include people in its anxieties; to put that anxiety first, in fact. It is interested in their bodies, in their minds, in their comforts and ways of living, in their pleasures and leisure. It is making colossal efforts to raise the common standard of living. Easily, therefore, those who despair of political government in the old tradition find themselves saying, "Leave people to industry. Although, of course, the motives of industry are selfish, still they are at least enlightenedly selfish, and that is safer really than the stupid patriarchy into which political government is tending to fall, having no way of its own wherewith to attack this new reality. If government absorbs business, that will be the ruin of business. But if it must be one way or the other, let business absorb government, and be done with it."

The error that inhabits this argument is very easy to miss. Industry's anxiety for the welfare of people is bound to increase. That is so. Increase it to any imaginable power and the fact remains that it is interested in people only as consumers and producers, and cannot in its own nature be interested in them else. Well,

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that is not all about people. We were not born to be merely producers and consumers.

There is the material estate and there is the imponderable estate. Industry is the modern symbol of one; government is the venerable symbol of the other. They touch; they are bound up together as flesh and spirit. Neither may be sacrificed to the other without disaster. In recent circumstances, wholly strange, great power has passed to the material estate; in the same degree authority has diminished in the other, until now the deepest and most difficult task of all is one that has been hardly defined. That is how to raise the estate of government out of the contempt into which it has fallen. Necessity has obliged it to adopt in certain contingencies the tools and manners of science; its philosophy has not been touched. The effect of this—a scientific mentality acting in isolate bureaus of the Government while the Government itself acts and thinks in a tradition of old reality—is as grotesque as if you should find a Dutch miller using an electric motor to set the sails of his windmill against the breeze.

Now to go on. How would such a body as a National Council approach a problem—or, specifically, the subject of Mexican immigration? First of all, it would ask: "What is it we are talking about? Let us get that clear. We say Mexican immigration. There you have really two subjects as one—Mexican plus immigration. Put immigration aside. That leaves Mexican alone—the Mexican immigrant. What is this Mexican immigrant? Racially, morally, mentally—what is he?"

Then analysis begins. There is the high-caste Mexican of direct Spanish descent. If he comes to this country to settle he is an immigrant, of course; but he seldom does come, and if he does he is no problem; so, therefore, he is not the object. That Mexican goes out. It follows that what we have been talking about is the low-caste Mexican—the peon. What is he? He is generally a mixture of Spanish, Indian and negro blood. Not so good. But such as he is racially, what is his average of intelligence? What are his moral and social qualities? How does he behave in this social body at first, after a while, and then as a permanent addition to the human seed stock? His children, all American citizens by reason of getting born on American soil—what of them? What may be reasonably projected of the little Mexicos appearing all over the country?

Under Scientific Examination

These are questions nobody can answer, save by hearsay, opinion, the prejudice of chance observation. Yet they are all answerable in a way that will put them beyond dispute. How? By making a research on the Mexican peon. Take a typical thousand or five thousand of him. Apply an intelligence test to begin with. If the average is C or C— or B+, there is an important basic fact to start from. You know positively what he is worth in case the country should require its citizens to exert themselves in its defense. Then, by the case method, examine his moral and social qualities; and by the same method his behavior in the American environment, the social history of his little Mexicos here, his attitude toward citizenship, and so on.

With such data before it, the Council would say: "The subject was Mexican immigration. We have examined the object—namely, the Mexican peon—and as concerning that object we may say we know what we are talking about. Now let us take immigration and examine that."

From this follows a question that has never been asked in that way before—one that has never been answered at all. The question is: What is immigration for? And now you will begin to see how one problem fastens to another. Ask yourself that question. What is immigration for?

There must be two lines of inquiry—one social and the other economic. On the first line, what is it for? The answer is by reference to a kind of knowledge that is independent of fact data—that is to say, you need no scientific information to be able to say what, from a high social point of view, immigration is for. The use of such data is only that you may know for sure whether any certain kind of immigration is compatible with what you must know immigration in the social sense is for; and what it is for—the only reason there could be for it—is that it may bring to the social body such qualities of mind, body and spirit as we should like to have more of. Does the Mexican peon make that contribution? You have only to regard the scientific data about him, and the question is answered. In the social sense the peon is desirable or he is not, positively, and there can be no more controversy on that point. Moreover, it is clear that if this answer is no, and yet you decide to admit him as an immigrant, you admit him definitely for other reasons, and there will be a social price to pay. Is it worth the price? You do not know, because the other reasons for admitting him have yet to be examined.

Commercialized Immigration

Now to the economic line. It has many bearings. The Council would naturally regard the history of migration to America. It has been the greatest single movement of humanity in the whole story of the world. In 300 years more than 35,000,000 have migrated hither from Europe for every reason that may conceivably move people to transplant themselves. Religious, social, political and economic motives have acted; latterly, of course, more than any other, the idea of economic advantage. At first the economic idea was very dim. Nevertheless, a few thousand colonists weakly holding the edge of a new and hostile continent must have prayed for reënforcement of numbers. All additions increased their strength. They could not wait to multiply themselves.

When they were eight or nine millions and had fought themselves free of the Old World, and the Anglo-Saxon blood was triumphant, then they might have waited. It looked as if they meant to do so. They did multiply with a prodigious birth rate, and there was no immigration of a tidal character. The asylum idea was then very strong. Here was refuge for any who had the spirit to break with Old World tyrannies. Here was a new political reality, as we believed, and it was so; from that came this new economic reality, and it had not been otherwise possible. All who came seeking freedom were welcome to habitation. They brought great qualities with them. And so immigration was more or less until the Irish tide rose. We were then building railroads very fast, and although some of the Irish immigration was regarded with disfavor from every social point of view, still it was welcome for economic reasons. It was cheap labor. Besides, the Irish were assimilable.

Until about 1880 all European immigration was assimilable, racially and culturally, because its source was Northwestern Europe, whence had come the original colonists. Then, with the rise of modern industry, began what we name the new immigration—hordes from other parts of Europe, culturally and racially alien to everything here, whose invasion was commercialized by the steamship companies on one hand and by American industry on the other. For nearly thirty-five years, or until the beginning of the World War, the economic motive controlled immigration, and the issue was between American industry and American labor, one saying it had to have this cheap foreign labor and the other demanding to be protected from its competition. Industry was using this foreign labor in brute tasks that had been better and more cheaply performed by machines, and now is. Well, here again is the same thing—the sugar-beet growers saying they must have Mexican peons to do the squatting job, and organized labor demanding that the peon be kept out on the ground that he drags down the standard of living.

History is what we are from. The history of immigration tells nothing about what we are toward. It does contain one challenge. What of cheap labor? Is it an asset or a liability? One need not return to the old controversy on this point between American industry and American labor during thirty-five years. Industry may have been right or wrong, and even though it had been right then, the same doctrine may be wrong at this time. Now and for the future, is cheap labor an asset or a liability, not in a particular case but in economic principle?

This may be answered without any special research. The truth is current news, expressing itself more and more clearly as a new economic thesis.

This had always been a high-wage country. Even when American industry was calling labor out of Europe because it was cheap, and wasting it in brute drudgery, still wages were higher here than anywhere else in the world. Yet this was a relative fact. They were no higher than they had to be; there was no theory of it, no gospel of high wages as a form of progressive division. Labor was a commodity and industry paid only the price necessary to command it.

Suddenly industry was cut off from the European labor reservoir by the World War. It was obliged to find ways of doing with machines what had formerly been done by human drudgery. Then what happened was that spending the machine and saving the man turned out to be very profitable. It was profitable because machines enormously increased productivity per man, the man's wages for that reason could rise—his real wage, that is to say—and as this occurred his power of consumption increased. A new buying power in the hands of millions of wage earners reacted upon business. The standard of living began to rise; the demand for the products of industry was enormously increased. Partly from necessity still and partly now with the pure idea, industry went still further with machines, again increasing the productivity per man; again for that reason wages could rise and again the enlarged buying power of millions of wage earners reacted upon business as a demand for more satisfactions—that is to say, more goods.

Producers in a New Rôle

The meaning of this experience was clear: As fast as you increased the productivity of labor by use of power and method, and divided the increase with labor in the form of wages, just so fast could you increase the effective demand for goods. The wage earner, hitherto regarded only as a producer, began to be regarded as a consumer. That aspect of him became more and more important, and at last controlling.

From that moment industry was no longer interested in cheap labor. What it wanted was a low labor cost, which is to be obtained by increasing the productive power of labor, and then high wages and a rising standard of living. In no other way could it hope to get its increasing product consumed.

Thus, necessity in the first place, and thereafter the imagination to seize the meaning of experience, all at once clarified that economic philosophy which is the true secret of American power in its present phase. As now we can see, this philosophy had been long evolving in the national consciousness; its origins were very deep and there was already a great body of intuition behind it. Nevertheless, its sudden passage from the region of idea to the field of practice was an unexpected event turning upon opportunity. Only here could it have happened at all. Now, definitely, industry rejects the old theory of limited wages; there is no limit to wages but the limit of machines, method and science to increase the productivity per man hour of labor in divisible things. Definitely at the same time, labor has rejected the old theory of limiting production.

(Continued on Page 46)

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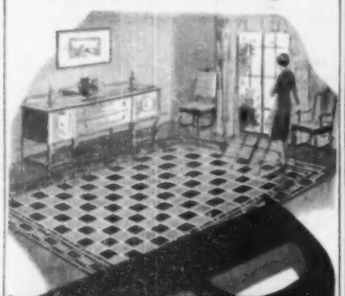

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Montreal

(Continued from Page 44)

Thus by original experience it has been demonstrated that in economic principle cheap labor is a liability. No one whose views are squared with the new reality will hold that to provide cheap labor is what immigration is for. And yet the very reason why cheap labor as such is a liability brings another question to be explored. The intensive mechanization of industry will undoubtedly go very much further under the theory of spending the machine and saving the man. The effects of this extraordinary movement are not cyclical; they are spiral. Cycles are flat and repetitive. This thing is ever increasing, each turn of it having a larger diameter. Progressive power of production per hour of man labor; higher and higher wages to effect a progressive division of the product. That is all very well; only to continue it requires not only that the individual shall go on wanting more and more but that the number of him shall increase. There at once you touch the subject of population. Every calculation of the economic future assumes a continuous growth of population, more or less at the same rate as in the past. Is immigration necessary to sustain this rate of growth? Actually we do not know. Population turns out to be something we know very little about scientifically. Commonly it is taken for granted that the growth of population in this country is largely owing to the tides of immigration. However, it may be, and very probably is, true that the immigrant represents a substitution, not an increase. He merely displaces native population.

The rate at which the native American population was increasing in the first half of the past century, if it had continued, would probably have produced a quantity of population equal to that now existing here, with no immigration at all. With the rise of immigration—especially what is called the new immigration—the native American birth rate declined, so that in effect alien stock substituted itself for native stock. That is what those are talking about who compare the effects of immigration with those of war for conquest, or who say that in the Southwest Mexican immigration is reversing the consequences of the Mexican War. Nearly one-quarter of our area is this Southwest; formerly it was a part of Mexico. When it passed to us native Americans occupied it. Now the Mexicans are beginning to reconquer it by immigration. They drive the American laborer out because they will accept a lower standard of living. That is their first weapon. It is not only that the American hates a squatting job; he cannot endure to perform it in competition with the peon.

The Great American Intention

To learn what we need to know about the laws of growth, decay, stress and change that act in population may take a good deal of time and research, whereas the matter of Mexican immigration is urgent. Seeing this, your Council might say: "In any case, growth of population is one thing, quality of population is another. Growth for its own sake cannot be what we want. We might produce a Chinese population, and that would be no good at all. Certainly numbers as numbers would never serve the American intention."

Then it asks: "What is the great American intention? What are we all about? Let us find the simplest possible statement to which it may be reduced."

This calls for a definition of the basic economic problem—the one to which all others must be referred. And what is it? What is the all-controlling American idea in the field of economic reality? Simply, to raise the standard of living. It is already the highest standard in the world. Nevertheless, it is nowhere near as high as we wish it to be; there is no good reason why it should not be very much higher.

And now, if you ask whether immigration tends to advance or retard that basic intention, you will think at once of referring it to another test. Roughly, you know that although some immigration may tend to advance it, a great deal does actually retard it, as when the immigrant finds his first advantage here, be it in agriculture or industry, by accepting, to begin with, a standard of living lower than Americans demand. Still, you do not know precisely to what extent this is injuriously the case. Some will say the immigrant himself quickly embraces the higher standard; in which event the drag is momentary—and that, of course, is sometimes true—all in the nature of the immigrant. Others will say that there are certain disagreeable tasks to be performed, and that, if these are unloaded on the immigrant who is willing to do them, the American moves on faster. That also may be somewhat true. Yet here again is controversy, informed by hearsay, prejudice and random fact.

At the Barrier

Once it is agreed that the fundamental economic motive is progressively to improve the standard of American living, you have a fixed point of reference and a path of scientific inquiry is clearly indicated. Life on these terms is not a static experience, repetitive, with everyone in a fixed place; it is a moving, changing, increasingly complex business, on a rising curve, and the individual must continually exert himself to hold his place in the ascending scale. The call upon his intelligence and imagination is ever increasing.

Suppose, therefore—and this is quite possible scientifically to do—suppose you strike a line to represent the minimum of inborn intelligence necessary to enable the individual to hold his place in this scheme. Say the line, according to the Army Intelligence Test, is C, a little plus or a little minus. Instantly, as you look at that line, many enigmas are cleared away. That line, driven through the whole population, divides success and failure. All success is from that line upward; failure is from it downward. Never was it so easy for one above the line to increase his command of material satisfactions in this life; at the same time conditions are increasingly difficult for those below it. Why? Because as both agriculture and industry become more wonderfully mechanized, as success in every direction requires more skill and imagination, and as more and more character and responsibility are required of labor—as this takes place, obsolescence occurs at a very high rate. Obsolescence of method and equipment we take for granted. But there is taking place at the same time obsolescence of human material, and that we hate to face.

This is one of the very grave difficulties: What to do with obsolete human material. One name now attaching to it is technological unemployment, meaning a new thing. A competitive unit of industry improves its method and goes suddenly very much further with mechanization in order to produce more goods with less labor. This it must do to hold its own place. Then, when it comes to dispense with its surplus labor, naturally that is dispensed with which is the least intelligent and adaptable. One human quantity, therefore, tends to rise; another human quantity tends to fall.

It is quite true that industry could absorb perhaps any amount of inferior intelligence by purposely inventing tasks that require less skill and responsibility. It could industrialize even the feeble-minded. Not long ago, in exchange for a free factory site and other advantages, a company offered to clear the feeble-minded out of the institutions of a large Eastern city. It would provide machine operations simplified down to their mentality and so make them self-supporting. Well, but all of that must appear to be in default of the great intention. It is an undertaking to industrialize the tragedy of inferior intelligence.

Obviously inferior intelligence is more than an economic liability. It cannot hold its place in the modern scheme. Yet as it falls or is passed by, which is the same effect, it becomes politically troublesome. Naturally so, since it cannot be expected to blame itself or to understand what is happening. Here truly is one of the deep matters of anxiety, generally concealed, difficult even to discuss. How shall people be told that their misfortune is born in them? And imagine, if a government did tell them so, what an opportunity it would create for the demagogue!

How preposterous that, while we are acting upon so much of this problem as may be reducible by education and treating the irreducible part of it as an affliction, we should at the same time be permitting it to increase itself at the base by immigration! For it is notorious that at all the gates the test applied to immigrants is barely strict enough to turn back the feebleminded, and by no means all of these.

However, it is to be supposed that from a scientific, disinterested approach by the National Council to the controversial subject of Mexican immigration you have two lines of exact data before you. One is a line to represent the mentality of the Mexican peon. The other represents the minimum of intelligence necessary to enable an individual to hold his place in the intensely competitive scheme of American life.

In the relation of one to the other lies the positive answer. If the mentality of the Mexican peon is inferior, the answer to him at the gate must be no. He is a liability on all social and political grounds; a liability also in economic principle. Admit him not.

There is still the specific case. What of the sugar-beet growers? If, by the exercise of its political power, the Government bars the Mexican peon, shall it have to reimburse the beet growers whose industry is thereby ruined? Will it become morally responsible for the failure of farming on Federal Reclamation projects wherein it rests upon the beet?

Eliminating the Cause

The time has come to look at the sugar beet. The Council must now challenge the proposition that if we exclude cheap Mexican labor we destroy an important industry. First, what are the facts about the beet? Why, for example, has it been impossible to cast out the hand drudgery from sugar-beet culture? Why have no machine to absorb the ache of the back?

The beginning of the difficulty is that the beet leaves its seed in a sack—not one but several in each sack—and it is the sack that must be planted again. Thus the new plant appears above ground as a cluster of shoots and must be thinned by hand. This is the squatting job—thinning the beets. No one can imagine a machine to perform this task, since, besides the physical contingencies, there is in each case a selection to be made, and that is an act of the mind, involving simple judgment. So, therefore, as you would say yourself, if hand drudgery is absolutely necessary at this point of beet culture and you have to find cheap labor to perform it, well, then you might as well go on with it to the end, instead of trying to invent a machine to do all the rest. Yet everything else about beet culture could very easily be done by machine—planting, cultivating, digging, and so on.

Has no thought been set to this matter? Yes. Eight, maybe ten years ago, it occurred to a plant biologist in the Department of Agriculture that if the sugar beet could be made to leave her seed one to a sack the whole sugar-beet industry might be revolutionized in a modern manner. A series of breeding experiments began. Here and there as a sport, a biological accident, there was found a one-seed sack. With two or three of these rare exceptions they started, and in a short time they were getting seed sacks one-half of which contained each a solitary seed. From that point it was a straight line. They had only to go on until by further elimination and selection they should get a sugar-beet plant breeding

(Continued on Page 50)

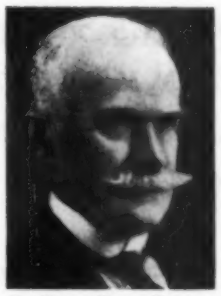
SIR BRUCE BRUCE-PORTER, K.B.E., C.M.G., M.D.,

advises Yeast as an aid in the prevention of sluggish intestines

> "CONSTIPATION *is an unnatural condition resulting from incorrect dietary and the cause of more misery than any other bodily condition. The lack of Vitamin B is one of the chief causes of this state. Even those who eat wholemeal bread will find benefit from a daily dose of yeast as an additional supply. Yeast is not in any sense a drug. It is a very valuable article of diet.*"
>
> *From a lecture by* SIR BRUCE BRUCE-PORTER, M. D.

THE above is the opinion of Sir Bruce Bruce-Porter, K.B.E., C.M.G., M.D., one of the best known of English physicians and a prominent worker in the field of preventive medicine.

Sir Bruce is as well known in America as in England on account of his labor for the benefit of humanity.



SIR BRUCE BRUCE-PORTER
K. B. E., C. M. G., M. D.

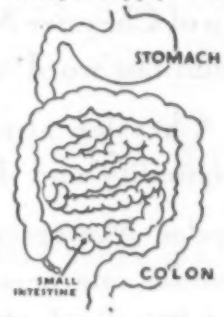
Many doctors now say that constipation is one of civilization's great curses, that 90% of human ailments start in clogged intestines. Colds, sore throat, poor digestion, bad breath, bad skin, depression, "nerves," are some of the results.

How easy to prevent all this and build greater vitality. Keep your entire intestinal tract clean, active and healthy with fresh yeast—Fleischmann's Yeast—which helps eliminate the poison-bearing wastes. Half the doctors reporting in a recent survey throughout the United States, said they prescribed fresh yeast for constipation and the ills to which it leads.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast three times a day, one cake before or between meals—plain or dissolved in water, either cold or hot—not hotter than you can drink. Yeast is a food, as fresh as any garden vegetable. Unlike dried or killed yeast it contains millions of living, active yeast plants. As they pass daily through the intestine they combat harmful poisons, purify.

To benefit fully you must eat Fleischmann's Yeast regularly and over a sufficient period. At all grocers and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in a cool, dry place. Write for booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. D-84, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York City.

(RIGHT)
From throat to colon is one continuous tube. You can see at a glance why clogged intestines may spread poisons to all the rest of the system; why 90% of ailments start here. This is where yeast works. Doctors say, "For lasting beauty, health and happiness, keep this passage *clean, active* and *healthy* with fresh yeast." Start today!



(Diagram above from "Troubles We Don't Talk About," by Dr. J. F. Montague; J. B. Lippincott Co., Phila., Pa., Publishers.)

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST FOR HEALTH

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All branches on the same tree; all growing out of the Chrysler root principle of standardized quality

CHRYSLER MOTORS

Public Service

• • •

CHRYSLER "75" · · CHRYSLER IMPERIAL · · CHRYSLER "65"
DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR · · DODGE BROTHERS SIX
DE SOTO SIX · · PLYMOUTH
DODGE BROTHERS TRUCKS, BUSES *and* MOTOR COACHES
FARGO TRUCKS *and* COMMERCIAL CARS
CHRYSLER MARINE ENGINES
All Products of Chrysler Motors

It is the aim and ambition of Walter P. Chrysler and his group of executives that everything bearing the stamp of Chrysler Motors shall be accepted as the first and last word in reliability and value.

The name Chrysler already stands the world over for originality and daring.

Now, Chrysler Motors vitalizes a group truly combined, under one personal head, in the only sense in which individual products should ever be combined—for better public service.

Chrysler Motors is not the usual grouping together of motor car properties, each under its own separate management, with which American business has been familiar.

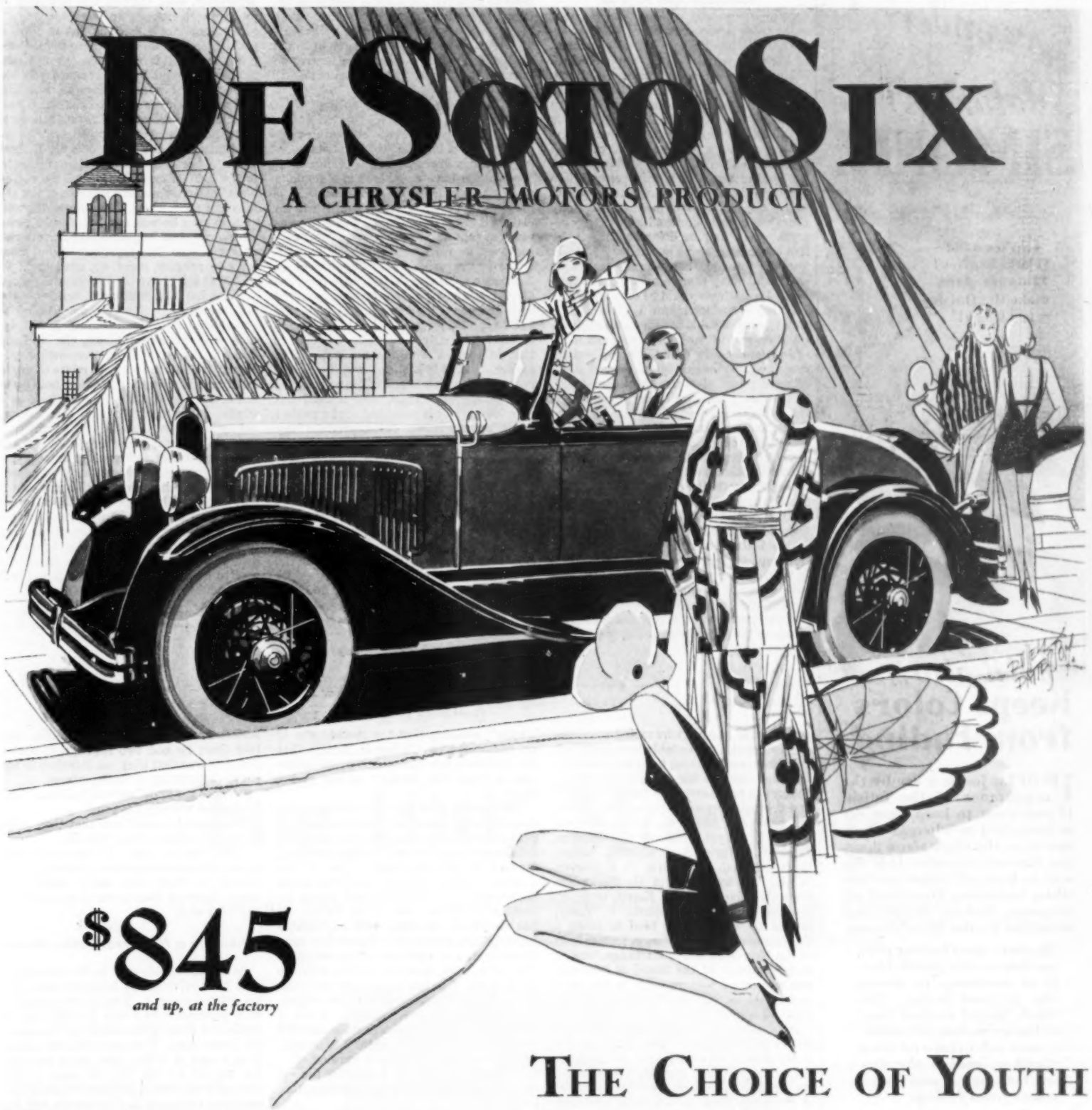
Instead, it is a live and animate thing—personalized, personally directed, and managed from top to bottom by eager and enthusiastic motor car specialists, all striving for the same end—to give greater value to the buyer.

In Chrysler Motors, all of the units—each serving its own particular market—issue from the same immense set of plants and share alike the advantages which accrue from the pooling of all human, mechanical, manufacturing and financial resources in a common cause.

In the precise form in which it is operated, Chrysler Motors is already accomplishing mutual efficiency and savings which are giving new benefits in quality, in reliability and in economy to the buyer of individual and commercial transportation in every price class in every country in the world.

DE SOTO SIX

A CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT



$845
and up, at the factory

THE CHOICE OF YOUTH FOR SMARTNESS AND ZESTFUL PERFORMANCE

The new De Soto Six appeals irresistibly to the spirit of youth. Its beauty and smartness single it out for the companionship of today's generation. Its speed, its nimbleness and its comfort are in perfect accord with the demands of those who live and play so eagerly and so enthusiastically.

Seven Body Styles, $845 to $955, at the factory

DE SOTO MOTOR CORPORATION (*Division of Chrysler Corporation*), *Detroit, Michigan*

no wonder Motorists Wise SIMONIZ

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"Two Years Old—It looks like New! Simoniz does make the finish last longer!"

"And it also... Keeps Colors from Fading"

PEOPLE judge a car by the appearance of the finish. If you want to keep your car as beautiful as when you first saw it on the show room floor, use Simoniz at once. It is the way to keep all motor car finishes, including Duco and all lacquers, looking bright and beautiful for the life of the car.

Simoniz gives lasting protection to the finish that is so necessary to retain the original lustre. The hard, bright surface that it leaves resists all conditions of climate and weather, makes the finish last longer and keeps colors from fading.

If your car is already old looking, use Simoniz Kleener. It removes all dirt, grime and blemishes that caused the finish to lose its original lustre. Then apply Simoniz to clean off the remaining cloudiness and give the finish lasting beauty and weatherproof protection.

"Motorists Wise—Simoniz," it pays every time.

Easily applied with a cloth.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
Chicago, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 46)

true as a one-eyed variety. Just at that point those who were interested in the experiment either died or left the Department of Agriculture and it all went up on a shelf.

How different the approach of industry is to an analogous difficulty! Here are the sugar-beet people demanding Mexican peons to thin their beets, and defending such immigration on the ground of necessity, unaware that the problem was already half solved and then put aside. But a man at the head of a great industrial-research laboratory calls in his scientists and says to them: "We have got to have a metal many times more magnetic than iron. Drop everything else you are doing and find it, for it is our most pressing necessity." Nobody knew for sure that there was any such thing as a metal many times more magnetic than iron. Its existence could be only imagined. But they went looking for it, groping their way through a table of infinite atomic possibilities, and in one year they found it.

So it is not true that the sugar-beet industry will be inevitably ruined if it is cut off from cheap Mexican labor. No American industry has ever been ruined in that way. Experience is all to the contrary. Every necessity to find the other way has turned out to be a blessing. Our prosperity is fairly built upon that necessity.

At this point the Council might rest and make its exposition of the facts, leaving the decision to the people. It probably would not rest. Having touched the subject of sugar, it would go on to ask if beet culture after all is the ideal solution of our sugar problem. Our importations of sugar are very large. In ten years we spend for foreign sugar perhaps as much as one-fifth the cost of our participation in the World War. That will give you some notion of the economic magnitude of the sugar item, and in view of the need to improve the state of American agriculture, the importance of producing more of our own sugar, even all of it perhaps, is apparent. Is the sugar beet the right thing, after all? Is there not some better way to increase the domestic production of sugar?

New Material at Hand

This inquiry leads straight to a very curious pocket of knowledge. Scientists working obscurely in the Bureau of Standards at Washington have discovered in a common weed the principle of sweetness that is honey. They have found a simple way to extract it in the form of sugar; it is twice as sweet as cane sugar, much more than twice as sweet as corn sugar. Jerusalem artichoke is the weed. The Department of Agriculture, hearing of this discovery, examined the weed from a cultural point of view and now knows how it may be tamed and controlled for purposes of modern agriculture. The only fault with the sugar is that in contact with the air it tends to harden. But if it is mixed or diluted with corn sugar, which is much less sweet, this fault disappears. Thus, from a weed and corn together, it is possible to get a perfect sugar of which we could produce any imaginable quantity; and it seems particularly to be indicated as a solution, because the Jerusalem artichoke will flourish where the corn is, and how to utilize our corn surplus is one of the present anxieties of agriculture. Corn does not require Mexican labor; neither would the Jerusalem artichoke. Perhaps, after all, the sugar beet itself may be marked for obsolescence in the future pattern of our agriculture.

All this has been to illustrate, first, the fallacy of an isolate problem; secondly, the futility of the traditional approach by government through tumult to problems separately, and, thirdly, the character of an approach through knowledge.

Mexican immigration is not in itself a problem. It is an acute symptom of disorder, and what it represents is thoughtless, reckless, ignorant living. It arises from our neglect of a few deep concerns, touching nationhood, citizenship, race making, ideals of unlimited well-being with no fixed lower caste, no permanent disability.

Immigration is a real problem. If there had ever been the resolution to approach it in the light of exact knowledge we should have known beforehand whether or not the Mexican peon was a desirable immigrant, and, in case he was not, we should never have brought an important industry to rest upon his labor. We might have found other ways to produce sugar, or, until then, we should at least have been content to buy it.

What has been illustrated, besides, is the importance of having in some relation to government an instrumentality or a body, such as we have been calling the National Council, charged with one responsibility—namely, to find the facts, to relate them, to interpret their meaning and then hold up to the country a working view of itself as a whole. This would be a function unique, not legislative, not judicial, not administrative. Our worst mistakes are fatuous. They occur sometimes for want of knowledge. Often there is no such excuse. The knowledge both of fact and of method exists; it is only that we have perfected no way of bringing its illumination to bear upon this sudden world of artificial phenomena so as to make it visible to the imagination as one field of reality. Until we have found the way to do this, all our surplus power will continue to run wild.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Garrett. The next will appear in an early issue.

THEY'RE OFF

(Continued from Page 9)

an endeavor to learn why racing could not be conducted as respectably here as abroad. It is a nonprofit-making body supported by fees and copied after the English Jockey Club. Its membership is limited to fifty and the incorporators included Mr. Keene, the elder J. P. Morgan, Perry Belmont, Oliver H. Payne, William C. Whitney, James B. Haggin, A. J. Cassatt, August Belmont, J. G. K. Morris, P. J. Dwyer, W. K. Vanderbilt, John G. Heckscher, Pierre Lorillard, Foxhall Keene, O. H. P. Belmont and Gen. Benjamin F. Tracy, several of whom never bred or raced a Thoroughbred. F. K. Sturgis, former head of the New York Stock Exchange, was an early chairman of the Board of Stewards and was called back recently to the chair to succeed to the vacancy caused by the death of August Belmont.

It is not a club in the accepted sense, merely maintaining business offices and a richly appointed board room in an office building at 250 Park Avenue. The immediate ten-strike of the club was the purchase of the Stud Book, which until then had been conducted by Col. S. D. Bruce as a private enterprise dating from 1868, collecting the most remote pedigrees, keeping the record to date and standardizing it as an institution. As in England, where registration is the seal of a pure-bred horse, so no horse is eligible to start on a licensed track here unless its breeding is recorded in the Stud Book.

The Jockey Club's Functions

When Black Gold, owned and trained by Oklahomans of Indian blood, won the Jubilee Kentucky Derby in 1924, and four other Derbies, the story that the colt was cold-blooded—not a Thoroughbred, that is—was printed widely. Had it been true, Black Gold never could have started, let alone won the "Darby." The only basis for this romance was that the dam's line, as the expression has it, "went to the woods," meaning that the mother was of an unfashionable Cinderella family that has produced few racers, but is, nevertheless, a bona fide member of the racing D. A. R.

The Jockey Club licenses trainers, owners and jockeys, without which paper they cannot function, and registers racing colors and horses' names as well as their breeding, for each of which it charges a fee. It has a further income of 1 per cent of the about $2,000,000 total of stakes and purses offered annually on New York tracks. It has reciprocal relations with all foreign jockey clubs, and though it does not have direct control of racing in any state other than New York, in effect it is the supreme court of all. Clashes of authority are rare, all racing associations honoring the rulings and penalties of one another. When a jockey, trainer or owner is fined, suspended or set down for life at one track, the punishment runs at all. If a horse is ruled off—and horses also may be barred for life—it cannot regain citizenship by crossing a state line.

New York State has a racing commission, appointive by the governor, but this body in no way invades the domain of the Jockey Club. The latter always is the court of last resort. It publishes its decisions in its monthly calendar and neither explains nor comments upon them. It rules. And such enlightened despotism is precisely what the sport requires.

It has only one inviolable rule about horses' names—they must be neither sacrilegious nor profane—but it endeavors to enforce other restrictions. It frowns upon duplication of celebrated names, upon the grotesque, the silly, trade names and those of individuals—the last being prevalent in harness racing, where it robs the sport of some of its poetry.

When Algernon Daingerfield became active secretary of the Jockey Club in 1903, he went to Timothy J. Sullivan and Senator Pat McCarran, both powerful Tammany leaders and owners of racing stables, and told them he had two requests to make. The first was that they not interfere in the club's disciplining of racing crimes.

"Yes to the first," agreed Sullivan, "and McCarran will say yes too."

The second request was that they cease to name horses for their friends.

"No," roared Tim. "When they come to me and ask me to name a horse for them I'll do it. That's the way I reward my boys. Some of them never have asked for anything else."

Choosing a Hundred-Dollar Name

So the club holds only to the stipulation that the individual so honored must give his written consent. Tom Foley once gave such permission to Frank Farrell, but his namesake proving unworthy of the grand old Foley name, Tom made Farrell change it at a cost of $100; that being the high fee exacted by the club in order to discourage indiscriminate name changing, with resultant confusion in the records, and the added possibility of trickery. Alfred E. Smith gave his consent and name to a 1921 gelding by King James out of Cadeau-Golden Maxim and presumably has had reason to regret it since, the gelding having turned out to be just another hay burner.

Often the misspelling or mangling of a name is not intentional, but is due to the owner's, breeder's or trainer's ignorance. Names are registered just as they are spelled on the application, and typographical errors, costing $100 each to correct, usually are perpetuated.

There is an unwritten rule that no horse may be named for another horse until ten years after the retirement of the latter. Ten years after Man o' War dies it will be possible, in theory, to christen another horse Man o' War, but only in theory. Before the days of the Jockey Club there was an earlier Man o' War, an obscure horse. The

(Continued on Page 52)

(ABOVE) *Leonhard Seppala, famous Alaskan dog racer, after he had just won the two-day dog sled Derby at Lake Placid, N. Y.* (AT RIGHT) *With Mrs. E. P. Ricker, Jr., of Poland Springs, Me., who drives her own huskies. Both find that Quaker Oats plays a large part in furnishing the endurance this strenuous sport demands.*

Into 4 Morning Hours 70% of the World's Work Falls

70% of your day's most important work is done between 8:30 a. m. and 12:30 p. m.—in four short hours—according to nation-wide commercial, financial and scholastic investigations.

That is why the world's dietetic urge now is to *watch your breakfast;* to start days with food that "stands by" you through the morning and thus protect the most important hours of your working day.

For 100% Mornings

A proper hot breakfast is essential, dieticians tell us, to equip for the 4 important morning hours of greatest productivity: in office, in home, in school

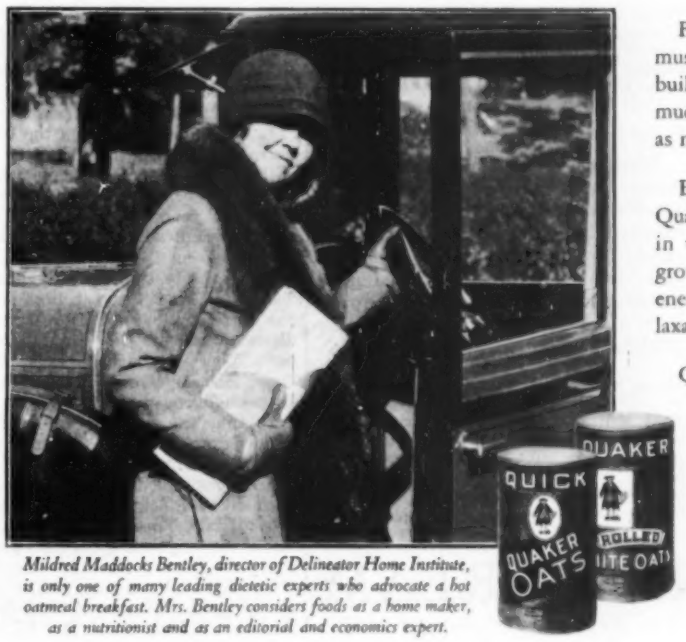
LIFE'S battle is won or lost in the morning. Seventy per cent of the world's productive work is done by lunchtime.* Yet literally millions ignore scientific fact and start each day unprepared to do their work.

Consider the importance of breakfast. The nightlong fast leaves the system depleted. The evening meal, long assimilated, has yielded its nourishment. The body is at the exhaustion point, requiring proper refueling. Why, then, a "freak" breakfast? Coffee-and-toast breakfasts are inadequate.

A *nourishing* "balanced" breakfast—not necessarily a heavy breakfast—is what the body needs. One that provides in proper ratio the elements that build, that restore, that prepare for the hardest period of work each day.

Scientific reasons for a hot breakfast

Quaker Oats scientifically fills the breakfast need to equip body and brain for your morning's needs—the strenuous 4 hours of work.



Mildred Maddocks Bentley, director of Delineator Home Institute, is only one of many leading dietetic experts who advocate a hot oatmeal breakfast. Mrs. Bentley considers foods as a home maker, as a nutritionist and as an editorial and economics expert.

First, it contains 16% protein, to replace muscular wastage and to furnish nitrogen to build up tissues. It provides half again as much protein as wheat or wheat flour. Twice as much as rice or cornmeal.

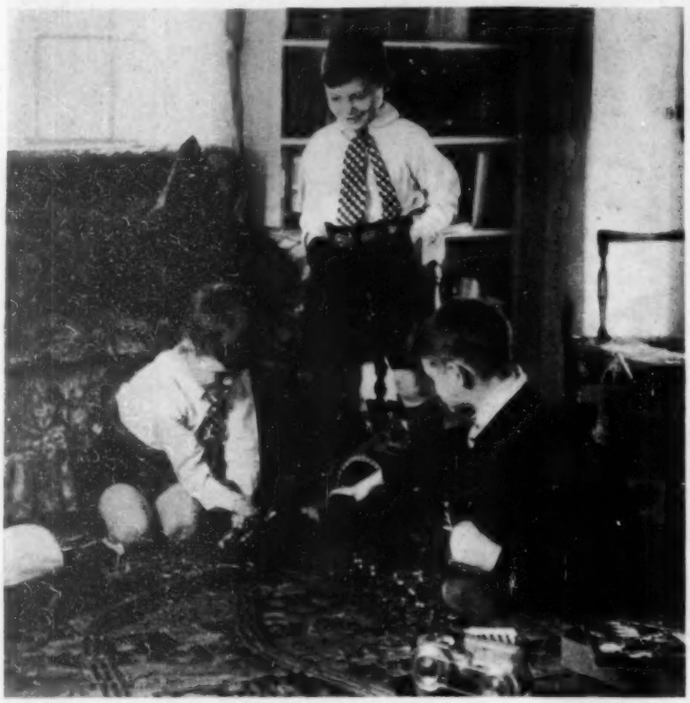
Besides this important stamina element, Quaker Oats is rich in minerals and abundant in vitamin B to build bone and promore growth. 65% is carbohydrate to supply extra energy. It retains the roughage that replaces laxatives, to keep the system clean.

Quaker Oats is the best balanced cereal that's grown. Most dieticians agree on this. Served hot and savory, it provides a most delicious breakfast, creamy rich and flavorsome beyond compare.

*This figure is based on a recent nation-wide investigation in 25,000 homes, in schools and colleges, in industry and offices.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

What a joy to parents the carefree happiness of childhood! But will that priceless health continue disease-proof through youth and adolescence? Are you willing to overlook any precaution to safeguard these robust little bodies? . . . Guard The Danger Line.



MOTHERS! THEY TRUST YOU

NOISY! Turbulent! Robust! . . . Happy in the inexhaustible energy of brimming health! . . . What a joy to you—and what a responsibility.

For it is *you* they look to for protection—you they come to at every little ache and pain—you they believe when you give them advice.

They trust you when you tell them they must brush their teeth . . . they obey . . . they form the habit. But is that enough? . . . Often it is not. And they suffer from tooth decay and gum irritations . . . because mere brushing cannot destroy the acids at The Danger Line.

Squibb's Dental Cream is particularly effective in protecting children. It contains more than 50% of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Every time Squibb's Dental Cream is used it neutralizes the acids which cause decay.

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SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

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club has no intention of permitting the names of Eclipse, Domino, Broomstick and other great ones to be cheapened by duplication. Recently, however, Mrs. Graham Fair Vanderbilt outargued the club on this point and registered a colt as Sarazen II while Sarazen still lives in clover on the J. E. Widener farm. Her contention was that Sarazen, a memorable racer, had brought her into the sport, that she loved the gelding fondly, that being a gelding he was without hope of posterity, and that she wished to preserve the name by giving it to a stallion. Recognizing the circumstances, the club surrendered. The gelding, in turn, had been named, of course, for Gene Sarazen, national open golf champion in 1922, and the golfer was more fortunate than most celebrities who have godfathered horses.

Horses begin to race at two years and must be named before they start. In as much as all arbitrarily are reckoned to be a year old on the January first following their foaling, a flood of new names pours in upon the Jockey Club at New Year's. A name should reflect the breeding of the animal as far as possible, and the sex, and lie pleasantly upon the ear.

Kinship among horses is traced through the dam primarily. Two foals of the same dam and sire are brothers or sisters; from the same dam only, they are half brothers or sisters, but if by the same sire and different dams they are not properly designated of kin. Canter and Single Foot are half brothers, Virginia L. having been the dam of each, whereas Knickers, whose sire was Wrack, as was Single Foot's, but whose dam was Latest Fashion, is not even a cousin of Single Foot.

An ideal name is one which aptly combines that of dam and sire in imaginative or whimsical fashion. Mrs. Payne Whitney, leading woman horse owner of America, uses great care and taste, as do most women, and favors the dam side, as in the instance of Knickers, her filly. Some of her well-named animals have been Adios by Whiskbroom II–Goodbye; False Modesty by the same sire and Prudish; the 1927 Pimlico Futurity winner, Glade, by Touch Me Not–Idle Dell; Irish Holiday by Bunting–Mrs. Mac, and Stars and Bars by Pennant–Remembrance.

The Bradley B's

Harry Payne Whitney, who races one of the largest stables in the world and breeds all the horses he races, usually combines the name of sire and dam in the foals. Mother Goose by Broomstick–Flying Witch; The Bat by Broomstick–Fly by Night; Color Sergeant by Pennant–Pageant, and Whiskery by Whiskbroom II–Prudery are examples from his stable. Others of his horses which reflect the dam name are Crasher by Chicle–Ruth Law—the dam was named for the famous aviatrix—Exposay by Dominant–Pantalette, and Skylight by Chicle–Transom.

E. R. Bradley, master of the Idle Hour Farm in Kentucky, has filled the country with horses whose names begin with B, the late Mrs. Bradley having named their horses for years and established the custom. Twice Bradley "B" horses have run first and second in the Kentucky Derby. Some of the best-known have been Black Toney and Black Servant, both named for the negro employe who, for a generation, almost nursed the Idle Hour horses; Behave Yourself, Bagenbaggage, Bubbling Over, Boo, By Gosh, Blabbermouth and Blossom Time.

In time the breeding has come to be handed down with this stable mark. W. R. Coe's great mare, Black Maria, was by Black Toney–Bird Loose, Bradley-bred on both sides. Black Gold, the Indian horse, was a Black Toney get. Blue Larkspur, one of the brightest spots among the 1928 two-year-olds, is by Black Servant–Blossom Time. The "B" custom, incidentally, has served to obscure one of the Idle Hour's greatest stallions, North Star III.

Similarly, Willis Sharpe Kilmer has begun the name of every offspring of the great Sun Briar with Sun, as in Sun Edwin and Sun Rajah, or some variation as in Sunny Man or Ra, the Egyptian sun god. While every colt and filly foaled at H. D. Brown's breeding farm at the foot of California's Mount Shasta bears the prefix "Shasta." Few races at Tijuana do not include a Shasta horse.

Where the stallion is celebrated, as is Man o' War, the dam frequently is ignored. Some of the superhorse's most famous sons, Crusader, Mars and Dress Parade, have no hint of the distaff side in their names, but two fine fillies, Florence Nightingale and Edith Cavell, nicely combine their exalted father and The Nurse, their mother. So do Hard Tack, whose dam was Tea Biscuit; Battleship Gray, dam Alice Blue Gown; War Whoop, dam Highest Appeal, and Marine Blue, out of Topaz, all his children.

Patronymic Gems

Joseph E. Widener's Fair Play, sire of Man o' War, also has crowded the mares out of the picture, though his most famous son, coming on the scene in the midst of war, disregarded both his sire and Mahuba, his dam. So did Mad Hatter, now in the stud, but such good ones as Chance Play, Chance Shot, Display, Playfellow and Be Fair acknowledge their twenty-three-year-old father.

High Time was sold for less than $5000 when Harry A. Porter dispersed his stable, and stood little regarded on Miss Daingerfield's farm, but since he sired Sarazen, the Himyar stud stallion has sat at the head of the table. The 1928 Futurity winner, High Strung, and virtually every other horse in whose name "high" or "time" appears, drops a curtsy to a horse that won but one race in his two seasons. Great racers do not always transmit their qualities, and horses of inglorious track records may sire a family of stars.

Few animals ever were more prettily christened than Admiral Cary T. Grayson's imported Strolling Player by Grand Parade–Comedienne. Arcturus, a Black Toney colt out of Brilliant Star; Wandering Minstrel by The Wanderer–Savilla; March Hare by Mad Hatter–Wendy; Reigh Count by Sunreigh–Countessina, and Roguish Eye by Flittergold–Sly Wink are the kind of names the Jockey Club likes to register.

The greatest money winner the American turf ever knew, Zev, was so named by Harry F. Sinclair for his old friend and counsel, the late William Zevely. Proctor Knott, one of the great ones of all times, took his name from the Kentucky congressman who made that speech about Duluth, Minnesota—"the zenith city of the unsalted seas." Morvich, Kentucky Derby winner in 1922 and champion in succession to Man o' War, was bred on the Spreckels farm in California, and was a most unprepossessing yearling. He is supposed to have been named in derision for a local pants presser who, it turned out, liked a joke as well as the next man, if not better.

Dinah Did Upset is not so grotesquely named as one would suppose if her breeding, Upset–Dinah Did, were not known. Some admirer of A. A. Milne is responsible for Winnie the Pooh. Luke McLuke was the namesake of a Cincinnati Enquirer columnist who signed that alias to his daily chore. The horse turned out to be a great one both on the track and in the stud. Anita Peabody, the 1927 Futurity winner, was his daughter. She, in turn, was named for Mrs. Stuyvesant Peabody, and there is nothing in either the filly's or her sire's name to suggest the rich breeding of each. Simon Legree's name is a humorous recognition of his dam, Virago.

E. B. McLean, of the Washington Post, leading money winner among owners last season, paid $100 to change the well-named colt, Walk the Plank, by Colin–Black Flag, to Neddie, his own familiar title, when he saw the colt was no ordinary one, and

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WHEN FLEDGLINGS FLY

You've seen, perhaps, the robins pushing fledglings from their nest in spring . . . the flurry of feathers, the frenzied teeterings, the terrified chatter, and then erratic swoops to fearful landings on some leafy shrub. . . . You've seen them later in the summer when you've become aware suddenly of a new beauty in the plump young robins singing lustily upon the lawn. . . .

If the Spirit of Conquest that launched the fledglings out into the world had ever faltered in courage or instinctive resourcefulness, you'd never hear the flute-like song of robins against the locusts' rasping violins.

Fledgling man is today launching himself into a new world of space. We can as yet see only the daring flights of those who lead the way across the skies. But who can say what argosies will sail along the paths where they first winged their way? *Were it not for the ambitious urge in the hearts of brave men, we would never see the conquest of the sky . . . we would never lift our faces from the brown still earth!*

Were it not for bold hearts and quick, shrewd resourcefulness, we would have no skyscrapers reaching to the stars, no lacy bridges high over hungry floods, no tunnels through the darkness of the earth and rock below us, no roads of stone and steel, no webs of wire to guide the fluent lightning to our needs.

In the life and growth of civilization, courage and quick, shrewd resourcefulness are the weapons of men, of businesses, and of communities, that achieve success. Even dollars and opportunities are but fledglings that must be launched with confidence and courage into a hostile world, sustained by everlasting energy and resourcefulness.

Who then are the courageous pioneers of today in our population of 120,000,000? Are not the greatest of them the men who dare to launch and fly our winged ships of the air? Are they not the men who build the flying-fields, nests for these giant birds, upon the ragged fringes of blind and torpid cities? Are they not the captains of industry, of commerce, of transportation who are showing civilization safe ways across the free sky?

The services of airplanes are multiplying astonishingly. Progress, measured by months, has been breathlessly rapid. Already it is becoming impracticable to make forecasts, for stupendous accomplishments outdistance them. Our own tri-motored planes, in our own service have already carried well over six million pounds of freight; and the same kind of planes, operated by The Stout Air Services from the Ford Field at Detroit, have carried over sixty thousand passengers!

Those of us rising with the Dawn have already seen Winged Victory in the skies!

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others have paid their $100 out of the reverse of pride. We still are behind England in our nomenclature, but few Bill Joneses and Oscar J.'s remain to jar the ear.

Good or bad, however, a horse name is merely a formal title, a *nom de course,* as with a crack train which railroad men continue to speak of by number. Virtually no race horse answers to his registered name or ever is known by it in the stables. Man o' War, for example, would not prick an ear at those syllables, but call him "Red" and he will answer; since he was a weanling he has been called nothing else to his knowledge.

The Jockey Club awards the racing dates and keeps a direct eye only upon Saratoga and the four metropolitan New York tracks, Belmont, Aqueduct, Jamaica and Empire, the last four all relatively young.

Jerome Park, Belmont's predecessor, where the maroon and red of Belmont, the cherry and black of the Lorillards, the dark blue of Sanford and the all black of Withers first were seen, now is a city reservoir. Sheepshead Bay at Coney Island, where the Suburban first was run in 1884 and became the greatest race on the most popular track in America for many years; Gravesend, where the Brooklyn Handicap was inaugurated in 1887; Brighton Beach and Morris Park—all are gone, and Belmont has inherited most of the classic races of each.

When Morris Park was opened, in 1889, the turf reporters called the straightaway course a toboggan slide because of its sharp grades. John A. Morris replied by naming the spring handicap The Toboggan. This race, the Withers, Belmont, Jerome, Nursery, Metropolitan, Suburban, Futurity, Lawrence Realization and other legacies are Belmont's now.

This last track was opened May 4, 1905, with a sensation, Race King running Sysonby, who was believed to be unbeatable, to a dead heat in the Metropolitan. The great Keene horse was 1 to 20 in the betting, Race King the reverse, and men who bet on odds rather than horses were attracted to the long shot. As the two came down to the wire lapped nose and nose, a well-known horseman knocked down an utter stranger who was yelling for Race King.

The offender was haled before the Jockey Club to defend his conduct.

The World's Richest Stake

"I can only repeat," said the defendant, "what I told the fellow when I knocked him down—any man who would cheer on the defeat of a great horse for the sake of a filthy bet, two dollars or two thousand, should be horsewhipped." The sportsman's code never has been better expressed, and his judges, sportsmen all, promptly acquitted him.

The Futurity, the richest stake in the world, the breeders' capital prize, is peculiarly an American race. The total value last September was $118,390, and Marshall Field took down $97,990 as first money on the victory of his High Strung. Even when it first was run, at Sheepshead Bay in 1888, and won by Proctor Knott, with another Kentucky horse, Salvator, second, it was worth $40,000.

The originator was J. G. K. Lawrence, when he was an official of W. K. Vanderbilt's Coney Island course. Although the name describes it, few other than horsemen understand that colts and fillies are nominated before they are born, entry being in the name of the mare. The race being for two-year-olds, nominations for the 1931 Futurity closed on January second this year, with the unfoaled and unnamed product of 2139 mares entered. This extraordinary entry list gives the race its great value. The original nominating fee is moderate, but additional fees must be paid at later fixed dates to maintain eligibility. In the interval most of the nominees are withdrawn, leaving the contest to the flower of the 1929 foals. The mares were served in 1928, and where the foal was dropped before January 1, 1929, the entry was void; the same is true if twins should be foaled.

England has no Futurity, though it has certain produce stakes, but there are others in America at Pimlico, Lexington and Saratoga, that at the last course being called the Hopeful. Mr. Lawrence evolved a companion piece to the Futurity, the Lawrence Realization for three-year-olds. The Futurity is the promise, the Realization the fulfillment.

The present magnificent Belmont plant dates only from 1917, fire having swept the track in that year. It is unsurpassed on this continent in any detail—beauty, perfection of racing strips, buildings, size, cost and social and sporting prestige, and rivaled only by Saratoga in beauty and prestige. Back of the grand stand is a natural forest kept like a gentleman's grounds. Here the horses are saddled under the trees instead of on the usual tanbark paddock. The forest paddock merges into the Turf and Field Club, dressed in a setting of lakes, flowers and shrubbery where the socially elect of New York lunch *al fresco* in fine weather.

The Deauville of America

Belmont has cost $3,800,000 to date—more than any other privately owned race course in the world—and when the last modest dividend was paid in 1924, the president, Joseph E. Widener, told the minority stockholders that they need look to no further dividends; if this policy was unsatisfactory to them, he stood ready to buy their holdings. All earnings since have gone back into improvements and to increasing the stakes and purses.

A race track frequently is a melancholy scene in the off season, but Belmont is a year-round training center. A crew works on the track from January to January and no pebble or stick ever is left to lie in wait for the fragile feet of Thoroughbreds. The first bill received in 1929 was for $4100 for sixteen large trees to fill a short gap in an out-of-way corner. The end of the week saw the meeting of the weekly winter pay roll of $2017 for the track force, though no race had been run there for more than three months, nor would be for more than four months more. The next week the contract for a $25,000 boundary fence was let.

Saratoga, the Deauville of America, is set in similar natural beauty cunningly artificed. Since 1864 it has been the neutral ground where the East and West have met in the month of August, and the yearling stallion sales attract the best of all American studs to create a horse market approaching Newmarket, England, in volume of sales.

Saratoga's first great epoch was from 1870 to 1882. Since the war it has recovered all its ancient glories; the wealthy racing set maintain summer homes there and the governor of New York attends at least one day of the meet. Both it and Belmont are possible only as non-commercial enterprises.

New York and Maryland make up Eastern racing, and the horse is of even more ancient dignity in the latter state. The Maryland Jockey Club was organized in Annapolis in 1745, reorganized in Baltimore in 1823. Washington was a frequent visitor at the Annapolis course, traveling from Mount Vernon with four outriders to his coach, and his failure to pick winners, as recorded in his diary, in no way detracted from his enjoyment. Both he and Jefferson owned and raced Thoroughbreds, and Washington served as racing judge at Alexandria. Andrew Jackson became a member of the Maryland Jockey Club in 1831 and his holograph acceptance hangs on the walls of the clubhouse at Pimlico. The contest of Parole, Tom Ochiltree and Ten Broeck at Pimlico in 1877 is the only race for which Congress ever was adjourned.

One practical horseman after another has occupied the governor's quarters at Annapolis since Colonial times. Ogle, who imported the renowned sire, Sparke, a gift from Lord Baltimore; Governor Sharpe, owner of the equally famous Othello; Governor Eden, and down to Governor Oden Bowie, who was president of the club when it acquired Pimlico—all were breeders and racers; while most of the state's later governors, including Albert C. Ritchie, have been active patrons. The famous mare Selima was owned by Col. Benjamin Tasker of Bel Air, and a portrait of her and her sire, the Godolphin Arabian, which shares with the Darley Arabian and the Byerly Turk the honor of founding the race of Thoroughbreds, are heirlooms of the Anne Arundel family, who inherited them from Samuel Galloway of Tulip Hill.

The great races of Maryland are the $50,000 Preakness, a Derby run a week before the Kentucky classic and named for the horse which first won it, and the Pimlico Futurity. Governor Bowie and his associates brought to Pimlico the Dinner Party Stakes, afterward to become the classic Dixie. A group of horsemen informally gathered at dinner at Saratoga in 1868, suggested a sweepstakes at $1000 a side, the race to be run at the track giving the largest amount in added money. Pimlico outbid all competitors with $15,000. That tradition of liberality continues. The field for the 1922 Pimlico Futurity was so large that it was necessary to run it in two sections. Normally this would have meant halving the $40,000 stake, but at a meeting of the directors, called between races, it was voted to double it to $80,000, and Sally's Alley and Blossom Time divided the money. In an eleven-day meet, Pimlico distributes nearly $250,000 in stakes and purses.

For all its ancient tradition, modern racing in Maryland dates only from 1912. Destroyed by outlaw tracks about 1890, the sport revived only on the suspension of New York racing in 1911–12. In the latter year the legislature legalized the pari-mutuel machines, Havre de Grace and Laurel were opened and Pimlico reopened. Bowie followed in 1914.

All Roads Lead to Louisville

The Maryland Jockey Club is as purely a sportsman's society as the Westchester and the Saratoga racing associations, but the workings of the pari-mutuel law have thrust profits upon it without design of its members, its revenue in 1928 having been $1,381,616 against all expenses of $1,102,542. The other three tracks are outgrowths of county fairs. Though conducted for profit, they are operated to as high standards as is Pimlico and are under the same strict scrutiny of the state racing commission.

By limiting the racing season sharply, the state keeps the sport and its attendant great revenue under control. The maximum of racing days permitted any track is twenty-three in one year, divided between spring and fall meets, except in the case of Laurel, which operates only in October.

The other state of the Big Three of racing is, it goes without saying, Kentucky. With the exception of 1863, race meets have been held annually by the Kentucky Association, the oldest in America, on the same Lexington track since 1826, when Daniel Boone scarcely was dead, though Gen. Bedford Forrest commandeered the flower of the blue-grass farms in the Civil War and the Union cavalry took what was left. At the Lexington fall meet in 1843 there were seventy-two subscribers at $500 each to the Produce Stakes, to which the association added a gold cup; a stake not equaled in money until long after the war.

What prestige and tradition count for on the turf is instanced admirably by the Kentucky Derby, the great race of America. Other stakes are richer, but none compares in prestige with the Churchill Downs fixture, the oldest contest we have, run consecutively since 1875. Other races date further back—the Travers midsummer Derby, for example, to 1864—but there have been gaps in the renewals of all. Unlike most Derbies, geldings are eligible and

(Continued on Page 56)

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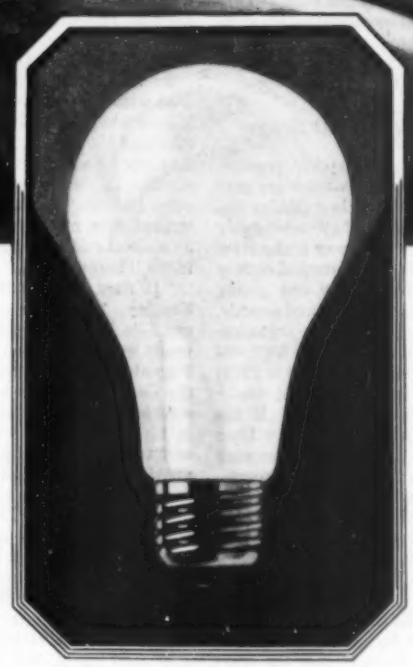

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two notable ones, Old Rosebud and Exterminator, have won it. Only one filly, Harry Payne Whitney's Regent, has won the Derby.

The "Darby" is more than a race for the three-year-old championship of the season. Coming in mid-May, when Kentucky is at its blue-grass fairest, it has become a homecoming week, a fiesta, one of the great crowd spectacles of America. This development has been most striking since the World War. No other American race attracts such a crowd; much of it men and women who never or rarely have seen horses race before, much of it men and women who have traveled hundreds of miles to see it. Steamboats bring excursions from up and down the river. Twenty miles of Pullmans and special cars are parked in the Louisville yards and used as hotels by their passengers, for every hotel and home of this city of 350,000 is filled. A string of motor cars converges on Louisville from both coasts; from Chicago to the Ohio River they form a nearly unbroken line the day before, and thousands of these motorists sleep in their machines the night before. Increasingly each year a further addition arrives by airplane.

Hotel and clubhouse reservations are made the year before where they do not stand from year to year. In the line at the gates of Churchill Downs at sunup of Derby Day are mothers with children in their arms, waiting with the rest to claim a preferred position in the grand stand or on the wide lawn and to hold it through the day, come sun or rain. Annually platoons of mounted police attempt to hold back the swipes and youngsters who swarm up like blackbirds, scale the fence and lose themselves in the crowd, and annually the police fail. There are Kentuckians who have not missed a Derby since Aristides won the first and who will be there again this May. Derby Day at Louisville is a dull day at any other track.

The other major Kentucky tracks are at Lexington and Latonia, the latter across from Cincinnati. The state also possesses a unique meet, the Blue Grass Fair, at Lexington, for negroes. The racing differs in no respect from the high standards of the other courses, and it is patronized by the white folk as well as the black.

The Sport of Financial Kings

Racing is an endowed sport, possible only because many men of wealth are content to spend each year on their stables and farms much more than they reasonably may expect to win in stakes or make from the sale of horses. Paying state and county licenses totaling $9000 a day and giving away $445,000 in stakes, purses and awards, the Maryland Jockey Club, an organization of amateurs, still made nearly $300,000 profit on twenty-three days' racing in 1928.

This seems to dispute the first statement, but the facts are illusory. If the wealthy sportsmen were to withdraw from racing and breeding there would be no such profits for any track; for it is these sportsmen who supply the color and atmosphere that make racing what it is. They breed and buy the great horses and make possible the stake races which carry along the claiming events and little purses for which professional horsemen compete. If programs were to be reduced to these cheap races for cheap horses owned by men making their living by and from them, either the sport would have to put itself back in the hands of the professional gamblers or perish, and if the former, perish shortly anyway.

Every fresh accession to racing of a man of wealth is greeted with hat tossings by the least stable boy. He and all realize that these angels provide their livelihood directly or indirectly. They know also that, once infected with the racing fever, an owner's enthusiasm will survive anything short of bankruptcy or death. The latest notable recruit is Charles T. Fisher, one-seventh of the great Fisher Brothers fortune of Detroit.

It long has been axiomatic that racing stables are more expensive luxuries than steam yachts, but exact figures were lacking until J. E. Widener and George D. Widener, Philadelphia sportsmen, appealed a decision of the Treasury Department that losses incurred in the operation of their breeding farms and racing stables were not deductible from income-tax returns.

The United States Board of Tax Appeals sustained the appellants, thereby returning millions in income-tax refunds to wealthy horsemen—$350,000 to the Wideners. Joseph Widener has been racing for more than twenty years and is the owner of the celebrated Elmendorff stock farm near Lexington, Kentucky, bought from the estate of J. B. Haggin. His nephew entered racing in 1916 and owns both a blue-grass farm and the famous Erdenheim Stud, near Philadelphia, where Leamington, the great English horse, imported in 1865, stood for six years and where he is buried.

The dispute adjudicated by the tax board concerned only the years 1919–22 inclusive. In these four years the senior Widener's losses were $333,824. On Thoroughbreds bought and sold in these years his loss was more than $100,000. The board found that he took an active part in the management of the stables and farms, doing himself nearly everything except bet on the races.

The Unstable Stable Business

Dissatisfied with this showing, Mr. Widener later reorganized his racing interests, hired a new trainer and invested more money. He imported the stallion Stefan the Great, which in three years returned stud fees of $110,000, and bought at the dispersal of the late August Belmont's nursery stud, Man o' War's sire, Fair Play, for $100,000. Although this veteran then was more than twenty years old, this also proved to be a shrewd buy.

Similar results were recited by the tax board for George D. Widener's Erdenheim stables, the gross receipts of which in 1919 were $38,838 against expenses of $118,346. The nephew also has had more successful seasons recently, Jack High and other horses having won $155,884 for him in 1928, much more than his outlay for that season.

In 1919 three of J. E. Widener's horses died without insurance; Wynnewood and Huron which cost $4000 each were sold for $250 and $500 respectively; Germalkin and Royallieu cost $15,000 and were sold for $5000; Tapaguer cost $9400 and brought only $2000. The following year demonstrated even more strikingly how unstable an animal and how poor a commercial risk is the Thoroughbred.

"It may be unbelievable," says E. R. Bradley, "but the only year in which my Idle Hour Farm stable has shown a profit was 1926, when Bubbling Over and Bagenbaggage finished first and second in the Derby in my colors and the latter horse went on to take the Latonia Derby. Even in 1921, when my horses also finished one and two in the Derby, and in 1925, when another won the Latonia Derby, I lost money. I have been a horseman all my life and I consider the Idle Hour one of the world's finest Thoroughbred stock farms, but if I can hold the losses down by capturing some of the richer stakes, I count myself in luck. The larger the stable, the harder to break even."

The sport was strictly amateur from the first race run in the New World down to the 50's. In Colonial times and the early years of the republic, gentlemen owned Thoroughbreds as a matter of course, rode them for utility and pleasure, and matched their best against their neighbor's on occasion. When a horse became celebrated locally its owner frequently aspired to conquer more worlds, and the great races of the time were two-horse intersectional contests for a side bet, particularly between the North and South.

Such matches, like all races then, were run in heats, the best two out of three where two horses ran, as many as five heats where several competed, and a heat never was less than two miles. The longest flat races regularly run today are the Pimlico Cup and the Latonia Cup, each two and a quarter miles, but in a day when the saddle horse was a primary means of locomotion, endurance was its greatest virtue and breeding worked toward that end.

The early race meets either were such private contests or community outings of not more than two races, both probably open to any horse in the region. At the formal ante-bellum tracks of the South Carolina Jockey Club at Charleston and Metairie at New Orleans, virtually none but gentlemen planters in the vicinity competed, though the public attended largely and bet great sums.

Metairie, now a cemetery, with its graves above ground, as is the local practice, probably was the greatest American track before the Civil War. There Lecompte, the Northern horse, and Richard Ten Broeck's Lexington ran their great match in 1853, Lexington winning. New Orleans was crowded with visitors, most of them come down the river by steamboats, and the pool sellers were kept busy all the previous night Internal dissension broke out in the Metairie Jockey Club in the 70's and the course was converted, out of pique, it is said, into one of the city's principal burying grounds just in time to receive the victims of the last great yellow-fever epidemic. The duel in which Andrew Jackson killed Dickinson followed a match race in which Plow Boy defeated Truxton in two-mile heats for $5000.

But the first great national turf contest was the meeting between American Eclipse and Sir Henry on Long Island, May 23, 1823, for $20,000 a side; Col. William R. Johnson and John Randolph of Roanoke bringing Sir Henry from Virginia to settle a dispute that raged in every club and taproom. The race was twelve miles in three four-mile heats and there was a great outpouring to see this earliest North versus South contention.

A Crustacean Victory

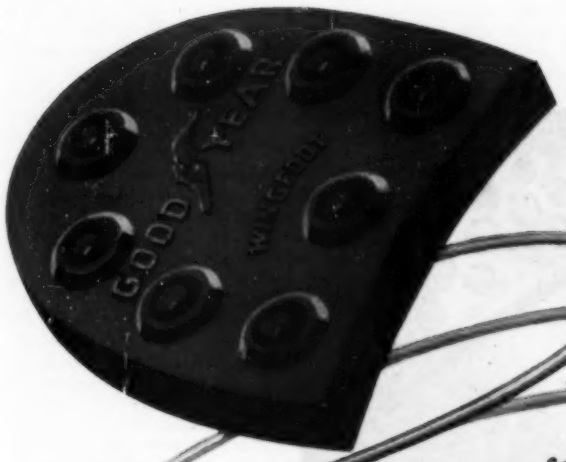
Upward of $200,000 in addition to the side money was bet and the Northern horse won. Colonel Johnson attended a wine and lobster dinner the night previous and failed to appear for his own show; leading the choleric Randolph of Roanoke to say that Sir Henry had been defeated not by Eclipse but by lobsters. Others argued that Eclipse had been disqualified by passing Sir Henry on the inside in one heat, where the rule was to pass on the right or outside. In his history of the American Thoroughbred, C. E. Trevathan cites the New York Evening Post's account to prove that Eclipse did pass to the wrong side. That newspaper story reads:

> Henry took the lead in the first heat until about two-thirds around on the third mile. Purdy—riding Eclipse—seized, with a quickness and dexterity peculiar to himself, the favorable moment that presented, and appearing to aim at the outside that he might gain the inside, made a dash at him accordingly, and passed him on the left.

Strictly amateur racing today is confined very largely to cross-country steeplechasing and hunt clubs. These are the recruiting grounds for and the open door to regular flat racing. Through it have passed a score of wealthy owners, including Mrs. Payne Whitney, Mrs. H. C. Phipps, Mrs. W. A. Harriman, Joseph Widener, Thomas Hitchcock, Howard Bruce, and Victor Emmanuel, all first interested through amateur meets. The National Steeplechase and Hunt Association, closely allied with the Jockey Club, is the parent body and has thirty-two meetings under its jurisdiction and has authorized eighty-seven hunt meets, principally in the Atlantic Seaboard states. Cavalry and artillery officers conduct recognized meets at such posts as Fort Riley, Kansas; Fort Sill, Oklahoma; and Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles by Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Stout. The second will appear in an early issue.

The Effect of Hidden Springs



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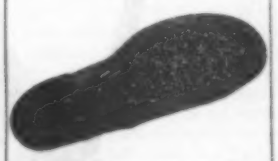

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TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

TROUT MEADOW

(Continued from Page 19)

for whose mouths the larvæ were destined. Her movements were incredibly swift, almost wrenlike in their jerkiness. Darting away from the nest, she took a zigzag course down to where the stream flowed through the open meadow and where her mate was hunting.

A varied thrush, heavy-bodied, bright-colored and sweet-voiced, sang intermittently from near the mouth of Chehalis' burrow. The big thrush had built her nest in the tangled, moss-hung roots of the great overthrown log. Various tiny flycatchers and warblers, also residents of the damp and gloomy forests, resorted to the little meadow for better hunting. Sly and secretive, all these creatures of the dark forests, they seldom emerged save in some very isolated little opening such as this, far removed from the haunts of man.

Chehalis worked intermittently throughout the day. When dusk came again, he emerged to investigate new territory. He completed his runway along the course of the second huge down log; then, from the far side of it, commenced another tunnel that led along the slope facing the meadow. He fashioned a branching side artery that dipped down to open at the very water's edge. The current whirled the excavated earth away.

Once he sat just outside this new exit and rested, protected by the overhanging bank. There was an occasional swirling chug of water in the eddying pool before him as a great trout broke surface in an explosive charge upon some luckless floating insect. Once the rush of the big fish carried it high above the surface and it fell back to the water with a resounding whack. For the most part, however, the only sounds were the sighing of the wind high in the tops of the mighty trees, the sucking gurgle of the current and the frothy pounding of the little waterfalls at the head of the meadow. A family of traveling otters came down the course of the stream that night, but the water carried the tidings of their coming to Chehalis' nose and he returned to one of his runways before their arrival. A savage head was thrust into his water-level doorway and two beady eyes peered in at him. He emitted his chattering growl, secure in the knowledge that the big beast could not reach him.

The great trout in that particular pool eluded the hunting otters by withdrawing into the tangled mass of drifted brush that graced one side of his favorite haunt.

Nightly, Chehalis collected neat bundles of forage, arranged sticks to keep the fodder off the wet earth and piled the food about his various doorways. His foresight in thus elevating his stores was evidenced by the heavy rains that drenched the forested hills day after day. The surface water ran under the raised bundles of forage, the air circulated beneath them and they dried quickly when the rains had ceased.

For the most part, he knew how to guard against his natural enemies. When in the open, his runways almost invariably led beneath the overhang of giant fallen tree trunks or through the heart of dense thickets. There he felt safe, for the owls could not pounce down upon him through such thick cover without betraying their approach by the rustle of lacy wings against the dense mat of brush tips above him. Marauding lynxes, bobcats and an occasional prowling mountain coyote or fox were betrayed by their scent before they could draw within striking range of him. These great forests were always wet, the air moist and heavy, and the wind on the floors of such dense coverts was fitful, shifting constantly in straying ribbons that were fanned by the current of the stream. So it was no easy matter for a four-footed killer to get the wind on Chehalis and stalk him. Little water courses trickled along the floors of his runways, fed by seepage from the heavy rains and, slight as these trickles were, they exerted sufficient suction to draw tiny drafts of air along their courses, and these served to carry to Chehalis' all-powerful nose a picture of all that transpired in the world outside his galleries.

One night he cruised along the thicket at the edge of the stream midway of the meadow. A doe and twin fawns had come out of the forest and were standing there in the bright moonlight. Chehalis paid small heed to them. But suddenly a great fear seized upon him. The water carried tidings that a mink was somewhere on the stream above. The downpouring water was rank with the scent of this dreaded killer. Chehalis had no defense against this little marauder. A mink could gallop at full tilt through the spacious six-inch galleries that Chehalis had constructed all along the slope.

He darted into the nearest entrance and scurried far up the sidehill through his underground corridors. Suddenly he began to dig off at an angle, thrusting the loosened earth back into the main passageway. When this had been packed full, he kept on, filling the hole behind him as he continued his frenzied tunneling. For half an hour he dug steadily. Then he desisted, trembling and fear-stricken as he listened for some evidence to denote that the mink had located him and was engaged in digging its way along the earth-filled route which Chehalis had just traveled. This was his one effective means of escape from a hunting mink. It was not that the ruse would serve to conceal his whereabouts from the prowling slayer. The keen nose of the mink would lead it to where Chehalis' trail had terminated in the earth-blocked passage and the pursuer would be well aware of the fact that the mountain beaver was digging desperately to escape. But unless faced by famine, a mink seldom would deliberately engage upon the arduous task of excavating in the wake of a tunneling mountain beaver.

For upward of an hour Chehalis waited. Having heard no sign of pursuit, he worked out toward the face of the slope and broke through in a patch of lofty ferns. There, in the depths of the fern jungle, he dug a few roots and appeased his mounting hunger. Later, upon entering his galleries, it was to discover that the mink had explored a portion of them, having tracked the owner to the point where his frenzied tunneling had started. The moist corridors still were rank with the recent scent of the killer.

Aside from eating, Chehalis' chief passion was for engineering. Apparently it was his belief that the one worthwhile objective in life was to construct as many yards of six-inch tunnel as time would permit. For a hundred feet up and down the slope, and for more than that distance along the face of it, he had laid out an elaborate series of such spacious galleries. Between various exits there was a network of surface trails, all of them sheltered by the overhanging edges of fallen trees or the tangled tops of thickets or fern jungles.

Every night Chehalis gathered his neat bundles of nettles, lupins, ferns and various shrubs and stacked them on sticks or other débris near the mouths of his many doorways. Frequently, when the days had been sufficiently dry to cure such forage to his liking, he carried quantities of it inside and stored the food in side chambers which he dug for the purpose along his different galleries. The floors of these storage chambers were left slightly higher than those of the passages themselves, for the excessive moisture of the region made trickling rivulets of the bottoms of his main galleries. Whenever such streams grew to troublesome dimensions, Chehalis cut outlet channels for them. At two different points he constructed nest cavities almost two feet in diameter. There he fashioned deep, soft beds of dried fern hay.

The upstream end of his construction work overlapped somewhat upon the engineering efforts of another member of his clan. He made occasional use of this neighbor's surface runways and, in rare instances, traversed a few yards of her galleries. Perhaps Chehalis knew that this young female—during her second year, which is the age when the mountain beaver takes a wife—was destined to become his mate. If so, the knowledge failed to inspire him with any present ardor for her companionship, as the two mountain beavers spent very little time together. Engineering and curing food and eating it seemed to constitute for Chehalis a full and eminently satisfactory existence.

Some half dozen or more of his lower doorways opened at the water's edge or just above it along the course of the stream from the falls down to a point opposite the center of the meadow. Just inside these various lower doorways he spent much time, for here his nose not only kept him informed by means of the air currents but also by means of the water. The current carried down with it the scent of every creature that crossed the stream for many yards above.

From within these doorways he peered forth upon the activities of all creatures that resorted to the stream or to the meadow beyond it. The two water ouzels, and later their two young, passed and repassed before Chehalis' eyes, being carried on the water, light as air, or walking on the stream bed as if weighted there by leaden bodies. In another matter, also, did these birds violate the usual in Nature's scheme of things. Save for burrowing owls, bank swallows, kingfishers and some few other burrowing birds, few, indeed, of the feathered folk but have a wholesome dread of venturing underground. Perhaps they know that snakes, skunks, minks, badgers, weasels and other deadly enemies of their tribe lurk in such underground retreats and so will never venture to enter them. But these amazing mountain dippers penetrated Chehalis' lower galleries from the water's edge whenever so inclined. The cool, wet depths of these galleries afforded refuge for many grubs and insects. The ouzels entered the dark tunnels in search of them. It was not unusual for Chehalis, heading toward some water-level exit, to find one or both of the dippers racing along the floor of the tunnel ahead of him, to flit from its mouth before he reached it. They seemed not to flee in fear of him, but rather to avoid crowding in such narrow quarters.

His corridors also became the hunting ground for other strange creatures of these dark and water-soaked forests. Tiny shrews, the smallest of the earth's hunting mammals, no larger than the two first joints of a young girl's finger, abounded in the deep moss, bark and leaf mold of the forest floor. Tirelessly, these creatures hunted their prey. Grubs, beetles, earthworms, snails, slugs and insects of all sorts were slain and devoured in swift succession. So voracious is the appetite of the shrew that he devours thrice his own weight in a day in order to feel comfortably fed. For his size, he has five times the ferocity and killing power that the tiger and other large carnivores possess for theirs.

Daily, Chehalis met several of these tiny warriors plunging through his various galleries on their ceaseless hunting excursions. One day as he rested on his bed of ferns in his nest cavity, he was roused by the patter of tiny feet and observed a wood mouse making free with his store of fern roots that he had placed on a storage shelf across the corridor from the den cavity. His temper was unruffled by any such small pilfering as this, since he was accustomed to having his stores raided by marauding wood mice. Suddenly a tiny shrew came down the passage, scaled the edge of the storage shelf and rushed the big wood mouse with headlong ferocity.

The mouse shrank away in terror, and would have leaped to safety, but the rush of the little shrew was too impetuous and deadly. It leaped into the air and closed with the mouse. The latter bit savagely while struggling to break the shrew's hold, but so intense and instantly recurrent were the attacks of the tiny killer that the mouse could not break away. Neither did its longer teeth, greater spread of jaws and greater power avail to discourage its tiny antagonist, but rather tended to increase its ferocious determination.

So great was the disparity in the size of the two combatants that had the combat occurred between larger killers, an onlooker would have been impressed with the thought that a lynx had attacked a lion.

The courage of the mouse broke first and it gave vent to a series of terrified squeals. The little chamber was filled with the strangling screams of the mouse and the savage, fighting squeaks of the deadly shrew. At last the clamor subsided to a few faint protesting squeals on the part of the mouse. Without as much as pausing to regain its breath, the shrew began tearing vicious mouthfuls from the head and foreparts of its vanquished adversary.

Chehalis nibbled at a lupin stalk and slept again. When he woke, it was to find the shrew still eating ravenously, a fourth of the carcass of the mouse already having vanished down the capacious maw of the terrible little killer.

The mountain beaver wandered on about his engineering affairs. Several times he passed that way in the course of his business and still the shrew fed as ravenously as before. Within a space of five hours the last shred of the mouse had disappeared and Chehalis met the shrew engaged in devouring an earthworm a few yards farther along the corridor.

On another occasion, two shrews met in his domain and clashed over the possession of a beetle. The tiny gladiators fought to the death and the victor held a cannibal feast upon the remains of the vanquished, devouring the last morsel of the fallen foe without quitting the spot.

The queer hellgramites, having spent their larval period in the icy waters of the stream, with somewhat the actions and appearance of crawfish, now began their weird metamorphosis, as if to add the crowning triumph to the strangeness of the life of Chehalis' neighborhood. They were crawling from the water and ascending the overhanging grass and bushes along the margin of the stream; there to leave their hard and empty shells while they emerged and took wing as trout flies, much after the fashion in which the larvæ of the cicada, having the appearance of miniature rhinoceroses, were coming from the earth to ascend the trees and leave their empty shells clinging there as if in life.

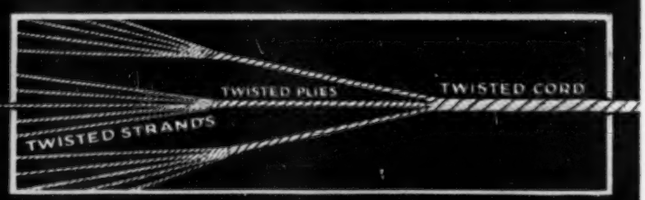
The swirling leaps of the great trout in the pool across from Chehalis' favorite side door revealed the fact that the big fish was feasting hugely on these creatures both before and after their metamorphosis into trout flies.

The fiendish little shrews, too, found good hunting among the numerous swarms of emerging insects. Chehalis watched while a shrew followed the length of a drooping willow twig and fiercely wolfed one after another of the creeping hellgramites that sought to ascend from the tip that trailed into the water. Other eyes, too, were trained upon this performance. From the depths of the pool the goggle-eyes of the great trout watched that tiny shape in the night. There was an upward rush of a vague form in the black water, an explosion of the surface, and the shrew vanished into the gaping jaws of the leaping trout.

The matted grass of the meadow was honeycombed by a network of runways fashioned among its roots by meadow mice.

(Continued on Page 62)

Why Firestone Tires



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(Continued from Page 59)

Frequently, floating across the creek to the ears of Chehalis, came the shrill, agonized squeals of a mouse and the fighting squeaks of some embattled shrew as one of the vicious little marauders, traversing the runways of the meadow, assaulted and devoured one of the meadow mice.

The emerging hellgramites also whetted the appetites of the mice for meat and lured them to the creek bank. Some, too eager in pursuit, fell from overhanging brush or grass into the water. Always there came that fatal rush of the dark body from the depth of the pool, that explosive eruption of the surface to indicate the fate of another luckless wood mouse, meadow mouse or shrew. Scarcely a night during the two weeks of the metamorphosis period of the trout flies that failed to account for at least one or two mice or shrews that fell prey to the lurking killer of the pool.

The cold tang of frost in the night air apprised the wild things of the approach of winter, and the hibernating rodents redoubled their activities in gathering and storing food for the long cold months to come. Chehalis, who had been storing forage throughout the summer, then permitting the greater part of it to go to waste, merely held to his accustomed routine course of putting a little in storage each day between spells of his all-engrossing work as an engineer. The fern jungles and beds of nettles blackened and bent to the ground. The leaves of cow parsnips and skunk cabbages drooped on their heavy stalks after the first few bitter frosts.

The dipper family, snatching a few last-moment insects, headed south, and Chehalis saw these queer, feathered characters no more. The varied thrush and her young departed. Creepers, flycatchers and warblers winged their way southward to summer climes and their songs sounded no more from the forest.

Still Chehalis continued to engineer. What use he could find for more galleries and underground retreats it is difficult to say, but that he felt the urge to construct still more was quite evident. His workings now overlapped those of his young female neighbor on the upstream side and occasionally the two mountain beavers met in their underground or surface rambles. They could spare but little time from their engineering labors, however, to be wasted in mere social amenities, and such consortings were brief indeed.

A storm swooped in from the Pacific and howled across the hills for two days, leaving a heavy blanket of snow in its wake. Chehalis cleared it away from his doorways, but another heavy snowfall soon sealed them over again. His days of curing hay and storing it were over. There was now three feet of snow on the level.

Nevertheless, he had small need for the cured food that was stored in such quantities at various points in his underground workings. Instead of holing up for the winter and subsisting upon the fruits of his previous labors, he continued to prowl abroad as persistently as before, and there was food in plenty for those with the hardihood to venture forth in search of it. There were prime fresh roots for the digging, delicious bark and the tender twigs to be nibbled deep beneath the surface of the snow.

Chehalis kept many of his surface runways open, now roofed over with many feet of snow. He engineered in this new soft substance with the same untiring energy that had characterized his operations underground. The whole sidehill was soon honeycombed with galleries, trails to numerous favorite feeding grounds and sundry surface openings from which he peered forth upon a frozen world when so inclined.

Woodchucks, squirrels and chipmunks had gone into the long sleep of hibernation, and Chehalis saw them abroad no more. The indomitable little shrews, however, refused to quit the meat trail. Over the surface of the snow and deep beneath it rambled these tiniest of all mammal warriors. Every day Chehalis met many of this savage clan deep beneath the drifts, seeking in the moss beds, heaps of wood rot and behind slabs of bark for dormant larvæ and hibernating insects. These little hunters now were forced to resort to a measure of vegetable food to supplement their favorite meat diet. Naturally, they made free with the scattered quantities of fine roots and cured plant stalks that had been deposited earlier by the industrious mountain beaver.

Mice, too, followed the underground galleries to these food caches, intent upon rifling them. Whenever caught at such nefarious practices by the terrible little shrews, such marauding mice were assaulted and converted into rations.

All such activities and tragedies interested Chehalis not at all. The almighty urge to construct more and still more yardage of tunnels kept him occupied. He crossed one day into his neighbor's domain, found her engaged in clearing out a snow tunnel and watched her for a moment. She left off her labors and the two touched noses briefly. Then the young she beaver returned to her task and Chehalis strolled on. He nibbled a root or two from one of her caches, then started a snow tunnel from one of her little-used exits for no other reason than that it seemed to him that an extra tunnel might help the place. When he headed for home, it was by way of the surface of the snow, across which he traveled for upward of two hundred feet. Upon diving beneath the crust and digging his way to the bottom of the drift, it was to find himself squarely in the center of one of his own sidehill exits, further evidence of his infallible engineering instinct.

To just what end this excessive labor tended, save perhaps as a mere outlet for his own abundant energies, is not quite clear. One purpose, however, even if not the intended one, his labors served. Insects had found retreats in which to hibernate in Chehalis' underground corridors. The hungry shrews resorted there to hunt them. Even though Chehalis himself consumed but a fraction of the overabundant supplies of food he had stored away during days of plenty, the shrews and the mice profited abundantly from them now during these lean days of winter.

Twice during the winter Chehalis' quarters were invaded by a questing mink, once by a marauding marten. In each instance he saved himself by digging with all possible speed and filling in the hole behind him. On several occasions, lynxes tunneled into his snow galleries in search of him, but failed to disturb him much, as he simply retreated underground until such invaders had departed. On occasion, too, his neighbor came over, as if to assure herself that he was busy as he should be. Satisfied of this, she soon scurried back to resume her own important tasks.

Perhaps such easy work as excavating in snow impressed Chehalis as unworthy of his best efforts; or perhaps he realized that the spring melt-off would destroy all such elaborate galleries and render his labors futile. In any event, he soon began to engage again in his favorite pastime of working underground. He made a long tunnel along the sidehill just above the creek, with various exits close to the water line. In order to facilitate the disposal of the excavated earth, he worked out spots in the base of the deep snow drifts to serve as receiving pockets. Into these he packed the fresh earth as it was extracted from his new tunnels.

From this main gallery he constructed many branching arteries that led in every direction up the face of the slope. Many of his former snow runways were utilized as mine dumps and filled with freshly mined earth from the depths. The seepage from the snow drifts impregnated the soft dirt. Pressure molded it until it could be compressed no more solidly.

Spring came, and with it the gradual melt-off of the drifts. A little at a time, almost imperceptibly, they shrank and flattened. Bare patches appeared here and there, the close-furled, asparaguslike tips of the skunk cabbage thrusting through the leaf mold as the thinning edges of the drifts shrank back protestingly. Myriads of little gilt-and-green shoots, their tips close-curled back upon themselves, reared a bit higher each day, uncurling as they lifted and revealing themselves as the fishhook shoots that were destined to uncoil into lofty ferns.

Then song came again to the silent forest. Flycatchers and warblers burst into a flood of mating melody. The varied thrushes, rebuilding their nest in the roots of the fallen forest monarch, gave voice to robinlike cheeps.

Chehalis, peering from one of his water-level doorways, saw the pair of mountain dippers appear with a flurry of excitement. As if to test their strange abilities, the hen bird consigned her body to the frothy current, which bore it as buoyantly as if she were but a bubble, while her mate walked casually upon the bottom of the stream, as if weighted there by lead.

A human observer, aware that this isolated spot was the abode of strange creatures, might also have suspected that here strange gods consorted. For the slope above presented some startlingly weird features, as if some mad sculptor had indulged in an orgy of fashioning in plastic clay the products of his distorted imaginings, leaving the modeled figures of his nightmare here to adorn the abode of strange beasts and birds. One figure had the appearance of a gigantic serpent six inches in diameter and thirty feet in length, writhing its way diagonally up the slope. Another might have been a great toad squatting there. All told, perhaps a score of such grotesque modelings appeared.

But the two dippers—queer birds themselves—knew this as the work not of a mad human sculptor but of a mad four-footed engineer. Pressed tightly into the snow molds fashioned to receive his excavated matter, the earth left there by Chehalis during his mining operations had been pressed by the packing snow and the earth forms left there as the drifts had melted. They stood now as monuments to Chehalis' untiring winter energies; would continue to stand until the summer rains sluiced them down into nothingness in evidence of the futility of such pointless labors.

The GREATER HUDSON

If you did not know the price you would say, "There is a very costly car"

From whatever viewpoint you regard it—whether rich appearance, luxurious appointment or brilliant performance—if you did not know the price of the greater Hudson you would say, "There is a very costly car."

* * *

On the standard chassis nine models are offered—the Coach, Standard Sedan, Coupe, Roadster, Phaeton, Town Sedan, Convertible Coupe, Landau Sedan and Victoria, ranging from $1095 to $1500 at factory. On the long chassis there are five models—the 4-passenger Sport Phaeton, the 7-passenger Phaeton, the 5-passenger Club Sedan, the 7-passenger Sedan and the 7-passenger Limousine, with a price range from $1850 to $2100 at factory.

Standard Equipment includes: *4 hydraulic two-way shock absorbers—electric gas and oil gauge—radiator shutters—saddle lamps—windshield wiper—rear view mirror—electrolock—controls on steering wheel—all bright parts chromium-plated.*

$1095
AND UP... *at factory*

92 DEVELOPED HORSEPOWER—ABOVE 80 MILES AN HOUR

Keep your MONEY

Don't Let Your Income Go for NEEDLESS *Repair Bills; 80% Are Due to Improper Lubrication of Your Car*

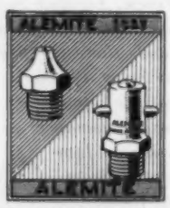
THERE is one simple rule in operating a car economically. Keep it properly lubricated. 80% of all repair bills, according to highest automotive authority, come from IMPROPER LUBRICATION.

By equipping your car with the Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System its maker has provided you with a simple means to Proper Lubrication . . . provided you USE IT PROPERLY.

Merely running your car into the ordinary "Greasing Station" claiming "High Pressure Greasing" does NOT constitute PROPER LUBRICATION . . . even though you do this regularly.

A special type of lubricant is required in the Alemite Systems. Inferior grease, or the wrong type of grease, is almost as ineffective as NO lubrication at all.

The SAFE way is to go regularly to a Genuine ALEMITE-ING Station for lubrication service. To avoid the ordinary "Greasing Station," so-called, entirely,



Over 95% of the cars selling today, including the new Ford, are equipped with either the Alemite or Alemite-Push Type System. Both are equally efficient. In buying Alemite fittings be sure that the word "Alemite" is stamped on the body as shown above.

Your Protection

Genuine Alemite-ing Stations now are everywhere. The yellow sign shown above identifies them. Efficient mechanics serve you in those stations. Genuine Alemite Lubricants, especially for use in the Alemite and Alemite Push Type Systems, made by the makers of those systems themselves, are used in those stations. Consider what that means.

Go to them for service. Ask to have your car ALEMITED. You will find, like thousands of motorists everywhere have found, that MOST REPAIR BILLS are avoidable. Find, too, squawkless riding, longer car life and far greater pleasure from your car.

What Alemite-ing Consists Of

1. BEARINGS: Alemite High Pressure Lubricant forced into every vital chassis bearing with Alemite equipment by expert Alemite mechanics—every 500 miles.

2. GEARS: Differential and transmission thoroughly flushed out by a special Alemite process. New Alemite Gear Lubricant forced in—every 2,500 miles.

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Wherever you see one of the signs shown above, just drive your car in and try this service. You will notice an immediate difference in the way your car runs.

Alemite Manufacturing Corporation, Division of Stewart-Warner, 2646 N. Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Canadian Address: The Alemite Products Company of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario.

A New Service

Ask your dealer, garage or service man for details on the new Alemite Service. R. A. S.—Recorded Alemite Service.

A plan that will warrant a remarkable increase in the *resale value* of your car. A plan endorsed and sponsored by leading car dealers throughout the country . . . R. A. S.—get details from dealer, garage or service stations.

VIGILANTE

(Continued from Page 21)

that the upper end, at an angle of forty-five degrees, thrust itself out into the street beyond the building line. A rope was made fast to the log, and a hangman's knot—nine turns of the rope's end about the looped standing part—left dangling above the empty packing case placed in position as a drop.

"There yuh are!"

Scattered through the crowd were many men who, though not actively allied with the Innocents, tolerated them as good fellows and free-spending, jolly partners on many a carouse in the saloons and honky-tonks that lined the gulch. Many of these men became infected with the spirit of Ives' companions and joined in their angry denunciations as the murderer was marched to the packing box and Davis adjusted the noose about his throat.

"Turn him loose!"

"Banish him!"

"Cut the rope!"

"Shoot the stranglers!"

"Hang Long John too! He peached on his pals!"

A rush toward the warehouse where Franck, Hilderman and Crowell were still in confinement was repulsed by the guards stationed there, and the men came surging back to shout new threats about the foot of the improvised gallows. Most terrible of all sounds is the muttering, throaty roar of a leaderless mob.

"Men, Do Your Duty!"

The moon had risen, and in its clear light every detail was visible—the doomed man on the box, the triple ring of guards around him, the grimly lined faces of Sanders, Williams, Byam, Davis and Hereford. As the sheriff of Junction leaped down, Ives spoke.

"I am innocent"—he uttered the road agents' password—"I am innocent of this crime."

He said no more. The next words that were spoken became the motto of the vigilantes and are cast in bronze on the base of the statue of Wilbur Fisk Sanders in the rotunda of Montana's beautiful state capitol.

"Men, do your duty!"

A hundred shotguns and rifles leaped to the shoulders of the guards. Unconsciously the crowd shrank back; those in the front ranks pushing against the men in the rear. There was a second's hush and two of the sentries—Nelson Story and Benjamin Ezekiel—jerked the box from beneath George Ives' feet. The killer of Thiebalt twitched once or twice and hung motionless in the silver moonlight, his head thrust over on his right shoulder by the bulky knot beneath his left ear.

A man sat at an unpainted pine table in a closely shuttered room of a house in Nevada. A candle cast a flickering light on the paper in front of him. He wrote laboriously, with frequent pauses to dip his pen in the bottle or to study the words. The other men in the room, their bearded faces revealed in bronzy lights and dark shadows by the fitful illumination of the candles along the log walls, waited in silence. Finally the penman rose, cleared his throat and read:

"We, the undersigned, uniting ourselves in a party for the Laudible purpos of arresting thievs & murderers & recovering stollen propperty do pledge ourselves upon our sacred honor each to all others & solemnly swear that we will reveal no secrets, violate no laws of right & never desert each other or our standerd of justice so help us God as witness our hand & seal this 23 of December A D 1863."

He ceased reading.

"Ain't that about what we want?"

No changes were suggested. One after another, the men—twenty-four of them—placed their "hand & seal" on the document. The man that wrote it never signed. A blank space, obviously intended for his name, remains today on the stained paper.

The identity of that writer is lost in the lamentable anonymity that has cloaked so many incidents of those years of Montana's infancy. John S. Lott is generally credited with the authorship of the Vigilante Oath, but although it was left in his possession, at no time during his life did Lott assert he had written it, and the penmanship is noticeably unlike Lott's hand. Chief Justice Llewellyn L. Callaway, of the Montana Supreme Court, a profound student of vigilante history, has only recently become convinced that the document is not in the handwriting of James Williams. A comparison of the oath with letters written by Williams shows clearly that they were not penned by the same hand.

In a history of Montana written in 1913 it is implied, though not categorically stated, that Wilbur Fisk Sanders wrote and administered that oath. The thought is ridiculous. Sanders' education absolutely precluded his misspelling such simple words as "stolen," "property," and "standard"; and no man of legal training and experience would use phraseology such as that employed in the oath. The handwriting is totally unlike that of the official prosecutor of the vigilante organization.

In the signing of that oath was born the most remarkable, the most ruthless, and the most mercilessly just organization in the history of America. Patterned after the vigilance committee formed fifteen years earlier by William T. Colman in San Francisco, but operating over a vastly greater territory, in less than six weeks from the time of its creation the vigilance committee of Montana had broken the entrenched power of an organized lawless element, had made the country safe to live in, and had demonstrated that law, order and justice were to prevail in a territory that as yet possessed no duly appointed judiciary.

Lawless? Yes; unless one is willing to recognize the fundamental law of self and community protection. Merciless? Yes; but the times themselves were merciless and the cruelty of the vigilantes was to prove that the weak had a right to survival equal to that possessed by the strong.

Who organized the vigilantes? No point in Montana history has brought about more discussion, and considerable ill feeling has resulted from efforts to fasten upon one individual the entire credit for the creation of the organization.

Now it Can be Told

Dimsdale, writing while a resident of Virginia City in 1864, was in a position to ascertain the precise facts, but he never published his findings. He was told very bluntly to use no names, and he heeded the injunction with a deplorable scrupulousness. He says:

Two sister towns—Virginia and Nevada—claimed the honor of taking the first steps toward the formation of a vigilance committee. The truth is that five men in Virginia and one in Nevada commenced simultaneously to take the initiative in the matter. Two days had not elapsed before their efforts were united, and when once a beginning had been made the ramifications of the league of safety and order extended in a week or two all over the territory. . . .

They are dead who warned the Virginia City teacher and editor to keep silent as to names and dates; their injunction no longer holds and the story can be told.

While the trial of Ives was in progress five men held a meeting in Kinna & Nye's store in Virginia City and determined on the formation of a vigilance committee.

This secret meeting was probably held on December 20, 1863, and the five were Paris S. Pfouts, Nicholas Wall, Alvin W. Brockie, John Nye and Wilbur F. Sanders. All except the last were residents of Virginia City. Sanders made his home in Bannack.

"We agreed to hold another meeting the following night," says Pfouts in describing the event, "and each one of us was to bring such other gentlemen as were willing to unite with us in the cause, but the utmost caution was to be observed in inviting none but those known to be trustworthy."

Pfouts does not mention the proceedings of this second meeting, but it is practically, though not categorically, confirmed by Adriel B. Davis, who writes:

In about three days after the hanging of Ives the original vigilante committee—that is, the first twelve, were sworn in as vigilantes in Fox's blue house, which formerly stood where the Masonic Temple is now on Wallace Street in Virginia City. . . . The meeting was called by Paris Pfouts and Sanders. When we got there it was suggested that we organize a vigilante committee for self-protection.

He mentions that those present included Wilbur F. Sanders, Paris S. Pfouts, James Williams, J. M. Fox, A. B. Davis, John S. Lott, and

a young man who clerked in McClurg's store, whose name I have forgotten and can't get, but he was from California and was the one who administered the oath to us. The question arose as to how we should organize, and this man from California suggested he had the oath and told us what the particulars were and how the committee was organized in California, and he suggested organizing on the same principles, which we did, and he administered the oath.

This was subsequent to the meeting of December twenty-third, at which the men of Nevada organized and signed the oath quoted hereinbefore; the only dated and actually contemporaneous documentary evidence of any of these first vigilante meetings.

The Only Punishment

The fact that a number of meetings were held is further borne out by Pfouts' narrative:

I and Colonel Sanders were for immediate and decisive action, but no conclusion was definitely arrived at. We continued our meetings and in the course of three or four days the number was increased to about fifty, and all among the best and most reliable citizens of Virginia City and in the mining camps surrounding it, when they resolved upon the selection of a president, or "chief." Other engagements prevented me from being present when this selection was made, and I was astonished to learn that I had been selected as the head of the committee, with full power to organize and control the whole.

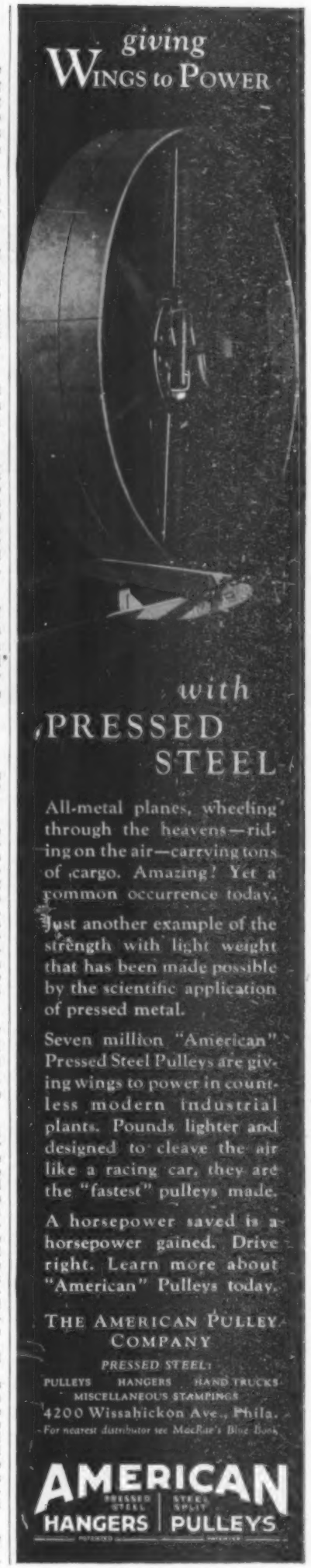
It was at the meeting mentioned by Davis and Pfouts that the Regulations and Bye-Laws of the vigilantes were submitted and adopted. As a historical document, the constitution, in the precise hand of the unknown clerk, is priceless.

It shall be the duty of members to attach themselves to some company, and whenever any criminal act shall come to their knowledge to inform his Captain or Lieutenant of the same, when the officers so informed shall call together the members of his Company—unless the Company has chosen a committee for such purpose—when they shall proceed to investigate the case, and ellicit the facts and should the said company conclude that the person charged with any offense should be punished by the committee, the Captain or Lieutenant will first take steps to arrest the Criminal and then report the same, with proof, to the chief, who will thereupon call a meeting of the Executive Committee, and the judgment of such Executive Committee shall be final.

The only punishment that shall be inflicted by this Committee is Death.

The property of any person executed by this committee shall be immediately seized upon and disposed of by the Executive committee for the purpose of paying the Expenses of the Committee, and should the persons executed have creditors living in this Territory, it shall be the duty of the committee to first pay the Expenses of the Committee and Executive & Funeral Expenses, afterwards to pay the residue over to some one for the benefit of said creditors.

For years the identity of the members of the organization was carefully concealed.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All-metal planes, wheeling through the heavens—riding on the air—carrying tons of cargo. Amazing? Yet a common occurrence today.
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Better look at your watch-chain

CERTAINLY other people notice it—perhaps it needs your scrutiny! In just what condition *is* that watch-chain of yours? Smart, right up to the clothes you're wearing . . . or is it battered and old, with worn, tired-out links . . . years too late in style?

Isn't it time for a new chain—a Simmons Chain? A new Simmons Chain is good-looking and stays that way; durable and able to stand years of hard wear. More, the cost is quite reasonable. Ask your jeweler to show you his assortment of Simmons Chains—there are any number of recent, authoritative designs—and then select *your* chain . . . perhaps the one above, which is No. 30718 at $8 in yellow-gold-filled. In white or green or a combination of both, at $9. R. F. Simmons Company, Attleboro, Massachusetts.

SIMMONS TRADE MARK CHAINS

The watch wears it's a Simmons

Dimsdale actually mentions only one, Biedler, and cloaks him under his nickname of X. Langford mentions a few—a very few—of the leaders of the movement. Few realize that at one time or another the major portion of the respectable citizens of that section of the country was included on the vigilante rolls, either as supporters, as contributors to the expenses of the organization, or as active members of some one of the many companies.

No man, with the possible exception of Joseph A. Slade, suffered capital punishment at the hands of the vigilantes who had not earned every inch of the rope that swung him into eternity. The entire list, from Ives to Hunter, was a roster of gunmen, murderers, cutthroats and thieves.

A Man With Leather in Him

The first act of the executive committee was the ratification of the election of Paris S. Pfouts as president, James Williams as executive officer, and Wilbur F. Sanders as official prosecutor. These three, with John S. Lott, the treasurer, were the outstanding figures of the vigilantes. Sanders won his spurs during the trial of George Ives. Pfouts was one of the leading merchants of Virginia City, a man of poise and of wise counsel. Lott was also a merchant, in business with his brother Mortimer in Nevada. He was a magnificent executive and organizer as well as a field leader.

Williams—Captain Jim Williams—was the real head of the vigilantes. Sensitive, shy, self-effacing, he hurled himself into the work with the savage intensity of his Covenanter forbears and when that work was done he retired to his ranch on Williams Creek and shunned any aggrandizement. Dimsdale's papers conceal his identity, mentioning him only by indirection as the "leader," or "captain," of the various expeditions.

"They had an idea I had some leather in me, I guess," was the only explanation ever given by Williams of how he was drawn into the vigilante movement. Leather! Today's vocabulary knows a shorter but scarcely less expressive synonym for courage and determination!

James Williams was a Pennsylvanian, born on a farm nine miles from Greensburg, January 9, 1832. He was twenty-three when he left for Rock Island, Illinois. His progress westward was slow. A year or more in Kansas, a similar residence at Pikes Peak, and then to the new gold discoveries on Grasshopper Creek.

He possessed an almost uncanny faculty for appraising men. A few words—sometimes only a glance—would tell him infallibly which of three or four suspects was the weakling. Ninety per cent of the confessions made by captured bandits are directly traceable to this ability of Williams, and his shrewdness in questioning them.

Under ordinary circumstances he was mild enough. His sons have told of pranks they played on their father—one of them was the substitution of a ball of mud-plastered straw for the chew of tobacco he had laid aside while getting a drink at the well—and with what good spirit he retaliated when possible, or took the joke on himself. But when his anger was once roused, his blue eyes turned as black as jet, and men who boasted that they could not be backed down stepped quietly out of his path or gave up their weapons at his command.

His idealist's soul yielded in battle with the less tangible foe of financial and domestic worries. On February 21, 1887, discouraged and sick at heart, he crept like a wounded animal into a tangle of brush along a creek bottom on his ranch and drained a bottle of laudanum.

A doggerel verse marks the tablet placed to his memory in the rotunda of the state capitol in Helena:

The sluice was left unguarded
When Williams' work was done,
And trails were safe for honest men
Through victories he had won.

The testimony of Franck had shown clearly that while George Ives had murdered Thiebalt, Aleck Carter was almost equally guilty. Carter was the object of Captain Jim Williams' first expedition. He and twenty men rode out of Alder Gulch a day or two after the New Year. In the McCarty Mountains they encountered Erastus—Red—Yeager, not then suspected of being an Innocent.

"We're looking for Aleck Carter," Williams told him.

"Carter and Bill Bunton and Whisky Bill Graves are all at Deer Lodge, and drunk," Yeager said and rode on. Once out of sight, he cut around the vigilante party and killed two horses carrying warning to Tom Reilly's ranch, where the outlaws were camped.

When the vigilantes arrived, Reilly told them: "Red Yeager come over here yesterday with a letter sayin': 'Get up and dust and lie low for black ducks,' and they all went over the divide last night. Here's the letter."

"That's George Brown's writing!" one man exclaimed.

"So Bill Bunton said," put in Reilly. "And he said George knew what he was talkin' about, and they all piled out to the corral and saddled up."

On their way back to Alder Gulch, Williams and his men learned that Yeager was at Rattlesnake, twenty miles up the river, and there they arrested him. Buck Stinson and Ned Ray, Plummer's Bannack deputies, also were at Rattlesnake at the moment, and the fact that these two Innocents were permitted to go unmolested is proof that the vigilantes as yet had no thorough knowledge of the personnel of the bandit organization. The posse rode on with Yeager to Dempsey's Cottonwood Ranch, and there bagged George Brown, whose ostensible vocation was that of bartender at the resort.

Brown was a craven soul, but lacking the courage to kill. He and Yeager were questioned separately, then confronted with each other and an explanation demanded of the discrepancies in their stories. Brown admitted writing the letter of warning to "the boys" and dispatching it by Yeager as soon as he had learned of the vigilante expedition. The guilt of both men was apparent.

Williams and eight men remained with the prisoners while the balance of the party rode on to Virginia City to confer with Pfouts and Sanders and obtain approval of their course. They returned on the night of January 4, 1864, and roused Yeager and Brown, who were sleeping in the barroom of the stage station. No explanation was necessary.

Yeager shrugged his shoulders.

"It's tough," he said slowly, "but I earned it years ago. There's plenty in the gang worse than I am though. I'd die happy if I'd know they were going to swing too. I'm not saying this to get off either!"

Help From the Enemy

"It won't get you off, Red," answered Williams, "but if you really want to help, you can tell what you know."

He was silent for a moment and then spoke again, slowly and softly. Only those who stood near him heard his words—terrible in their bitter hatred.

"Bill Hunter got me into all this—blank-blank his soul! Get him if you don't get another one!

"The chief," he began, "is Henry Plummer!"

An involuntary movement of surprise on the part of practically every man in the room checked him.

"Henry Plummer!"

"The sheriff!"

Yeager's lip curled as he nodded.

"Yes, Henry Plummer! You'll find out I'm right. And the others ——"

While Red was making his sweeping revelations the miserable spy Brown was begging for mercy, interrupting his comrade again and again with prayers for the squaw and the family of half-breed children he had left in Minnesota.

Two tall cottonwoods a few hundred yards from the ranch house were chosen as the most suitable gallows. Two stools were carried from the barroom and placed one on top of the other to serve as a drop. Yeager stood by unmoved, as his comrade, with a shout of "God Almighty save my soul!" on his lips, was hung. When his own turn came, he shook hands with all of his executioners and climbed bravely to the scaffold. Williams asked him if he had any last requests.

"Only that you keep on and get the rest of the gang," answered Yeager.

"Red," said Williams earnestly, "we'll do it if there's such a thing in the book!"

A Victim of Lead Poisoning

No man can explain the method by which Bannack learned so promptly of the execution of Brown and Yeager on the Stinking Water, but the sun had not set upon their swinging bodies before an account was being passed from mouth to mouth in the town on Grasshopper Creek.

Presently—borne by the winds, for all any man knew to the contrary—came the rumor that Red had talked.

Henry Plummer heard the news as soon as anyone in Bannack. It was probably his own remarkable spy system that was responsible for its rapid transmission. Did they suspect him, he asked himself. And, more vital still, how much did they know? Was Judge Edgerton's dignified acknowledgment of his greeting prompted by a hypocrisy equal to the sheriff's own?

A day or two passed with no further alarming developments, and the sheriff's fears were somewhat allayed. Everything seemed about as usual in the town. Then, on Saturday morning, three horsemen rode into the town. One of them, riding between the other two, disarmed and with his every move closely watched, was Dutch John Wagner, Steve Marshland's colleague in the hold-up of the Moody pack train, and still bearing in his shoulder the wound that had been given him by Moody on that occasion. The other men were Neil Howie and John Fetherstun.

He was a gloomy, sinister figure—this Dutch John Wagner. He could not appreciate the lighter side of life—such subtle japes as that perpetrated by Ives and Gallagher when, with some kindred Innocents, Dutch John among them, they robbed and killed a trader on his way to the Mormon settlements, got roaring drunk on the whisky the slain man carried, and decided to hold an inquest.

"Here's a feller been killed!" one shouted. "'S a case of death b' vi'lence! Gotta be law-'bidin' cit'zens! Can't bury no case of death b' vi'lence 'thout a inquesh!"

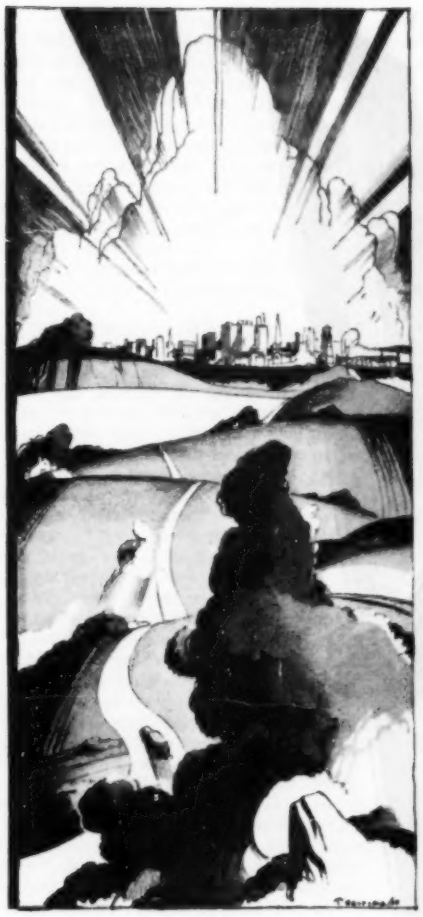
The jury—six bad men and untrue—were designated by the self-appointed coroner. It was their duty, they were told, to sit on the corpse and determine the cause of death.

And sit on the corpse they did—all six of them—their bottles in their hands, and decided that the deceased met his regrettable fate through acute lead poisoning!

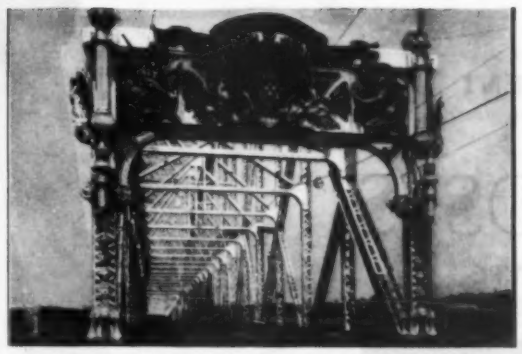
Wagner's mind traveled along a more serious single track, and when he heard that Red Yeager and George Brown, the well-known messenger and corresponding secretary, had been seen wearing hempen neckties, he decided to leave the country. Ben Peabody recognized him at the Dry Creek Ranch and told Neil Howie, whom he met a few miles farther on. Neil determined that Dutch John should be taken into custody and brought to Bannack for trial.

Howie was a small man. He could obtain no help from the men of either Peabody's train or his own, and was compelled to tackle the job single-handed. As John passed him he called to him to wait a minute, and then calmly walked toward the desperado. When Howie was only a

(Continued on Page 69)



SMILING TOWNS ARE GROWING TOWNS



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As you ride through one of these "smiling towns," notice how much of its attractiveness it owes to Aluminum Paint.

Notice how gas holders, lamp posts, traffic signals, park fences, bridges have taken on a soft, lovely, silvery sheen.

Notice that cranes and hoists are silvery in the sunlight . . and that mill and factory tanks and their structural supports have been transformed from stark, grimy ugliness into spots of crisp, clean beauty.

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And even out along the adjacent countryside, here from a farm tank or a silo, there from a windmill or a metal roof, Aluminum Paint is spreading its cheerful message of tidiness . . . and cleanliness . . . and solid well-being.

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Pacific Coast Division: Standard Fence Co., Oakland, Los Angeles and San Francisco, Calif., Portland, Ore., Seattle, Wash.

(Continued from Page 66)

few feet distant, Dutch John started nervously and tightened his grip on the rifle that was balanced across the mule's withers. Too late! One quick though unhurried stride brought Howie too close for the gun to be brought to bear on him.

For a second or two Wagner glared at the smaller man, then—with all of the road agent's aversion to anything approaching an even break—he meekly passed over his weapon. John Fetherstun volunteered to aid in bringing the prisoner into Bannack, and the trio arrived on Saturday, January ninth.

Plummer made a half-hearted attempt—a gesture he realized was futile, but which might serve to impress the Innocents—to have the prisoner turned over to him. When Howie and Fetherstun refused, with more force than politeness, the sheriff turned away. His own plans were made; he had no interest whatever in Dutch John's fate.

"Get those horses!" he commanded Stinson. "Send somebody out right now and bring 'em in in the morning. Our game's played out here!"

"Vigilantes!" was on every lip, and on the heels of a rumor that a branch of the law-enforcing organization had been formed in Bannack came a report that a group of the men who had hanged Ives, Yeager and Brown were on their way from Alder Gulch. Henry Plummer dispatched eight of his most choice ruffians to meet them before they reached Grasshopper Creek.

It was late afternoon when Mr. Plummer's reception committee tied their horses in an alder thicket and hid beneath a bridge four miles out of Bannack. Since New Year's Day temperatures of from twenty to forty degrees below zero had prevailed. It was bitterly, piercingly cold, and as the sun dropped below the western mountains it grew colder. The outlaws dared not light a fire. They crouched beneath the bridge, huddling close to one another, listened for the clatter of hoofs on the frozen road, and cursed the man who had sent them on the mission.

"He's back in Bannack, takin' it easy by th' stove, while we're out here freezin' to death!" they grumbled through chattering teeth.

No Reception

Two of the men left the hiding place and ran up and down the rutted road, swinging their arms vigorously to quicken their circulation. At the crest of the ridge two hundred yards away they paused, peering into the darkness that had now gathered, and listening attentively. There was no sound except the whine of the chill wind and the metallic crackle of the frozen branches.

"They ain't comin'. Plummer's crazy!"

The balance of the party, slowly freezing to death beneath the bridge, gleefully accepted the proposal that they return to Bannack and report the nonarrival of the expected posse.

Thirty minutes after their departure, four men, John S. Lott in the lead, clattered over the bridge. In Lott's pocket was an order from the vigilance committee of Alder Gulch calling for the arrest and summary execution of Henry Plummer, Edward Ray and Buck Stinson!

The sheriff received the report of the eight with apparent satisfaction. The horses he had directed Stinson to procure already were safely corralled. He had been home for supper, chatting casually through the meal with Francis M. Thompson and his clerk, Joseph Swift, and now he returned once more and announced his intention of lying down.

"I've had a headache all day," he said to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Vail.

He hung his coat over the back of a chair and then, apparently as an afterthought, removed his belt with its two .44 caliber revolvers in leather holsters worn to a high gloss by constant friction against his body, and dropped the weapons on the chair seat.

While he dozed, John Lott and his companions from Alder Gulch were placing Yeager's confession before the men of Bannack. Wilbur Sanders, corroborated by Judge Sidney Edgerton, told of young Tilden's identification of Plummer as one of the four men who had held him up on the night of December fourteenth. One bit of evidence brought forth another; the sheriff's mysterious trips on official business and for the purpose of inspecting silver ledges were disclosed in all their sinister significance. His previous record in California, Nevada and Oregon was brought up to condemn him. Men had known these things for months. No one man had known all, but there were scarcely any that could not recount some suspicious act of the courtly sheriff. Not until that moment had any man dared to speak. When all the evidence was in there was but one possible verdict. Guilty!

The Fall of the Mighty

Matters were precipitated by the news that saddle horses recognized as belonging to Plummer, Ray and Stinson had been brought into town. Three parties were hastily organized and sent on their separate missions. Buck Stinson was arrested by William Roe in the cabin of one John Toland, with whom he made his home. Ray was found in a saloon, fast asleep and rolled up in a couple of buffalo robes on a card table. The muzzle of Harry King's gun was in his ear as he awoke.

The third party, commanded by John Lott, marched to the Vail home. Plummer's sister-in-law was chatting with Thompson and Swift. They were discussing the choir practice, which was ordinarily held every Sunday evening. Mrs. Vail could not understand why it had been canceled without any reason being given. Thompson could have told her. He knew why the women of Bannack were being kept in their homes that night—had known it earlier in the evening, when he had sat at the supper table with Plummer in that very house.

Plummer was asleep on a couch, but roused as Mrs. Vail responded to a knock on the door. John Lott, closely followed by half a dozen others, stepped quickly into the room. Despite many dramatic stories to the contrary, no guns were drawn, Plummer was not seized or pinioned, nor were any threatening gestures made. Quietly, in deference to the presence of Mrs. Vail, Lott spoke to the sheriff.

"We want you to come with us, Plummer."

"Certainly," he said calmly. "I'll be with you just as soon as I slip on my coat."

He moved across the room, but the vigilante was quicker. His keen eyes had seen the belt and revolvers on the chair beneath the skirts of the garment. Leaving the guns where they were, he gravely held the coat as Plummer thrust his arms in the sleeves.

"I'll be back in a few minutes," the sheriff said in reassuring tones to Mrs. Vail. "They want to see me uptown about Dutch John Wagner."

He stepped through the door and the posse closed in on either side. The frozen snow crackled sharply beneath their feet as they marched through the silent streets to the outskirts of the town, where a gallows had been erected by Plummer himself for the execution of one John Horan. The sheriff recognized Wilbur Sanders, his next-door neighbor in Bannack.

"Sanders," he ejaculated hoarsely, "this—this is terrible! Can nothing be done about it?"

The other man shook his head.

"Nothing," he said. "It is useless to protest. You are to be hanged, Plummer! You cannot feel harder about it than I do, but I could not help it if I would."

And then Henry Plummer, sheriff of Bannack, gunman and gambler, chief of the Innocents, road agent, seducer and libertine, killer with a record in five states, broke down. He groveled. He was, says Sanders, "loathsome in his abject and abandoned cowardice."

"Don't hang me!" he sobbed. "Don't hang me! Chain me up forever if you want! Banish me! I'll leave the country forever and you'll never see me again! Do anything to me, only don't hang me—don't hang me."

The men of the vigilante posse were silent as they marched steadily to the gallows' foot, where the other parties were waiting with Stinson and Ray. When he saw his deputies he fell to his knees, groveling in the snow as he begged for mercy for the sake of the wife who waited for him in Iowa.

"I'm too wicked to die!" he screamed.

The ropes—three of them—were thrown over the beam and hangman's knots tied in the dangling ends.

"Bring up Ned Ray!"

Ray was dragged, fighting every inch of the way, to the foot of the scaffold. Behind him marched Harry King, the muzzle of his pistol thrust into the deputy's back.

"You know what I've got here, Ned," snapped King, "and if you don't go ahead you're going to get it sure!"

Ray went ahead. Still cursing, he was hoisted to the table that had been placed below the noose. A man drew the loop about his throat, the choking coils cutting short a particularly choice bit of vituperation.

"There goes poor Ned Ray!" exclaimed Stinson, gulping.

A moment later he was dangling beside his fellow deputy. Like Ray, he cursed and reviled his captors with his last breath.

"Bring up Plummer!"

For a moment no one stirred. Their memories of the man who had deceived them for months chained their feet. He was a mysterious figure, aloof and reserved despite his cordial manner, and to all outward seeming a gentleman. Certainly he was a man of education, of breeding, and of remarkable personal magnetism.

A Change of Neckties

The hesitation was only momentary.

"Come on, Plummer!"

He twisted his body out of their grasp and dropped once more to his knees in the snow.

"Give a man time to pray!"

"Certainly," was the grim reply, "but do your praying up there!"

Face to face with death, the bandit sheriff recovered a portion of his manhood. He walked with steady step to the scaffold and mounted the table. Before his arms were bound he unfastened his necktie and tossed it to Joseph Swift.

"Take this to remember me by!" he exclaimed.

The youth, who had idolized Henry Plummer ever since he had first met the man at Sun River more than a year before, fell to the ground and covered his face with his hands.

"Give me a good drop, men," he said in a clear voice. "That's a last favor."

His request was granted. The table was jerked from beneath his feet and the fall broke his neck. He died instantly and without a struggle.

The bodies were permitted to hang for about an hour and were then cut down and given to friends of the dead men. Ned Ray's corpse was taken in charge by his mistress—Madam Hall—who had created such a disturbance about the gallows that guards had been compelled to escort her, none too ceremoniously, to her cabin. Francis M. Thompson assumed responsibility for Plummer's burial. The bill rendered to Thompson two days later is preserved in the Montana Historical Library.

BANNACK CITY, Jan. 12, '64.

F. M. THOMPSON TO G. D. FRENCH.

Making coffin and burying the late H. Plummer $42.50

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Birney. The fifth and last will appear next week.

In a Fish Brand Slicker you're as water-proof as a whale

THE beating rains of spring slide off the gleaming surface of a real Tower's Fish Brand Slicker and leave you dry and comfortable. Genuine Fish Brand Oiled Clothing is built today with the same thoroughness that has made it America's foremost wet-weather protection for 93 years.

The popular Fish Brand Varsity Slicker, for men, women and children, is long enough to protect you right down to your ankles. Your clothes look as well after the shower as before.

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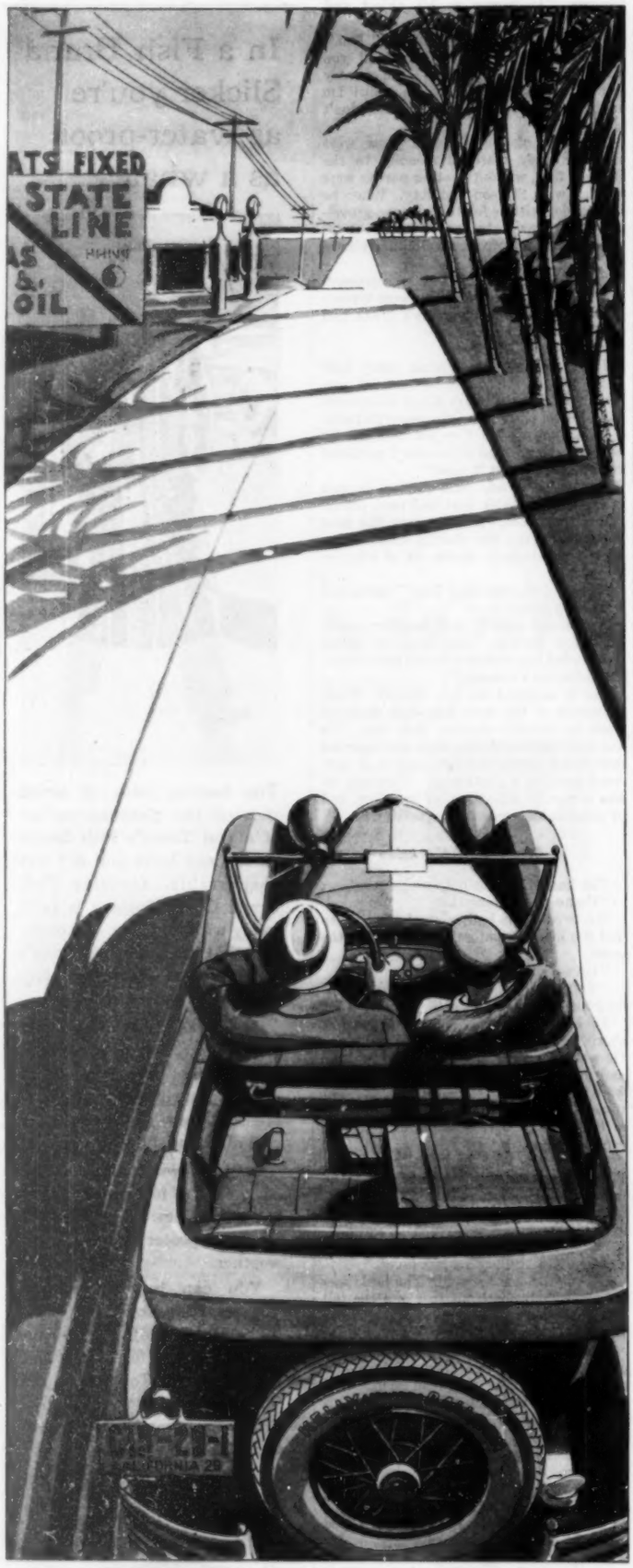


"So this is Florida!"

"It's been a wonderful trip so far—no trouble of any kind, not even a puncture."

"No reason why we should have had any trouble, with the car tuned up and Kelly-Springfields all around."

HE'LL COME HOME

(Continued from Page 30)

misjudged the spirit and gall of his captive. He was convinced that by leaving Dominic in the car in a pair of handcuffs, he had done all that was necessary to confine his activities.

"Stop there," he had said at the entrance to a modest coffeehouse, "and p'raps I'll bring you a cup o' something." So saying, he departed.

Dominic Vane had had no previous experience of driving a Bradley in handcuffs, but that did not discourage him from making the attempt. In an extremity a gear lever can be operated by foot. The result is apt to be coarse, but here was no moment to particularize. Any little discomforts imposed upon him by the law were balanced by the satisfaction of shaking off one of its votaries. His departure was sudden and spectacular. Animated by a spirit of derision, he yelled farewell and waved his manacled hands at the amazed inspector, who emerged from the coffeehouse too late to prevent his flight.

The sight of the Bradley sensibly gaining every instant upon the stately vehicle which pursued it provided Reskey with one of the most galling experiences in his career. Scotland Yard, in company with many other national institutions, makes no feature of supporting home industries. The car with which Reskey had been provided was of French manufacture, sturdy, reliable and capable of a maximum speed of thirty-nine miles an hour. At the pace set by the Bradley it was losing half a mile in the mile. Their one chance of success reposed in the possibility of obstacles ahead, and with this hope to sustain him, Resky held on grimly in the wake of a quarry that was already out of sight. Addressing his companions, he bade them, should the opportunity present itself, shoot at the tires and the tank.

"It doesn't matter how, but we've got to get that chap."

Along the narrow road and occupying most of its surface came a brigade of the Royal Horse Artillery. What their objective might be Dominic had no notion, but he was well aware that here were men steeled in battle to repel hostile assaults, and inured by the usages of peace to exact the inalienable right of processionaries to hold up traffic for a period only to be determined by their own convenience.

Dominic had seen the green police permit on the wind screen of Reskey's car and had further seen, in the mirror, the celerity with which it had swung round in pursuit of him. There was not a doubt in his mind that he was being chased, and having gained so good a lead on his pursuers, he was unwilling to sacrifice it. But here was a situation that offered no alternative. An officer beckoned him to pull into the curb, and, realizing the futility of argument, he had no choice but to obey.

For an interminable period men and guns flowed by at a rate of progression tormenting to a man of impatient spirit. To Dominic, who sat with his manacled wrists buried between his knees, there seemed enough guns to demolish a continent. He was beginning to despair of the procession ever coming to an end, when, from way behind him at the head of the column, he heard an order to close in on the left. The order, repeated by N. C. O.'s, came trickling down the line. Simultaneously he heard the purr of an engine, and glancing over his shoulder, saw that the police car was barely seventy-five yards to the rear. In less than a quarter of a minute he knew he must be overtaken. Already a voice was shouting a lusty command to stand and surrender. Not more than twenty yards separated the two cars when Dominic passed the end of the column, tripped into second gear with his toe and trod on the gas. Realizing that fate was against him, Reskey drew his automatic and opened fire. His marksmanship, on account of a not unnatural agitation, was not of the best; in fact, beyond chipping the beading of the petrol tank, he emptied his magazine in vain. Equally unsuccessful was Sergeant Waygood, who discharged six chambers of a service revolver with the sole result that he drilled a neat round hole through the wind screen and plugged the radiator of their own car.

With petrol flowing in a thin stream from Dominic's tank and a spout of steam and boiling water leaping skyward from the damaged radiator, the chase proceeded. Dominic had gained perhaps a quarter of a mile when the first hiss, pop and stutter bore testimony of what was amiss. The engine flurried uncertainly, sucked the few remaining drops from the tank, banged twice, worried on for a few revolutions, then, propelled by the energy of the car, turned in silence. With the liveliest oath Dominic Vane kicked the gear lever into neutral, and looking to right and left for an avenue of escape, let the car free-wheel down a gentle incline before him. The car rolled down a narrow steep alley toward the river. At the foot of the alley was a wooden jetty to which was moored a small rowboat. To apply the side brake was beyond the power of his manacled hands, but slowing down with the foot brake, he let the Bradley bump against a wooden bollard.

By the time the breathless and perspiring policeman had reached the jetty, Dominic Vane, with an action singularly suggestive of a Pekingese dog begging, was plying a pair of oars fifty yards from the shore.

A hundred yards from the shore a wisp of river fog concealed Dominic and his leaky old boat from his impotent pursuers. The gyves upon his wrists made rowing painful and irksome. The boat was equipped with two short ill-matched oars and it was only possible to reach the water by holding them at the level of his eyes and pommeling away with short dabbing strokes that gave the boat scarcely any way worth mentioning.

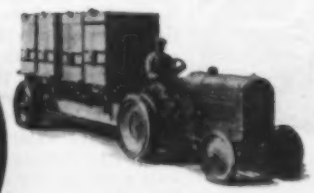
Determined to avoid recapture, Dominic would have pulled until exhausted, had not a more than usually vigorous stroke snapped one of the crazy thole pins like a carrot. Denied the resistance of a fulcrum, his hands flew back into his own face and knocked him off the seat. Nor was this the worst of the calamity, for in trying to save himself he released his hold upon the oars and lost both.

In ordinary weather they should have been easy to recover, but the fog lay as thick as sponge, hiding everything from view, and left Dominic drifting helplessly upstream with the tide. For twenty minutes the fog clung about him. Then a breeze stirred and a glow of yellowy sunlight illumined the waterway. By his own account, he felt with the departure of the fog that he had lost his best friend.

"It was a safe bet that those pals who had chased me so ardently by road wouldn't stop at a spot of boating. Because of the strike, I suppose, the river was practically deserted, and with a spot light shed upon me from above and nothin' else upon the glassy surface, I was about as conspicuous as the star turn in a vaudeville show. Then again, those blinking irons on my wrists made me so darned helpless. At any moment I expected a hearty old 'View hulloa' to emerge out of crumbling mists behind me. Of course I never guessed the dear lads were friends in disguise—the way they had popped off their guns at me had dissipated any notion of charitable intentions. If I had stopped to reason things out I suppose I should have tumbled to it that with the whole country gone Bolshie in a single night, the cops 'd have something better to bother about than one poor wight who had committed no greater sin than sliding off home on his own bus. That view of the case didn't occur to me until later. My mighty intellect was occupied trying to figure out the best means of melting into the landscape.

(Continued on Page 72)

It Pulls, Pushes, Hauls, and Hoists—and cuts a thousand costs. Write for the booklet "Tractor Power in Industry."



AT LEFT: Fast transport of heavy loads on semi-trailers.

BELOW: Combination outfit owned by the Los Angeles Gas & Electric Corporation.

AT LEFT: Material loader on crawlers.

BELOW: Tractor-dump units, McCormick-Deering powered.

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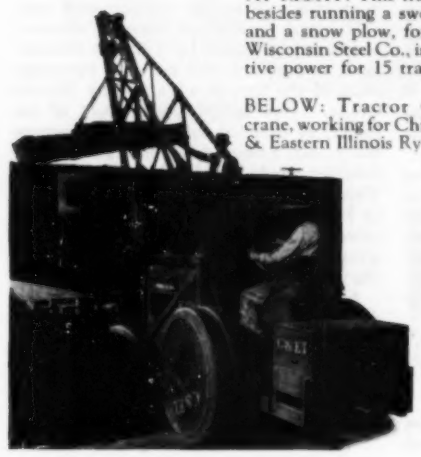

AT RIGHT: This tractor, besides running a sweeper and a snow plow, for the Wisconsin Steel Co., is motive power for 15 trailers.

BELOW: Tractor with crane, working for Chicago & Eastern Illinois Ry.

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CLARK

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This trade mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark.

(Continued from Page 70)

"Then, through the fog, I heard the throbbing of a propeller, and saw the gray outline of a tug and barges bearing down upon me. No one need envy me what I felt at that moment, embraced as I was by three alternative disasters—being drowned, rammed or copped. Of the three the ramming looked worst and seemed most likely. In a thick overcoat and wearing a pair of derbies, the only kind of swimming I was liable to perform was under water.

"All I could do was wait for it, and it came. The tug missed me by about ten feet and sheered me off in her wash, but the barges she towed, three abreast, were not so thoughtful. My sinking boat slipped in between the starboard and center barge and was smashed like a nut. As luck would have it, the barges were loaded down to the water line with ballast and before I got flattened I rolled over the gunwale into a wallow of yellow sand. I suppose why the police never reported that I was run down in midstream is due to the fact that the wreckage of my old tub got hung up between the barges and didn't start to filter out until we were a mile upstream. The fog held, too, and I dare say they thought that I had made the opposite bank under cover. As matter of fact, I lay very gratefully on my sandy bed and gave up worrying about anything until an enormous chap, carrying a lump of wood to support his authority, came rolling along a length of duckboard and asked me in a very picturesque way what I was doing there and why and how and several other things that he might have left out.

"One has always been told that bargees are fairly fluent and I can promise you it's more than a rumor. You could have fried bacon on that man's talk—and burned it. He possessed what I should describe as a blistering tongue. There is no doubt he was a man's man. The curious feature about his swearing was its impersonality. There was no intentional offense in it; it was a manner of speaking, that's all, a trifle accentuated and amplified by my surprising apparition. On the whole I liked the fellar and would have had a shot of fraternizing if he hadn't had the bad luck to spot the derbies. After the lively doings the night before the sight of handcuffs not unnaturally suggested that I was one of the miscreants who had set the Thames afire. Making a funnel of his free hand, he loosed a roar, accompanied by a string of names. A moment later I was surrounded by a group of hostile bargees, to whom he announced, 'See wot I splitting got—one of the splitting splitters wot set the splitting water alight and splitting near cooked us.'

"Without further ceremony I was dumped through a hatchway into a little black hole aft. Here, I was informed, I should remain until the political differences of the nation had been settled, as, although I might be and doubtless was a good patriot, I was also a public menace and better down there than at large. A few ship's biscuits and a can of water were lowered after me and the hatchway was made fast overhead. In blackness and despair I continued my journey up the river."

XLIV

LOOKING, as I have said, like a pair of Spanish inquisitors, Mischa Groffe and Mario Gualia entered the room in which I was confined. The expression upon Groffe's face was the apotheosis of gravity. It should, I felt, have been perpetuated in some form to act as a guide for the proper facial deportment of hangmen and executioners.

In Mario Gualia there was no such evidence of seriousness. His sleek and handsome features were illuminated with an expression of eager anticipation. Whatever the motive might be that dictated their presence, and there was little room for doubt as to that, to Mario Gualia, at least, it appeared to provide the pleasantest possibilities. Prophetically, he carried over his neck and shoulders a coil of rope. In his coat pocket was a blow lamp and in his right hand a bag of tools taken from a motor car. Appointed with this equipment, it seemed reasonable to suppose he intended to embark upon the joyous enterprise of overhauling me.

I would do less than justice to the true state of my feelings by saying that I was afraid. I was terrified. Never having been called upon to submit to the oppression of torture, I was extremely dubious of my ability to endure the ordeal with any pretensions of fortitude. The crack I had received on the head the night before was no stimulant to courage and if I had felt anything was to be gained by kicking up a shindy, I fear I should have pocketed my pride and yelled with the best.

With their arrival the color died from Jura Gualia's cheeks. Mario, smiling very damnably, busied himself with his blow lamp and spread out his tools upon the floor. Mischa Groffe said nothing at all but regarded me with the concentrated gaze of a man wrestling with a difficult problem. His brows were knit, his lips drawn back and he held a cigar between a set of suspiciously white teeth. That silent scrutiny provided not the least of my discomforts. Taken in conjunction with the soft roar of the blow lamp, it was terrifying. Unless someone spoke I felt I should scream, but as no one seemed disposed to oblige, I myself opened the ball, with what I now conceive to have been one of the most fatuous remarks ever made.

"What are we waiting for?"

Mischa Groffe started visibly and his expression relaxed.

"The formula of MW—XX.3, of course," said he, and added: "Didn't you know?"

This brief exchange revived my spirits, and taking my courage in both hands, I replied: "I guessed it was that, but as I don't mean to give it to you, it is a pity to let that little wop waste petrol in a blow lamp."

"Very soon we shall know if it is waste," said Mario.

He picked up the rope and began to coil it lovingly. I noticed it was looped at one end like a lasso.

"Wait," said Mischa Groffe, with a gesture of command, and drawing up a chair, seated himself beside the bed. "You have placed us, Shaftoe, in an unfortunate position."

"My own," I retorted, "is not much to boast about."

"With a criminal disregard of the wishes of the late Michael Wilbur and of his elder daughter, Madame Gualia, you have taken upon yourself to withhold a secret which it is her right to know."

"That's a matter of opinion," said I.

But again he held up his hand.

"The law could compel you to reveal that secret, Shaftoe, but we have not time to wait for the law. A national crisis has arisen which makes the revelation of this secret of the utmost importance. Let me add that the mulishness of a single individual will not be allowed to interfere with our plans."

"Look here," said I; "we've hashed out this argument before, Groffe, and you know the answer to it. I am acting on the instructions of Noelle Wilbur and until she tells me to speak I shall say nothing: and let me add that neither you nor your little friend from the garage with the cookery outfit will persuade me to change my mind."

Spoken insolently and with bluntness, it sounded very bluff and gallant, but the effect upon Mischa Groffe was disappointing.

"That," he said, "is a silly, vaunting speech. You can hardly hope to convince even yourself with such nonsense. Where millions are at stake we shall not shrink from inflicting personal anguish on you or any other individual who stands in our way. The game is too big to be influenced by niceties of conscience."

"It's all very well to talk of torture," I said, "but even you must have some sort of standards."

He waved a hand to silence me.

"I beseech you to disrobe your mind of the white flannels of an English cricket field," said he. "You may not be aware of it, but I come of a race inured to pain and to the inflicting of pain. I am from Armenia. My mother, two brothers and a sister were scientifically massacred by the Turks when I was yet a child. At the age of thirteen I and two other boys of tender years were so fortunate as to come upon one of our hereditary enemies whose leg was broken. You will be interested to hear that he afforded us entertainment for three days before death, most disobligingly, put an end to his misery. In your case no idea of death arises, but unless you speak you will be put to the question in a variety of unpleasant ways which I myself shall devise. You appear to be a man of some personal courage, but courage will not serve or save you. For a while you may resist, but not for long. Now think, and think wisely. Is it not better to accept a substantial reward and our guaranty that Miss Noelle shall also benefit, than to suffer an ordeal which will shatter your nerves and maim your body perhaps for the rest of your life?"

He stopped and regarded me with an expression which was positively benign.

"You say there is no question of taking my life," said I. "Do you propose, then, after torturing me to let me run free to talk about it?"

Mischa Groffe shook his head.

"Certainly not. You will not be freed until you have given us a complete exoneration in writing."

"How do you propose to get that?" I asked.

"By the same means that will persuade you to reveal the formula, of course."

"I see," said I; "I am to be tortured for the secret and then retortured to relieve you of your responsibility for torturing me."

"If necessary," he replied sweetly. "I need hardly say I hope it won't be necessary. I hope I have convinced you already of the advisability of speaking without recourse to—to pressure." His arm flowed out in the direction of the blow lamp.

"You dirty little Armenian," I said. "Pick up your carpets and get out before ——"

But I did not finish the sentence. With an accuracy that was uncanny he flicked the ash of his cigar into one of my eyes.

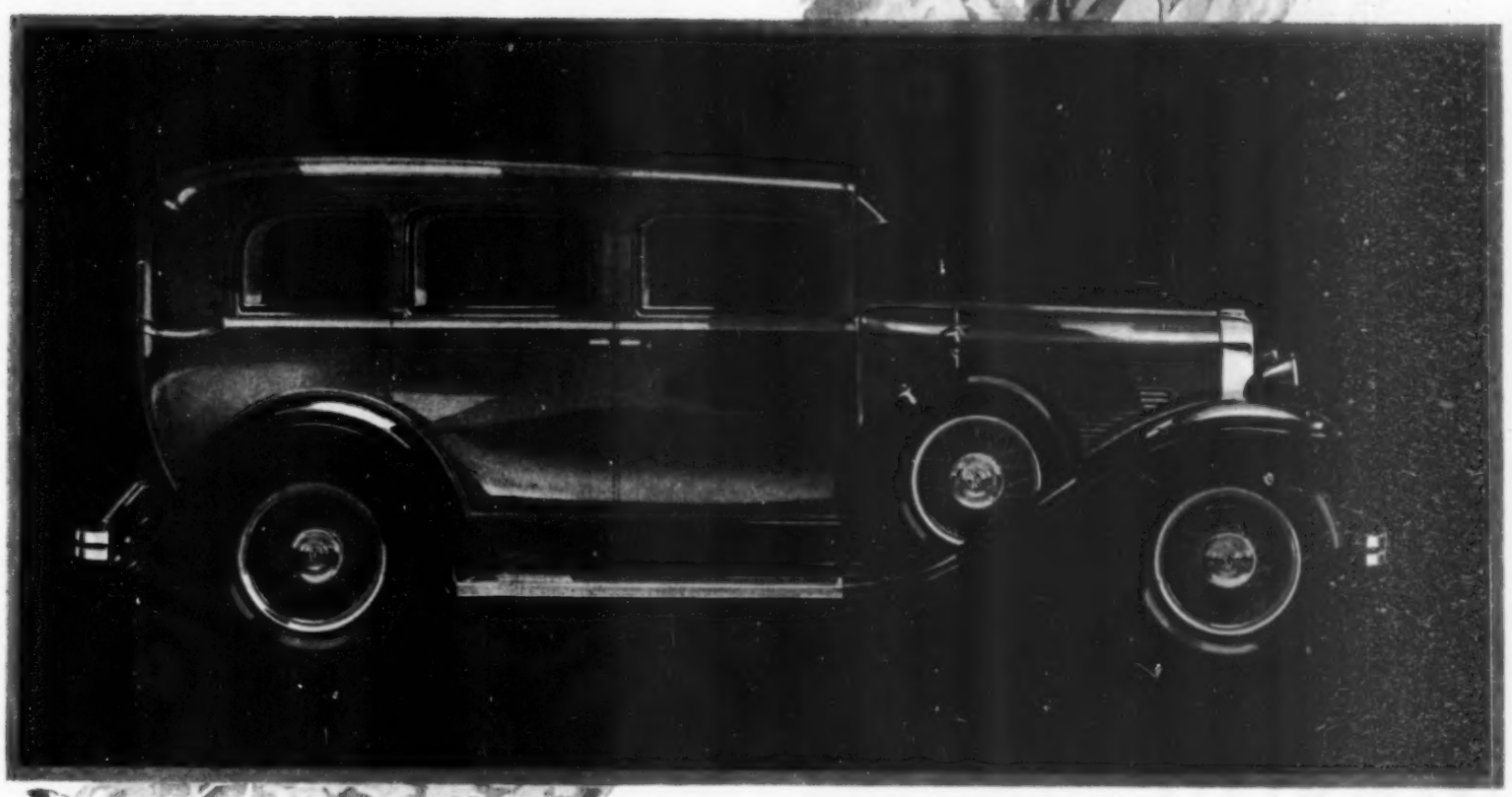
In the sudden blinding pain that followed I cannot say whether I tried to hit him or not. Perhaps a mere reflex action sent my left arm flying out in a wide half circle. It was sheer ill luck that his face was in the way of it. My knuckles caught him full in the mouth and smashed as nice a piece of dental bridge work as a man could desire. With my unaffected eye I had a glimpse of my horrified persecutor delivering up a quantity of fractured porcelain and vulcanite to an accompaniment of inarticulate sounds peculiar to the toothless. Beside his distress my own was negligible. Stamping with fury, he waded up and down the room, calling heaven to advise him how, with the whole country standing on its head, he was to equip himself with a new set. Without waiting for a celestial answer he plunged from the room, hand over mouth, in an ecstasy of savage and impotent rage.

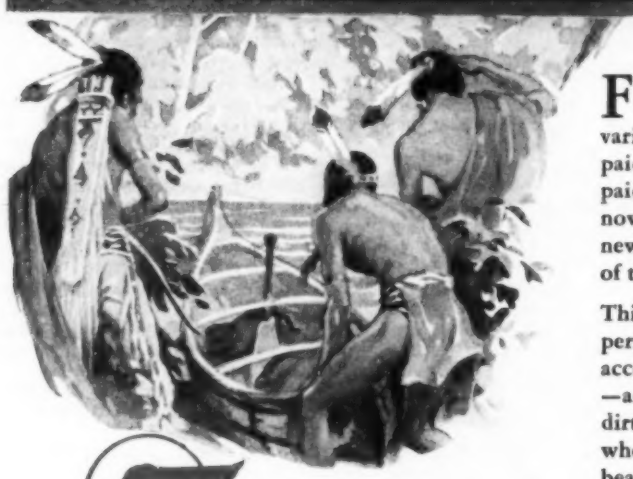
If Mario Gualia had been an effective lieutenant he would have chosen this moment to rope me and put into operation some of the threats advanced by Mischa Groffe. But denied the support of his leader, he declined into a state of nerves which, had I been in full possession of my faculties, would have left him at my mercy. Wrenching his fancy pistol from his pocket he backed into a corner of the room and presented it at my head with an aim so uncertain as almost to insure my immunity from danger.

All the time I had been expecting the door to be flung open and men to rush in and overpower me. That none came sent my hopes soaring high. Was it possible that Gualia and Groffe were the only men concerned in the enterprise of extracting the secret from me? The more I thought of

(Continued on Page 74)

Stepping Up the Standard *of what* a Low-Priced Six *should be* . . .





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(Continued from Page 72)

it the more reasonable it seemed to suppose so. It is one thing to hire a few toughs to jolly a man in a crowd and heave him into a car, but it is not so easy, at a few hours' notice, to engage the services of professional torturers. The assault contemplated upon me was not of the kind to invite advertisement. I could well believe that Groffe would wish to confine all knowledge of the business to the narrowest margin.

By a miracle of good fortune I had succeeded temporarily in putting my adversaries out of action. This belief was supported by the banging of the front door and the sound of footsteps hastening up the street. I could not be sure, but I was pretty certain that Mischa Groffe had set off in search of running repairs to his dental equipment. It transpired, as will be shown later, that I was right. As surely as night follows day, Mischa Groffe threw away a fortune for a set of false teeth.

Mario Gualia and his wife heard the slamming of the front door and with a common impulse, which I feel sure was all too rare in their marital relations, they fled the room and turned the key in the lock. In his flight Mario had grabbed the blow lamp from the floor, and from a shriek of feminine abuse launched a second later, I fear that he must have misdirected the flame as together they descended the stairs.

He did not apologize, but shouted excitedly, "Since the pig smashed my ruby nothing goes right."

Jura's reply seemed to touch the pinnacles of incivility.

Smiling grimly to myself, I rolled out of bed, and crossing to the washstand, bathed my eyes and splashed my head and neck. Once rid of my adversaries I was determined to make it as hard as possible for them to pay me a return visit. In his hasty departure Mario Gualia had left behind the bag of tools, and these I examined with more enthusiasm than they had at first inspired in me. It was a simple equipment containing a pair of pliers, two screw drivers and a large and a small adjustable spanner, three tire levers and a few nuts and bolts.

With the screw drivers and two of the tire levers I securely wedged the door and moved the bed across it. I next turned my attention to the window, and raising the sash, inspected the shutters. These I found were steel and of stout gauge with reënforced beadings. With the remaining tire lever I attempted to break away the padlock, but met with no success. I succeeded, however, in forcing a narrow gap between the two shutters wide enough to give me a diminutive view of the street below. It was a somber and deserted street with tall melancholy houses, and provided no clew as to its locality. But raising my eyes to the level of the roof opposite, I detected in the distance the familiar outline of four tall chimneys. Architectural observation has never been a strong feature with me, but there was no mistaking the chimneys of Lots Road Electric Power Station. Their position in relation to the sun convinced me that the house was situated somewhere in Fulham, or just north of the King's Road, Chelsea. The knowledge was obviously of no practical service, yet it cheered me up quite a little. On the road to Xavier one would pass through Fulham, running fleetly over Putney Bridge toward the Portsmouth Road. Here was a happy, friendly thought, and through the tiny peephole in the shutters I let my imagination flow along a wide white road where I rode with Noelle beside me and not a care in the world. I could feel the warmth of her body against my arm, hear the cool ripple of her laughter, the grave tones of her voice, and see the laughter that shone in her eyes.

The thumping of a drum growing nearer and nearer brought me back to reality. Looking down, I saw the vanguard of a procession of strikers come shuffling up the street. Escorted by mounted policemen and a score of specials, they marched. I had rarely seen a more dismal company of men. They must have been recruited from the dregs of society. Every few yards a banner was carried bearing the most incendiary legends, which shouted defiance to the government. At random I recall: "Up the Russians"; "England for the Workers," and "Down with Everything."

In that procession, which must have numbered several hundreds, scarcely an honest face was to be seen, scarcely a man who looked as if he had ever done a decent day's work in his life. By one of those unaccountable happenings the political pot had boiled over and the scum had risen to the surface.

With a feeling of disgust akin to pity, I was turning away from the window, when I saw a familiar figure mooching along by the railings opposite. His hands were in his pockets and his coat collar was turned up, but as I looked he lifted his head and his eyes swept over the front of the house and came to rest upon the shuttered windows of my room. In that second I recognized James Warrinder. He stood a while in thought; then, dropping his head, moved on with the crowd.

With a curious sense of uneasiness I backed from the window and sat down on the bed.

XLV

ON HER journey into Sussex, Noelle passed within a hundred yards of the house in which I was a prisoner.

"You know, Bob," she told me afterward, "it was so strange and exciting—that ride. The miles and miles of empty road—sometimes I felt I was quite alone in the world. Then there was the importance of what I had to do—the tremendous importance. That and the speed helped me to keep my mind from thinking about you. Every time I slowed down, hideous thoughts and terrors came crowding back. By going fast I could just keep ahead of them. I told myself if we could get the stuff made—and made quickly—they would let you go; they'd have nothing to gain by keeping you. That meant ever so much more to me than breaking the strike, than preventing a famine—I suppose that was too big for me to realize. You want an Oscar Kahnet brain to think on that scale. It was all personal with me. The whole adventure was about us. I really don't know how I found my way. Instinct, I suppose—a homing instinct—for I told myself Xavier was my home. Perhaps I steered by the sun. I've a sense of the north, too, and I rode away from that sense, keeping it behind my right shoulder. Doing loops round the towns and villages made the journey much farther, of course, but I didn't care as long as I could keep going. Children in cottage gardens gaped at me, and sometimes men shouted.

"Once I came to a level crossing and the gates were shut and locked. I thought that had done me, but I pushed the bike through a privet hedge and into the ditch beyond. I nearly cried, because it was so hard to haul it out of that ditch. The foot rests kept digging into the soft banks, but I managed somehow, and had to do it all over again on the other side of the line. I was afraid I should break something on the bike, but I didn't. Some men—plate layers, I think—stood and laughed at me. They didn't help, and I didn't expect them to, but they didn't stop me—which was something. I got away all right. It was queer about those men and heaps like them. I expect ordinarily they were decent enough chaps, but the strike seemed to have soured and poisoned them. All the friendliness was gone out of people. At Midhurst the whole town was shut up like on a Sunday. All the food shops were closed. I suppose they were scared of being raided, with so little in stock and no more coming in. It was very gravish and shivery. I only saw a few men, and they were sticking up emergency notices.

"I felt better when I reached the country beyond. 'I'm nearly there,' I told myself; 'nearly there.' P'r'aps that made me reckless. I rode along those narrow lanes at an awful lick. I wasn't more than five miles from Xavier when the crash came. I had taken a blind corner much too fast, and before I could pull up I went slap into a tree that some brute had felled right across the lane. I saw it and knew I must hit it, and just had sense enough, and time enough, to pull off center, so as to finish up in a ditch rather than on the hard road. I can't tell you what a hurricane of thoughts and miseries rushed through my head between seeing that tree and hitting it. And then—zonk!—and I was one with the stars of heaven, Bob—one of a myriad of stars. There was only a trickle of water in the ditch, but as I lay face downward I wonder it didn't drown me. My right wrist looked awfully funny when, at last, I sat up. In a dizzy sort of way I put it between my knees and tugged and twisted at it until something went snick and it looked all right again. When at last I stood up, my legs behaved so strangely; they seemed to do what they liked, and I had a regular fight to make them obey me. Somehow I struggled along to see what was left of the motor bike. It simply didn't bear looking at, so I turned my back on it and started to walk. It's funny, but I can't remember anything about that walk, except that I believe I had a nice sort of talk to you. The great Downs were before me, with the crows and the flints and the patches of sepia gorse, but though I went on and on, they never got any nearer. I must have taken hours before I reached the farm—and then it seemed that I didn't, but that it reached me—that it rolled up out of an avenue of trees and opened its arms and took me in.

"The next thing I remember is lying on the horsehair sofa in the dining room and feeling Anne's hand on my forehead and hearing the squeak of a cork drawn from a bottle of brandy and seeing the moon shining through the open window."

XLVI

LOOKING over the pages of this narrative since the point where I ceased to pursue the course of my own adventures, the account of what happened seems very confusing. I have run with Dominic from early morning and left him at midday, cooped up in a barge. I have put back the clock and described my nonsensical encounter with the amateur inquisitors. I have ridden through and beyond a parallel period of time with Noelle into Sussex, and now back go the hands once more to follow the movements and activities of Oscar Kahnet throughout that surprising and chaotic day.

Disregarding the order forbidding the use of private cars for any purpose whatsoever unless provided with a government pass, Oscar Kahnet was conveyed in his shiny little limousine to the Home Office, where his urgent request for an interview with the Home Secretary was at once granted. The terrible upheavals throughout the country had, in a single night, added years to the appearance of Sir Hubert Frayne. The crispness and precision of his appearance and address had gone. He looked gray, old, and was unshaven.

As Kahnet came into the room he lifted his head and demanded wearily, "Where are those two men?"

Oscar Kahnet shrugged his shoulders. "You have no news of them, Hubert?"

"None."

"Have you tried an S O S on the air?" Oscar Kahnet asked.

Sir Hubert shook his head.

"I'll have it done," said he, rang for a secretary and gave him the necessary orders. "Have that broadcast from 2 LO and Daventry every hour until further notice."

"If we can get hold of Dominic Vane, it'll do," said Kahnet. "Shaftoe has been kidnaped, but as far as we know, Vane is at liberty."

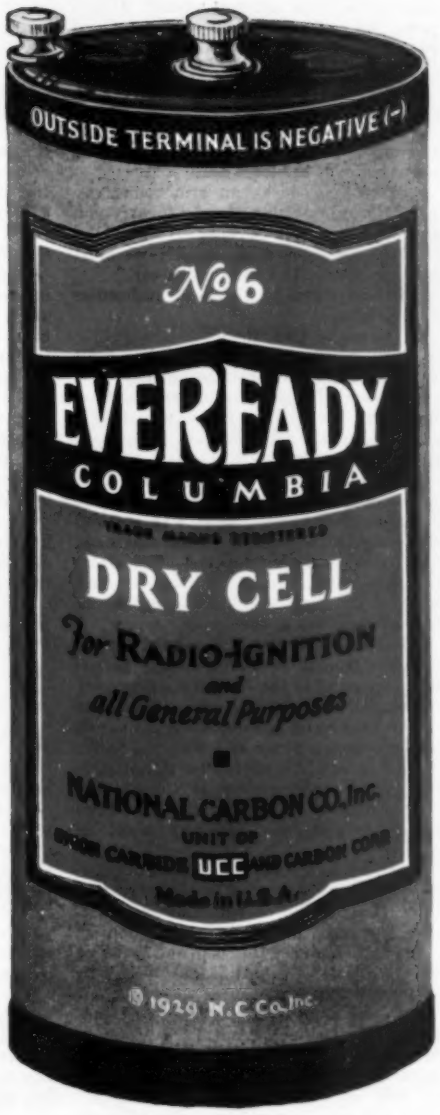
"But Shaftoe knows the formula. What good ——"

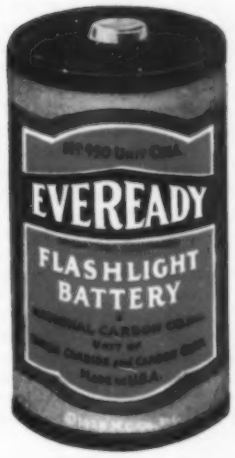
"I have found out there is a copy and have sent a messenger to fetch it."

"A messenger—who ——"

(Continued on Page 76)

POWER LIGHT





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SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's *milder*

(Continued from Page 74)

"A girl; as matter of fact, the daughter of the inventor."

"Are you mad?" cried Sir Hubert, and sprang from his chair.

"Not altogether. She's in love with this man, Shaftoe, and I've an idea if anyone can bring that formula safely, she will."

The Home Secretary fell back in his chair, wiping the moisture from his forehead with the palm of his hand.

"How has she gone?"

"On a motor bicycle."

"Then you are mad—worse than mad; you're a criminal."

Oscar Kahnet shed upon him a kindly smile.

"I agree it's risky, Hubert, but I had no choice. The invention belongs to her."

"Where has she gone?"

"Some place in Sussex."

"I suppose you don't know that there are bands of hooligans on practically every highroad today, cutting telephone wires, slashing tires and emptying petrol tanks and breaking up cars?"

"Nothing would surprise me less," said Kahnet, "but don't let's waste energy in gloomy speculation. There's a chance she may get through, there's a chance Vane may be found, there's a chance we may be able to make the stuff quick enough and in large enough quantities to be of use. Those chances we must work on, and start working now."

Sir Hubert Frayne looked at him wearily.

"This stuff," he said—"you believe in it, Oscar?"

"Absolutely. I believe it to be the most terrific engine for the destruction of industry and the upheaval of vested capital the world has ever produced. But that I know the constitution of this country is standing in the deadliest peril and that within a few days we shall be faced with famine and disaster, I would oppose its release with the last drop of blood in my body. But enough of that. This is what I want done: First, the aeroplane sheds on the north and west sides of Croydon Aerodrome cleared and placed at my disposal. A detachment of the Machine Gun Corps to guard the sheds day and night. Five hundred undergraduates from the universities to be at Croydon by midnight. A convoy of not less than forty three-ton lorries to be at my disposal immediately. A government order on all the big chemical factories and warehouses to supply me with whatever materials I may demand to an unlimited extent. Several flights of aeroplanes to stand by on the flying ground, ready to take and deliver the stuff as it is made to all parts of the country. I propose to start buying the chemicals at once."

"Yes, but how do you know ——"

"I don't know the exact formula, but I know of a group of chemicals from some of which it is compounded."

Sir Hubert looked up from the sheet of paper upon which he had taken notes.

"Naturally, once you have the formula the government will control its manufacture and distribution."

"No, it won't," said Kahnet sharply. "I shall form a limited liability company this afternoon which will operate under government protection. You will ring up the Letters Patent Office and advise them that I am to be issued at once with a provisional protection for a substance known as MW—XX.3. I propose to move my entire accountancy staff and a score of clerks from our headquarters in Kingsway to Croydon. Their job will be to run the accounts of the company. As I understand it, MW—XX.3 can be manufactured at round about a penny for the equivalent of a gallon. For as long as the strike lasts, the government, private industrial firms and the general public will be supplied with the substitute at a standard price of two shillings a gallon."

The Home Secretary's mouth opened wide to protest, but Oscar Kahnet did not let him speak.

"If, to quote the Prime Minister, we can wriggle out at that price, we shall have little cause to complain, and in a very few days I shall have built up a nice little fortune for one or two deserving but tiresome young people who've given me a good deal of trouble just lately."

Sir Hubert looked at him grimly.

"And *après la guerre*—have you thought of that? Where will you and the other oil companies stand then?"

The muscles at the corners of Oscar Kahnet's mouth tugged pathetically.

"I have thought, Hubert—and I have hopes—and I don't know. For the present we must deal with the present. Come, let's be busy. I want my sheds, my lorries, my volunteers and all the rest of the jingamaroo."

"I don't know what the Cabinet'll say," mused Sir Hubert, and ringing for his secretary, rattled off a shower of orders.

XLVII

"WHAT'S the time?" Noelle asked as slowly the details of the room and the outline of the moon shaped into reality.

"Nearly ten," Anne replied.

Noelle pushed her away and sat up with startled eyes.

"No, it can't be—it can't!"

My father approached and offered her a glass.

"Come now; drink it," he insisted.

But Noelle shook her head.

"No—no. What can have happened? We should have started ages ago."

In a soft voice Anne began to explain: "You arrived at six o'clock—fainted on the doorstep. We carried you in and gave you some brandy."

"Didn't I say anything?"

"You tried, but fell asleep. There was a bruise on your forehead."

"Yes. I ran into a fallen tree on the motorcycle—half stunned myself, I suppose. Where"—it was difficult to remember anything—"where's Dominic?"

"He hasn't come."

"Not come," Noelle repeated. "We can't wait for him; we must go."

She put her feet to the ground, but the room rocked like a ship at sea. She had to cover her eyes to blot it out.

"Come, my dear; an arm round my neck," said my father, "and I'll carry you up to bed."

"No, don't you understand?—we must leave at once. The car—Bob's car."

"It was taken by the local authorities this morning."

"The motor bike, then."

"That too," said my father, "but don't worry. Tomorrow'll be soon enough."

"It won't," said Noelle, pressing her fingers to her eyes. "Leave me alone a minute and I'll tell you—everything. A little water, please."

Anne gave it to her, and rising, she went to the open window and breathed the cool Downland air. The room was steadier when she turned and, in broken sentences, told them what had happened. Her explanation was interrupted by another voice, harsh and metallic, from the loud-speaker of a small radio set in the corner:

"Here is an S O S. A reward of five hundred pounds is offered to any person who can assist in the immediate discovery of Dominic Vane, last seen in an open boat on the Thames off Dartford. He is wearing a heavy brown ulster and is in handcuffs. A similar reward is offered for information leading to the discovery of Commander Robert Shaftoe, who was kidnaped from Lancaster Gate on Thursday night at 11 P.M."

"Good Lord!" said my father softly.

Anne's face was dead white. The metallic voice droned on with tidings of outrage, riot and disaster all over the country.

My father crossed the room and switched off. "Come! Out with it, my dear," he said—"all that's happened."

They tell me she told her story with simplicity and self-command, as a string of impersonal facts. The one emotional outburst came unexpectedly from Anne.

"But what's the use—what's the use? Only Bob and Dominic know the keyword and they are both ——" She broke off and bit her lip.

"Have you no faith in Providence, girl?" my father roared.

Gripping Noelle by the arm, he bore her off to the garden, with Pixie, my old brown spaniel, snuffling at heel. Pixie must have wanted to be in it, too, for while my father and Noelle worked with a trowel on one side of the millstone, she made the earth fly with burrowing paws on the other. It was Pixie who unearthed the cigarette tin in which I had hidden the original formula of MW—XX.3, shooting it out as from a catapult, to come to rest among the gooseberry bushes, from which she retrieved it.

"Oh, Pixie, darling," said Noelle, and stooping, kissed the moist muddy nose, whereby she made a friend that lasted for life.

Shiela, the brown cob, was harnessed and made fast to a ring in the stable wall, while Noelle, Anne and my father went indoors for provisions. Half a ham, a loaf of bread and a flask of coffee were put in a basket. While Anne was collecting rugs and an old cushion or two, my father rummaged in the gun room, emerging presently with an old service revolver and a twenty-bore scatter gun, which he had given me on my thirteenth birthday. To these he added an ax and a swaphook, explaining that there might be other fallen trees in the road to be removed. He also carried a knobby ash plant, the inseparable companion of his lonely walks. Lighting the side lamps, for he was a law-abiding man, and ordering Noelle to get into the back and snuggle down on the rugs for a bit of sleep, he picked up the reins and made the whip whistle through the air.

They had scarcely gone a dozen yards when, with a jump which would have done credit to a greyhound, Pixie cleared the tailboard with her two front legs and clung, barking instructions, until Noelle put out both hands and hauled her in.

The sound of Shiela's hoof beats echoed bravely in the moonlight. The crisp roulade of wheels acted like a soothing magic on her nerves as, with Pixie curled up in her arms and the precious formula tucked into the bosom of her dress, Noelle fell into a fitful sleep.

XLVIII

THE hours in that Fulham attic were the wretchedest in my life. With nothing to eat, a jug of water my only solace, and a tiny gap in the steel shutters my sole connection with the outer world, my spirits suffered a complete declension. So mortifying and melancholy was the experience that I could almost have welcomed a return visit from my inquisitors. When toward nightfall I heard the key turn in the lock and the rattle of the door handle, I was tempted to remove my wedges and bid the visitor to enter.

A voice—Jura Gualia's—asked what I had done to the door, but since I did not answer, she called to Mario and I heard them whispering together on the landing.

"Perhaps he has hanged himself," said Mario cynically; then, thumping on the panel, "Ho, you there! Ho, you!"

My silence, which I took a fiendish delight in preserving, lent color to his suggestion, and he beat the panel with added vigor. His agitation found an echo in Jura, who kept repeating:

"Why doesn't Groffe return? Why has he deserted us like this?"

"How do I know? You had better go to the Savoy and find out."

"And leave an imbecile like you alone in the house with him?"

"He is safe enough. I could await your return here on the landing with my pistol."

"But would the streets be safe?" she wondered.

"Safe enough. Why not?"

They retreated from earshot, talking in agitated whispers.

That Groffe failed to return was a price demanded by vanity. In his blind departure in search of another set of teeth, he had lost all sense of caution. He was reminded

(Continued on Page 79)

Complete the New Car Thrill!

That new car means pleasure ahead—new performance and the feeling of pride. An impressive percentage of new car purchasers have added the final touch that completes the new car thrill by putting on the *Dual*-Balloon "8." The extra cost is slight compared with the advantages. ~ ~ Everything you want in mileage—non-skid permanence and the surpassing comfort of balloon *low pressure* that only the *Dual*-Balloon principle makes possible in combination with such big mileage. Talk with the General Tire dealer and your progressive car dealer. They will explain how easy it is to make the changeover.

"Gathering Oranges in Spain." Painted by Walter Klett for The General Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

The New **GENERAL**

DUAL-BALLOON 8

Engineers know why they are better spark plugs

YOU own a good motor car.

The satisfaction you get from it depends upon its engine.

The performance of its engine depends upon the SPARK that fires it.

That's why it is most important to use AC Spark Plugs.

AC Spark Plugs are of superior quality, distinguished by the patented, one-piece gas-tight construction and electrically-welded electrodes of special alloys.

But you don't care about all this.

What you *do* care about is the SPARK that makes your engine perform.

But it is only *because* of the exclusive AC features that you get that SPARK as AC's give it.

These features insure that you get it *dependably* and all the time.

Engineers know this, and know the technical reasons for AC superiority.

That is why AC Spark Plugs are used as standard equipment by 200 successful manufacturers. Displayed on this page are the names of some of the leading cars equipped with AC's.

When you buy spark plugs—and you should change them every 10,000 miles—see that you get the plugs specified by the man who designed the car you drive.

That means AC—the standard spark plug of the world!

BUICK—CADILLAC
CHANDLER—CHEVROLET
CHRYSLER
DUESENBERG—duPONT
ESSEX—HUDSON
HUPMOBILE—KISSEL
LA SALLE—NASH
OAKLAND—OLDSMOBILE
PLYMOUTH—PONTIAC
YELLOW CAB
*ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY
ASTON-MARTIN—BALLOT
BUGATTI—CALTHORPE
CHENARD-WALCKER
CITROEN—CROSSLEY
DAIMLER—FARMAN
FRAZER-NASH
HISPANO-SUIZA
JOWETT-LEA-FRANCIS
LORRAINE—MATHIS
MORRIS-COWLEY—PEUGEOT
RENAULT—STANDARD
SWIFT—TALBOT—UNIC
VAUXHALL—VOISIN

AC SPARK PLUGS AC SPEEDOMETERS AC AIR CLEANERS AC OIL FILTERS AC FUEL PUMPS
AC GASOLINE STRAINERS AC AMMETERS AC OIL GAUGES AC THERMO GAUGES

AC-SPHINX Birmingham *ENGLAND*

AC Spark Plug Company
FLINT, *Michigan*

AC-TITAN Clichy (Seine) *FRANCE*

© 1929, AC Spark Plug Co.

* EUROPEAN AUTOMOBILES

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of the madness of his act when he passed through the quadrangle of the Savoy Hotel and was recognized by five of Oscar Kahnet's private detectives. By every imaginable device, he sought to rid himself of their unwelcome attentions, but without avail. For the rest of the day they stuck to him like glue. Denied the use of a car and able to proceed only on foot, he stood no chance against them, and toward evening was driven to retreat into his own apartments. Since he dared not use the phone for fear of having the line tapped, he sent his servant with a verbal message in code to Mr. Kurd Icante at the Metropole. Hoping by this ruse to draw off the field, Mischa Groffe made an unobtrusive attempt to leave the Savoy by the fire stairs. The attempt was abandoned at its outset on the discovery of two burly strangers who occupied the stairs with every appearance of vigilance.

The servant was followed to the Metropole and when Kurd Icante appeared on the pavement the pickets were waiting for him. After a short walk round Trafalgar Square, he was escorted home in humiliation. In their eagerness to obey instructions, Oscar Kahnet's sleuths completely frustrated the object for which they had been engaged. By keeping in the background and following at a distance, they might have located the house in which I was imprisoned. Their zeal had a contrary effect. The men they followed abandoned any attempt to reach me until a more favorable opportunity should arise.

Shortly after the whispered colloquy on the staircase, the front door slammed, and crossing to the window I had a glimpse of Jura hurriedly passing down the street. Barely ten minutes later, faint but unmistakable, I heard the sound of musketry. It came, I judged, from the southeast, somewhere over by those four gaunt chimneys which I had marked earlier in the day. At the time I had no idea of the cause of the firing, or that I was listening from afar to what has since come to be called the Battle of Lots Road. There is neither space here nor any need to write more than a few lines about that grim tragical fight which raged round and about the greatest electric-power station in England. They say that not 2 per ceht of the employes took part in the attack. They—the employes—following the instructions of their union, had marched out decently and quietly at noon that day. Their places had been filled, within half an hour, by volunteer workers, and a detachment of the Grenadiers was detailed to guard the works. Until nightfall there was no hint that a serious assault was contemplated. Without warning the main entrance was rushed and the sentries on duty trampled underfoot. It looked as though resistance would be overcome at the first onslaught. The rioters were armed with clubs, pistols, stones and even with bombs. The guards were outnumbered by a rabble army a hundred times their numerical superior. Yet even at those odds they held their fire and it was not until they were borne back by sheer weight of numbers into the great dynamo galleries that the order to fire was given. What followed is common knowledge—the papers have done more than justice to it. If, as always happens in such a case, a few innocent citizens suffered with the guilty, one can but say that they paid a price for curiosity. But I would like to have felt that poor Jura Gualia had run that night upon a kindlier errand when a bullet, fired over the heads of the scattering mob, ricocheted from an iron lamp standard and found a billet in her heart.

XLIX

I CAN imagine few men besides my father who would have undertaken the sixty-two-mile drive from Xavier to London with the same dogged determination. From first to last, although opposed by a variety of obstacles, he uttered no complaint nor revealed the slightest impatience. With him the mastery of a difficulty was its own reward.

Anne tells me that the old man actually sang as they bowled along the narrow lanes at a maximum speed of nine miles an hour, for Shiela, after her first display, soon settled to an even trot. This was very strange, for I search my memory in vain for any occasion when I heard him sing. He sang, it appears, old sea chanteys—an echo, perhaps, of his early sailor days. Also there was a song about Ragged Robin, an adventurous fellow, by Anne's account, whose exploits ran into a score of verses and an oft-repeated refrain about "Roughing it—roughing it and nobody cares a damn." I have since asked him to sing it to me, but he denied all knowledge of Ragged Robin, and as I have never known him tell a lie, I can only assume that by a certain set of circumstances he was reacting to a subconscious memory. Anne tells me his voice was bluff and booming, and more spirited than musical.

"But it was wonderful how it kept me cheerful and steered my mind away from all kinds of gloomy thoughts. Father was the best companion in the world that night."

Noelle said the same, although for the first hour, with her head pillowed on Pixie's warm brown body, she slept fitfully in the back of the cart.

"Nothing put him out, Bob. He never showed a vestige of fatigue and never once was surprised at anything. Failure didn't seem possible with a man like that in charge."

As less likely to provide obstacles than the main roads, he had chosen a route that led through North Chapel, Hambledon and Wonersh. He explained to Noelle that in the neighborhood of Wonersh was a farmer with whom he had had friendly dealings in the past and with whom he hoped to exchange Shiela for a fresh horse.

"Will that be halfway?" she asked anxiously.

"Just about."

"How far have we gone already?"

"A good twelve miles, my dear," he answered proudly.

"Have we? How splendid!" she managed to say, although to herself she thought: "Twelve miles in nearly two hours, and over fifty to go."

"With luck," she said, "when is the earliest we should arrive?"

"Under Providence, sometime tomorrow afternoon."

She hated herself for saying, "You—you will go as fast as you can?"

"As fast as I can," he nodded, "but the little mare is only mortal. In this hilly country, if we average six miles an hour we'll be doing well." Then, to turn the talk: "Now, then, young Anne, into the back of the cart with you and get a bit of sleep."

No one dreamed of combating his will. He was on the quarter-deck with a vengeance.

A silence fell between Noelle and my father for the next mile or two. At last he said, "Have you and Bob fixed up to get married?"

"Yes, last night."

"Good," said he. "I won't say he's luckier than he deserves, because you wouldn't thank me for saying that, but I'll content myself by saying he's lucky."

A mile north of Chiddingfold, Shiela committed the indiscretion of casting a shoe and going dead lame on her near-side hind leg. For some distance my father led the poor hobbling beast, the two girls and Pixie following behind. Their spirits were by then at their lowest ebb. Realizing the futility of proceeding any farther in that fashion, the old man called a halt by a field gate for grub and a council of war. A ration of coffee and a slice of ham put a better complexion on the future. They had decided to knock up the nearest farmer and see what could be done about getting a new horse when, as my father would say, the divine hand of Providence took part in their troubles.

Encouraged by the relaxation of her labors, the deplorable Shiela lifted her head and neighed. The neigh was echoed and a moment later the wet muzzle of a little gray mare brushed Noelle's cheek as she stood with her elbows resting on the top bar of the gate. Coming out of breathing darkness, that ghostly apparition would have startled a yell from most girls, but Noelle was concerned with matters of greater importance than nerves. Relinquishing the piece of ham she was eating, she seized the little mare by the nose and forelock, and hung on grimly.

"Got him!" she cried.

"Got what?" cried Anne.

"A horse," said she.

As to the illegality of what followed there can be no two opinions, but my father salved his conscience for making the exchange by knotting two five-pound notes and a scrap of paper bearing his name and address in a bandanna handkerchief and tying it firmly to Shiela's tail. As Shiela was pushed into the field the gray mare was led out of it; a proceeding in which, for fear of escape, everyone, Pixie included, took part.

As they went spanking down the road my father remarked: "In the matter of breeding and blood, the other fellow has the better of the exchange; not but what," he added ungrudgingly, "little Providence here has quality."

Little Providence, as she came to be known, put new heart into the enterprise and bowled them along as merrily as a butcher's pony stepping it in the High Street.

Sitting on my bed, dreary, hungry and wretched after a fast of more than forty hours, something that I cannot define brought me to my feet and took me to the window. Looking down through my tiny peephole I saw an amazing pageant go by—the old farm cart, in which, as a boy, I had gone a hundred times to market—Anne, my father and Noelle. It flashed by my narrow field of vision so swiftly that I thought my senses were playing a fool trick on me.

But from some telepathic message or from an instinctive sense of nearness as the cart came opposite my window, Noelle lifted her head and I saw her eyes. I knew then that what I had taken for imagination was real—real. Lifting my voice, I launched a great glad cry of:

"Noelle—Noelle!"

But the thickness of shutter, the jingle of bit and chain, the drumming of hoof beats deadened the sound of my voice.

I called again: "Noelle—Noelle!"

I lurched back to the bed and sat there, hammering the mattress with shut fists and shouting her name and thanking God and laughing with a throat that ached from a torment of happiness. And Mario Gualia, his nerves worn to shreds from his endless lonely vigil, screamed at me to be silent from behind the doubled door.

L

IN THE late afternoon of the same day an eccentrically intoxicated bargee heard, as from afar, the voice of a loud-speaker disseminating news from the balcony of Brentford Town Hall. It would be vanity to pretend his faculties were under any sort of command, but he heard, or thought he heard, something about a reward of one thousand guineas which would be paid to anyone giving information leading to the discovery of Dominic Vane, "last seen in a boat off Dartford on the River Thames, and believed to be wearing handcuffs." The message was repeated twice and at its repetition formed some sort of conjunction with a remote undertaking of the bargee's. What that undertaking might have been he was in no way clear. It had to do with handcuffs and a man in a boat. It had nothing whatever to do with a thousand guineas.

"For what," he asked himself, "is a thousand guineas?" And the answer: "There's no such thing."

Earlier in the day, at a canal-side pub, a pot-house politician had declared that in three months—"Up the Russians"—the "coinish would be abolaged." There would be no more money and no more need for money—"Up the Soviet." What was the Soviet? What was anything? A thousand guineas—no good to him. "Strickly sho-shalishtic princhibulls." All property, he had been told, would be divided among the proletariat. Good! But then, of course, if one had a thousand guineas—good old Trotsky!—no need to mention it to the proletariat.

But how did one get a thousand pounds? He had forgotten. A loud voice on the balcony knew how it was to be done. But the loud voice was talking about something else.

Making a megaphone of his hands, the bargee shouted with blurred articulation, "'Ow do I git it, eh? Hi! 'Ow do I git it?"

The voice went on talking of other matters.

In his pocket the bargee had a few pieces of broken brick—just in case. One of these, with fortuitously accurate aim, he shied at the loud-speaker and, striking it upon the diaphragm, silenced it.

The subsequent succession of events was painful and surprising. A regular constable and two impassioned specials, falling upon him from the rear, whipped the bargee into the police station before you could say knife. Not until he was safely bestowed inside did he recover his faculties sufficiently to put up a fight. Yelling sulphurous threats against any person who sought to cheat him of that "tharsand saucepan lids," he flung himself into the fray. But how could one man prevail against so many? Resistance was worn down by sheer weight of numbers. Strapped to a stretcher and protesting brokenly that not even under duress would he betray the good and loyal patriot he had rescued from the watery embraces of the Thames, he was carried ingloriously to a cell.

Now it happened that among the officers who had taken part in the fracas was Sergeant Waygood, who in company with Reskey had been engaged in the pursuit of Dominic. With an uncommon flash of inspiration, the ravings of the drunken man opened a luminous port in his mind. Being from the Yard, he could do much as he liked at local stations, and there was no demur when he gave orders for the light to be extinguished. In the darkness he entered the cell and noiselessly bestowed himself upon the wooden pallet to listen and take heed. He could have saved himself the trouble of being quiet, for the flow of invective that poured from the bargee would have drowned an explosion at the gas works. Most of what the man said was mere general abuse, but sandwiched between oathy periods a complete story began to emerge.

Ten minutes later Sergeant Waygood, flushed with a tremendous excitement, reappeared in the charge room and demanded the services of twenty specials and a prison van.

Lily, as the barge was euphemistically named, was moored in the basin north of Brentford Bridge. The sudden appearance of so large a body of police entering, uninvited, the galley in which the bargee's wife was preparing a modest collation, inspired that vigorous soul to a first-class imitation of her husband's style of address. If there was anything she neglected to say of a crude and unconventional kind, it was not for lack of trying.

Above the hubbub of many voices came the low sweet notes of a song. With a triumphant shout, Sergeant Waygood scuttled out of the galley and, crying to the others to follow him, fell savagely to work upon the hatchway. A moment later a dirty but still debonair figure was dragged out into the pale evening sunlight.

"Mr. Dominic Vane?" Waygood demanded, scarcely daring to believe his luck.

For a moment Dominic wavered, then a rueful grin split his features.

"I suppose so," he said. "Anywhere's better than that hole."

"Sir," said Sergeant Waygood, with tears of rapture in his eyes, "the police of

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Rowland Barclay

TEXACO

At home or abroad—in our forty-eight States and in forty-six foreign countries, you will find Texaco Golden Motor Oil.

This world-wide preference is a tribute to Texaco quality—quality recognized instantly in its golden purity—quality demonstrated over and over again in thousands of engines kept free from carbon and unnecessary wear.

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Stop at the internationally known Texaco Red Star with the Green T—today. Refill with fresh, full-bodied Texaco Golden Motor Oil—clean, clear, pure. For extra power—the *new* and *better* Texaco Gasoline—a high test gasoline at no extra cost.

TEXACO
GOLDEN
MOTOR OIL

FULL BODY

CLEAN-CLEAR-PURE

THE TEXAS COMPANY
TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

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the whole country have been searching for you."

And in a sudden ecstasy he threw his arms round Dominic and squeezed the breath out of his body.

LI

I WOULD have given much to have been there when, at six o'clock that night, with Sergeant Waygood's arm linked protectively and restrainingly through one of his, Dominic Vane walked unannounced into Oscar Kahnet's little wooden office at Croydon Aerodrome.

For three hours, weary, hopeless and impotent, Noelle, Anne, my father and Kahnet had waited silently for news that never came. The formula of MW—XX.3 was locked in a safe that stood beside the table.

The first person Dominic addressed was Anne, and that in terms of endearment which would, I hope, embarrass her were they to be repeated.

His smile broadened round the company and finally came to rest on Oscar Kahnet. Then, with the most innocent air in the world and a jerk of the head at Sergeant Waygood, he remarked:

"This little rascal says there's a thousand quid on my head. Did you want me for anything?"

The utter simplicity of that started Noelle crying and my father swearing and Anne stamping her foot.

Only Oscar Kahnet, who loved a cool head in an emergency, was able to reply with equal disingenuousness, "We did rather." He added: "We want the key word or letter to the code formula of MW—XX.3."

"You do?" said Dominic. "But where's Bob, then?"

"Shanghaied the night before last," my father answered.

"He was? Golly, that's bad." Then to Noelle: "We must look into that, my dear."

She only trusted herself to reply, "You remember the key; please tell us rather quickly."

"Wait a bit," said Dominic, frowned and scratched his forehead.

I can well believe that watching that gesture each person in the room, with the exception of Sergeant Waygood, suffered the tortures of the inquisition. At last:

"I've got it. Am I to spout it out?"

"One minute," said Oscar Kahnet, and rising, shook hands with the sergeant.

"I'll not detain you, sergeant, longer than it takes to offer my thanks and congratulations. There will be a—er, tangible recognition."

"The question is," said Sergeant Waygood with unlooked-for honesty, "whether the drunken beggar that put me wise isn't entitled to it."

"In that case the sum will be reconsidered and enlarged. Good night."

"Nineteen hundred and twelve," said Dominic, as the door closed.

LII

ALTHOUGH there were half a dozen code experts in an adjoining part of the building, it was Dominic who decoded the formula. He had been used to that kind of job in the war. He worked with Noelle's hand on his arm and her face peering over his shoulder.

The job completed to his satisfaction, he handed the result to Oscar Kahnet, who transcribed for each chemical component the numerical alternatives with which he had caused the crates, boxes and carboys to be classified. The wheels of the machine he had built up in readiness began almost immediately to grind.

"Oh, Bob," Noelle told me afterward, "it was all so wonderfully, terribly, tremblingly exciting. I sneaked away to the shops to see them at work. Never in my life have I seen energy and enthusiasm to equal it. I was there when the first test was made. We splashed it on the grass and it burned with a bluish-yellowy flame like snapdragon at a children's party. In another part of the sheds a printing press was working, showering out instructions for users. As each tin was filled the instructions were popped inside before the top was rammed down. The tins were loaded up on push barrows, with four pushers and porters to each barrow. There was terrific intervarsity competition as to which team would get loaded up, unloaded into the planes and back to the shops again first. The boat race was a joke to it. I was there, too, when the first convoy of lorries moved off under escort and the first flight of planes rose into the sky and vanished like stars behind a cloud. I am not much of a cry-baby in the ordinary way, but that night I never stopped crying, and my throat ached and ached as though my emotions were strangling me. It was not fear for you, or loss of you, or wanting you that made me cry; that was the one thing I had to be brave about. It was the enthusiasm that got me; the splendid belief of everyone; the merciless way they went at the job; the unsparing loyalty and devotion of the boys—your old father, with his sleeves rolled up, working with the best of them. As long as I live I shall never see or feel anything like it again."

After decoding the formula, Dominic and Anne vanished awhile to a remote part of the flying ground, and without ceremony he put both arms round her and declared that in that position he would welcome the handcuffs that he had been wearing for the preceding thirty-six hours.

Anne repeated to me many of the things he said to her, with a shameless disregard for the conventions and lack of embarrassment. A man seldom understands his own sister. I had always looked on Anne as a quiet, loyal little soul, very capable in running a house, and with very unruffled emotions. It seems I was wrong and that I didn't know the half of her.

"He told me," said Anne, "that I was an adorable savage, and he was right. He kissed me with appalling intensity out there on the flying ground. Right in the middle of it a plane whooped down on us and we had to lie flat on our faces to avoid being killed. Above the roar of the engine he yelled, 'Anne, we're done for! Kiss me before it's too late!' And I did and the wheels of the brutal thing actually touched the back of my head, but I was so happy I didn't know the half of her.

So that is the kind of girl she is, and that is the way they behaved, except that sometime later they abandoned love-making and made synthetic petrol instead.

All night long, by air and road, MW—XX.3 was distributed over the country. All night long Oscar Kahnet sat by the telephone in the little match-board office in constant communication with the Home Office and the Board of Trade. It was said afterward that his brilliant powers of organization never reached a higher pitch than that night. His was the brain that designed the coup which within a few hours put the nation's transport on the road.

With a cup of tea and an untouched egg on the table before her, Noelle sat in Oscar Kahnet's office listening to the effluence of news streaming forth from the radio set in the corner. After the excitement and sleeplessness of the last forty-eight hours, the words sounded vague and unreal. Outside, the planes droned like bees. There was something anæsthetic in the sound. Behind the thin wooden partition she could hear the metrical tread of men's feet ticking in her ears like a clock.

"I'm so tired—so tired," she murmured.

Coming into the office with my father at his heels, Oscar Kahnet stopped and laid a finger to his lips. Then, tiptoeing over the carpetless floor, he took his coat from a peg and laid it gently over Noelle's shoulders. But with a weary gesture she put it away from her and rose.

"Dominic," she said—"I want to see Dominic. There's Bob to think of now."

LIII

PROLONGED solitude makes the sense of hearing keen. Throughout my detention, tracing the motive and origin of distant sounds had been my principal occupation and entertainment. A main thoroughfare which I took to be either the Fulham Road or the King's Road, Chelsea, ran, so far as I could judge, about a hundred yards to the south and just beyond the range of vision afforded by the peephole in the shutters. It was from that direction what sounds of traffic there had been the day before had emanated.

When I awoke on the third morning of my captivity the silence and stillness were uncanny. It was easier to believe oneself in a mountain solitude than in one of the limbs of a great city.

Making the best of a bad toilet, for I was without a razor and for three days had gone unshaven, I consumed my modest breakfast of half a pint of water from the tooth glass, and avoiding my reflection in the mirror, crossed to the window. The hush was broken by the distant chiming of a church clock striking nine. Its reverberations trembled and died away on the quiet air.

For want of food or any change of ventilation, I felt dizzy and rather sick. I was, at the same time, conscious of a sense of excitement and imminence. The hush had about it that character of calm which preludes a storm or which possesses men in trenches or on ships before an action. A prescience of triumph or disaster ran through and through me in successive waves. How long I stood there waiting and listening for I know not what, I cannot say. My faculties were uncommonly sensitive and even a distant footstep pricked them to a high pitch of attention.

I do not know whether imagination lends to silence that high, thin, sustained note like the hum of insects on a summer's day, but it was to that I was listening when the drone of engines came imperatively to my ears. This in itself was not so remarkable as, although the petrol shortage was acute, there was, as far as I knew, still enough for the government to run certain essential convoys. But it was not that sound alone that set my heart pommeling with wild enthusiasm and hope, but the roar of prolonged and continuous cheering that accompanied it.

I yearned for the eyes of a snail to push through that narrow crack in the shutters and see what was happening in the main thoroughfare that crossed the end of the street. It was that yearning that inspired me to make a periscope by smashing the mirror and extending a fragment of it, held in the jaws of a small adjustable spanner, through the crack in the shutter; then with a larger piece of the mirror propped against the window sill I started to observe.

The tail of a long column of lorries passed by, followed by half a dozen red omnibuses on which, painted upon sheets in hasty, straggling characters, were various legends. Among them I read: "The nation on wheels." "Take your seats, please." "Transport as usual." Some temporary obstacle delayed the procession, and in the interval between stopping and restarting I read on a fluttering banner the message which set my final doubts at rest!

"Buy MW—XX.3 and help to break the strike."

In the wake of the busses came an avalanche of cars, vans and lorries, but I did not wait to see any more. I even dropped the impromptu periscope and danced up and down the little room like a kid at a Christmas party. No lunatic could have acted with less restraint than I in that moment of ecstasy. I scattered the bed clothes and sang, and slung the gimcrack vases from the mantelpiece at the grocer's almanac pictures on the wall.

The voice of Mario Gualia, shrill with fright, put a period to my transports by asking if I were mad.

"Yes, you little Dago, mad with joy!" I shouted back. "And if you want to know why, stick your head out of the window and you'll find out!"

I imagine he must have been asleep and was unaware of what was taking place in the main road. I heard the sound of a window sash raised, followed immediately by a scream of rage. A second later he was hammering at my door with closed fists, cursing me from Gibraltar to Constantinople and back again:

"Liar—traitor—cheat—thief!"

"You've played and lost, Mario Gualia," said I. "Open the door and let me out."

He must have been far gone in madness, for his answer was to fire six shots in rapid succession through the panels. From the way the woodwork splintered and bricks in the opposite wall crumbled and powdered, it was evident he had exchanged his toy pistol for a more effective weapon.

I can't imagine how he failed to hit me, for I was right in the line of fire and felt the wind of at least two bullets pass my cheek.

He did not wait for oral proof of his marksmanship, but with a screech of laughter went clattering down the stairs. That he was bent on leaving me to die of starvation needed no proof, but I jumped across to the window to see the last of him.

Peering down through the crack, I saw to my amazement that the street was blocked and murmurous with people. Their attention was fixed upon one man who stood upon the doorstep of the house opposite. As I looked he swept off his hat and raised an arm with a finger that pointed at my shuttered window. His pale, whitish hair and the pinky color of his eyes made him look as if he had stolen out of some dark place into the winter sunlight. Holding out his other arm to command silence, the man we knew as James Warrinder addressed the crowd.

"Brothers," he said, "if the transport and communications of the country could have been held up for a few more days the just demands of the proletariat and the glorious cause of freedom would have been assured. What Russia is today, England would have been tomorrow. Our dream of an England for the worker has been shattered by a damnable invention—the wicked contrivance of a man's brain—details of which have been brayed this morning from every loud-speaker throughout the country."

From the crowd came an angry growl of assent.

"I do not have to say I refer to the petroleum substitute known today as MW—XX.3, but for which that stream of traffic would be as stationary as the steps of this house. In the cause of freedom I and many other brave spirits, now languishing in jail, strained every nerve and tissue to obtain and destroy the formula. But we failed—failed. Brothers, there is one direction in which we need not fail—the wreaking of a just and awful vengeance against the man who is responsible for our failure."

A savage yell followed his words.

"That man," he continued with gathering force, "lies concealed behind those shutters at which I am pointing."

As at a word of command, every head turned and every face was lifted and there burst forth such a hideous cry of hatred and execration as I pray I may never hear again. Above the uproar came the voice of James Warrinder crying:

"Shall he escape the consequences of villainy?"

The answer came in the form of a rush—a simultaneous convergence of the crowd on the doorway beneath my window. I heard the senseless ringing of the bell, the beating of hands against the panels and a voice that shrieked "Tear up the railings!" In the rush to obey that command the pressure of the crowd bearing down on those in front brought down the crazy railings and a score of maddened men into the area of the house. I heard the screams of the injured, the yells of the avengers, and a thunderous splitting battery of blows upon the door. In all that hideous pandemonium I was conscious of yet another sound, the whining and whimpering of Mario Gualia outside my room. God knows I had little enough time or inclination to consider anyone else's troubles

(Continued on Page 87)

LONG LEAF
SHORT LEAF

SOUTHERN PINE*

THE SUPREME STRUCTURAL WOOD OF THE WORLD

THE BATTERING RAM OF STRESS... AND TIME

Scene in a large cotton mill at Chicopee, Ga., built of Southern Pine. It is two stories high and 236 by 936 feet in size.

*Long Leaf Southern Pine gives maximum strength, rigidity and durability to construction. Short Leaf Southern Pine is unsurpassed in beauty of grain, workability and soft texture.

TONS upon tons of giant stamping machines . . ponderous lathes . . heavy shafting and pulleys . . loaded trains and trucks . . all pounding, whirling, vibrating, rumbling . . a stupendous force that beats relentlessly against floors and walls and pillars of a great factory. But, try as it may, this triple battering ram of stress, strain and weight spends itself harmlessly against resilient, shock-absorbing, super-strong, durable Southern Pine.

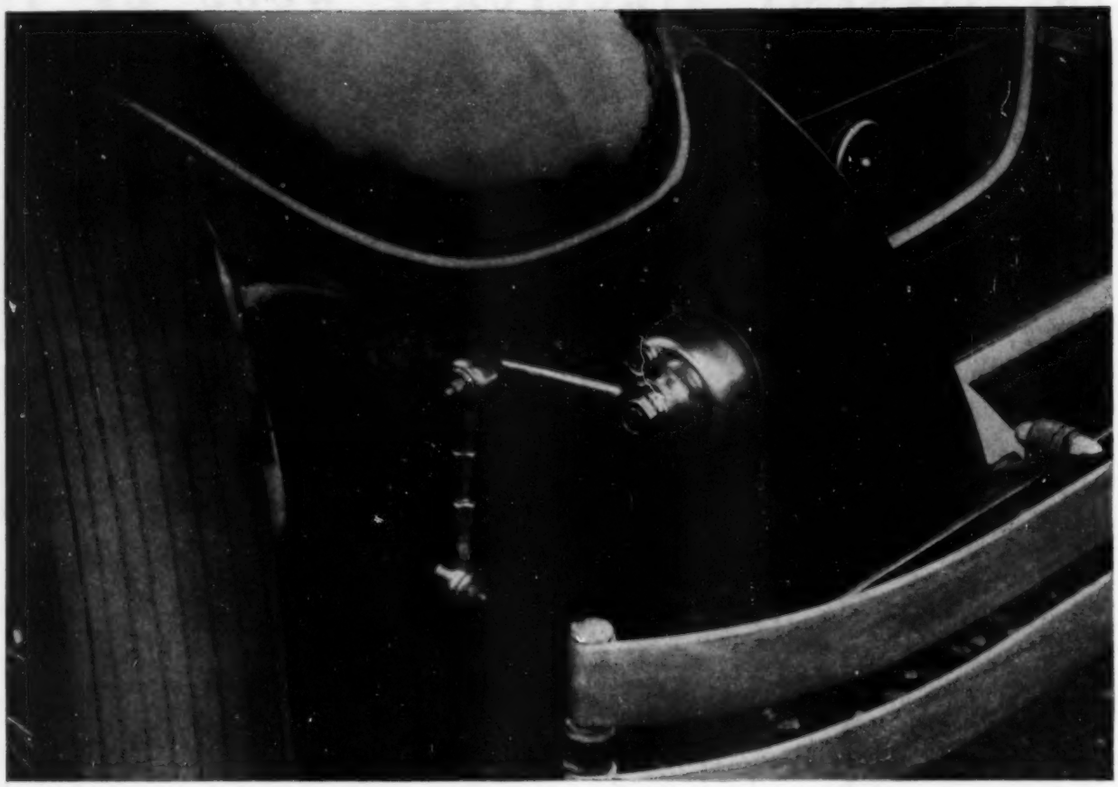
Every structure, worthy of long-time service, must withstand onslaughts of lesser or greater degree—your home, your church, the school, your barns . . In industry, freight cars, docks, trestles, truck bodies, farm implements, concrete forms. To be sure of the safety that comes with strength and the economy that comes with durability, insist upon Southern Pine.

Cut true and square, seasoned dry to meet every requirement, graded more exacting than ever, conforming to American Lumber Standards—and, so every user may know positively he obtains the grade he wants, the piece bears indelibly the mark of the expert grader and the trade-mark of the mill which manufactured it—and back of it all, the certification of grades of the Southern Pine Association.

Ask your Retail Lumberman for Grade-Marked, Trade-Marked Southern Pine

SOUTHERN PINE ASSOCIATION
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

These letters at the right of "SPA" identify the grade. The designation here is one of 15 grade-marks appearing on lumber from Southern Pine Association mills.



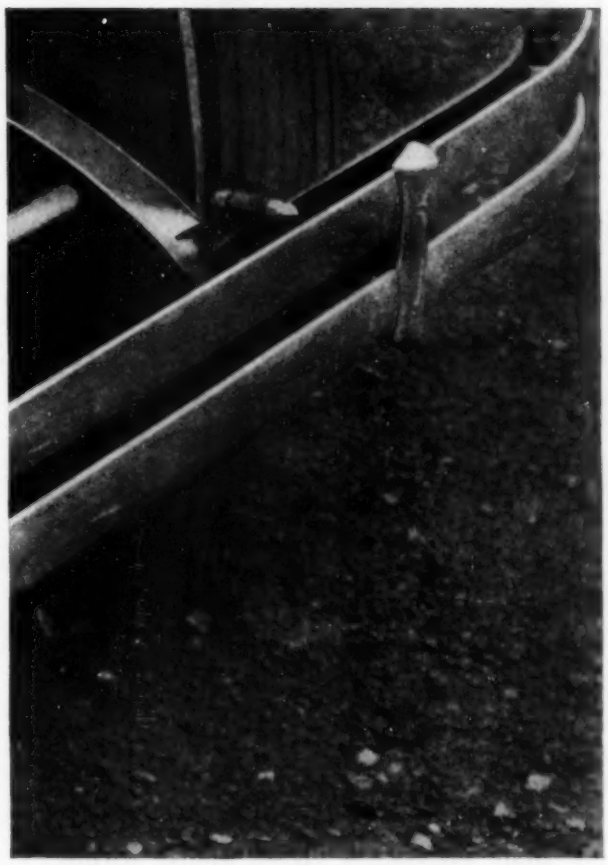
A SHOCK ABSORBER THAT *ACTUALLY*

HERE is a new motoring experience. You may have owned cars for many years . . . driven hundreds of thousands of miles . . . but when you ride in a car with Gabriel Triple-Hydraulics you will discover riding comfort beyond anything you have known.

Shock control, as commonly applied to motor cars today, is meant to lessen the stiffer shocks. But Triple-Hydraulics—in addition to controlling spring action effectively on the hard bumps—do what former devices have failed to accomplish. They cushion *every* shock, large or small. They let you glide at ease over *ordinary* road surfaces, at *ordinary* speeds of 20, 25, 30 or 35 miles an hour, and thrill you with the incomparable smoothness of their "floating ride."

Gabriel has taken the proved hydraulic principle and harnessed it in a new way that gives a new degree of riding comfort. The patented Gabriel shaft, with its three sturdy vanes, controls road shocks with a smoother, firmer resistance.

Triple-Hydraulics are magnificently built of the strongest steels, chromium plated and permanently sealed against leakage. There is



GABRIEL

TRIPLE

HYDRAULIC

SHOCK ABSORBERS

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS

THE SET OF FOUR

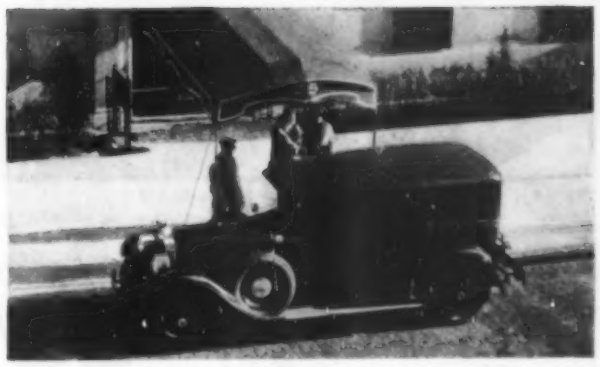
INSTALLED

GIVES THE LONG-SOUGHT "FLOATING RIDE"

nothing to wear out or get out of order. They will outlast the car itself.

The new Gabriel has met the most severe tests possible. Over hundreds of thousands of miles different makes of cars have been driven day and night under every road condition and the results of these tests prove that Triple-Hydraulics will more than meet the demands of modern motoring.

Your own motor-car dealer will gladly arrange to give you a demonstration of the marvelous Gabriel floating ride, at your convenience. *Gabriel*, 1407 East 40th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.



The cigar with the
LONG ASH

More and more millions of Wm. Penns smoked . . . . over 100,000,000 more in 1928 than 1925.

More than 100,000,000 cigars added within three years to the annual consumption of Wm. Penns already vast.

Only outstanding facts of superiority can explain such phenomenal popularity—and the facts are:

Wm. Penn is the LONG FILLER 5-cent cigar . . . . and the biggest GOOD 5-cent Cigar.

Smokers everywhere recognize these vital facts of "The Cigar with the Long Ash."

And so Wm. Penn *millions* grow. . . . Fresh in *foil* . . . . Breakproof in your pocket.

Wm·Penn

5 Cents
A Good Cigar

FOIL PROTECTED

(Continued from Page 82)

but my own! Before the onslaught of that frenzied mob my chances of being alive ten minutes hence were scanty enough, but somehow the impotent terror of his whimpering spurred a resolve in me to keep my head at all costs. By MW—XX.3 the nation might be said to have been saved from revolution, and it was a sorry reflection that I must die on account of it. With that thought came a sudden inspiration, and searching among the scattered bedding I found the tabloid bottle in which a few days before I had put the surplus of the stuff after my experience in the cellar.

With feverish haste I emptied it into the half-full water jug and as I heard the front door crash in the hall below I watched the water cloud, effervesce, and become clear as gin. Panting for breath and clasping the jug in one arm, I fumbled for and found a box of matches.

Heralded by threatening cries the vanguard of the mob surged into the house and up the stairs.

Heaven knows what possessed Mario Gualia to empty his pistol into them as they ascended. For those in front there was no escape. They died on the stairs and were trampled upon by infuriated followers. The end of Mario Gualia must have been mercifully swift. A scream, a snarl, a thud and all was over with him. Came then a rain of blows upon the door of my room—gasping, swearing, the heaving of shoulders and the head of an iron railing speared through one of the panels. A voice cried "All together!"

I heard the hinges rend from the woodwork, and as the door lolled forward I swilled the contents of the jug across the threshold and tossed a lighted match into the pool.

In the eruption of flame which swept ceiling high, I had an instant's vision of a score of purple faces and a forest of warding arms.

"Back—get back!" someone shrieked.

I was the last to leave the burning room, but I was not the last to reach the street. I went by way of the gap in the banisters, landed on a man's shoulders, jumped sideways across the next break in the staircase and dropped the last fifteen feet through the well to the hall below. The jar was considerable, but in some measure was broken by a huddle of figures who lay very still. In going through the front door I received a generous impetus from about one hundred and fifty panic-stricken men who shared a common impulse to get out as fast as legs and fists would take them.

Once outside I didn't get far, but hung to some railings for support. What seemed the very scourings of London's slums scattered past me, shouting "Rozzers!" With dizzy consciousness I looked up the street, down which came a body of mounted policemen and some mysterious horsemen in red coats and silk hats. This amazing cavalcade were laying about them with batons and whips. Some of them rode on the pavements. Before their approach the crowd melted like a mist.

Consumed with a sickly feeling that I was going to flop, I clung to the railings and rocked to and fro. But from the oblivion into which I was declining I was aroused by a smart tap on the crown of the head and a harsh voice which demanded "Are you going to move on there?"

Opening my eyes with an effort, I found myself looking into the rugged countenance of a mounted policeman.

"Are you going to move on or shall I make you?" he repeated.

"I don't have to move on. I'm the fellar all the fuss is about."

I believe his uplifted baton had the complete answer to that, but it was never made, for a brown, fluffy body, with barks and yelps and slaverings of joy, hurled itself at me like a projectile.

"Pixie—Pixie!" I cried.

And then I saw, jumping and tumbling out of a motor car, the four people I loved best in the world.

LIV

HAVING no London home of our own, we drove instinctively to Oscar Kahnet's house in Lancaster Gate.

Here we were received by Mrs. Kahnet without manifestation of surprise or dismay.

"That's right, here you are," she said, and bustled off to see about getting us something to eat.

I wanted a little restorative too, not wholly because of my long fast but on account of the way my father had pommeled my knee and Dominic had kept thumping me on the back all the way along in the car.

In the absence of Oscar Kahnet, who, as his wife explained, "will never leave that place so long as there is a pin left to pick up," my father was put at the head of the table to act as a temporary host.

I like to believe that it was delight at our reunion and the successful conclusion to our enterprise, rather than the influence of a "fine old Tawny," which provoked the high spirits and loud laughter which distinguished his conduct on this occasion.

The dining-room windows were flung wide open so that we might see the traffic go by, and a more fist-banging and uproarious company I have never sat among. There were boasting and jest cracking and not a word of sense to be had out of anyone. At first I was too far gone in hunger to take much part in it, but when Noelle had made me lap up a cup of beef tea which Mrs. Kahnet had laced with a drop of brandy, my tongue loosened with the best.

It wasn't until then I had the curiosity to ask Noelle how they had learned where I had been put away. For answer she nodded at Dominic.

"Easy stuff, old bird," he replied to my inquiry. "If I'd been on the spot, instead of counting mice on a river barge, you wouldn't have been there an hour."

"Yes, but how?" I repeated.

"I asked Mischa Groffe for the address; in fact we both asked," said he, including Noelle in a to-and-fro gesture.

Something seemed lacking in the explanation.

"You must have found him in a very obliging mood," I said.

"No, we didn't. He was rather reluctant at first—knew nothing at all—no notion what we meant until Noelle told me to beat him up."

"And did you?" I asked.

"Royally," he nodded. "It was almost a massacre. It revived his youthful memories and a more recent one that we were asking for."

"I wonder you believed him," said I.

"We didn't altogether—at least not too implicitly. In fact, we brought him along with us in the car to avoid mistakes. If you hadn't been so swallowed up in looking at Noelle you'd have seen me turn him loose and speed him on his way with a swift kick in his summerhouse."

He broke off the narrative to take part in a hunting song, which my father, a wineglass in one hand and a loaf of French bread in the other, was vigorously conducting.

Unobserved and unmissed, Noelle and I crept silently from the room.

On the landing she looked at me and said so and so.

And I said this and that. And she said the other.

Then I declared what was uppermost in my mind, and so did she, and for ever such a while we just repeated each other's words over and over again. But since two minds with a single voice have nothing to talk about, we found a quiet place and were quiet in it—consumingly quiet and miraculously happy.

LV

WHEN one reflects that during our brief engagement we had been parted for a considerable time, I do not think we can be accused of undue haste in getting on with the wedding. Time should be measured by incident and not by the clock, and there is nothing very surprising in the fact that we walked up the aisle together on the fourteenth day of our acquaintance. Were this not reasonable and rational conduct, for what purpose are special licenses printed and issued? Anne and Dominic wholeheartedly supported our enterprise and were not a little crestfallen at the strictures imposed by my father which prevented their following our shining example.

Preserving an adamantine front, the old man insisted on at least a month's engagement. He supported this ruling by the argument that a young fellow who set out to propose to a girl and followed a fire engine instead could not be considered to have presented an ideal pattern for husbands. In vain did Anne protest that only such a one would she consent to wed. In vain did Dominic plead that he was rich and steadfast.

On the first count there could be no division of opinions, for in floating the company MW—XX.3 Ltd., Oscar Kahnet had credited him with five hundred shilling shares, which a week later he could have sold for any price he cared to name.

Our profits during the strike and the days that immediately succeeded it were fantastic. Only by an assurance that at the end of the national crisis and with the restoration of normal supplies the company would go into voluntary liquidation and the formula be deposited in the Bank of England was a financial crash in the world's oil markets averted.

As I have told earlier in these pages, MW—XX.3 does not respond to any analytic test. The secret of its manufacture had, therefore, remained a secret. By an inspiration of Oscar Kahnet's, a letter was published in the English newspapers and reprinted by the press of all countries, in which it was stated, as a provision for the liquidation of the company, that should any assault designed for the purpose of obtaining particulars of the components used in the manufacture of MW—XX.3 be made upon me or upon any other person familiar with the formula, the trustees of the marriage settlement between Noelle and myself were empowered and instructed to refloat the company forthwith. The letter concluded with the words:

> The owners of MW—XX.3 have, after due consideration, decided that it is not to the present economic advantage of the world for this substance to be generally employed. The formula has therefore been deposited under the Royal Seal at the Bank of England, where it will remain as a safeguard against any shortage of petroleum that may arise in the future.

As the nuptials of Anne and Dominic were condemned to delay, I had a best man at my wedding and Noelle a bridesmaid. Oscar Kahnet, almost filling the little Downland church, gave her away and Mrs. Kahnet acted as the bride's mother.

Mrs. Kahnet wore a lavender dress and carried a bunch of primroses that she had picked that morning in Farthing Hackett. For what seems to me a very insufficient reason, Anne cried because of the primroses. Pixie, I am ashamed to say, wore a blue bow, and subsequently buried it in the rubbish heap.

Our wedding breakfast was eaten in the dining room at Xavier and we made some awful speeches—except Noelle, who said —— But then I have got into the way of refusing to repeat what she says.

They dug up an old folk song to do us musical honors:

Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea,
Silver buckles on his knee;
He'll come home and marry me-ee
Pretty Bobby Shafto-ooe.

A nice verse to sling at a man in a tweed suit, with a crooked nose and a face that children laugh at, who, not an hour before, had decently and respectably married the most wonderful—adorable ——

(THE END)

SEE WHAT YOU BUY · BUY IN GLASS

Start the day with figs . .

Ever try figs for breakfast? Do you realize how utterly delicious and different-tasting they are? Ever ask your doctor about the superlative food value of fine figs?

Buy figs packed the modern way—in crystal-clear glass jars. Then you will see for yourself how perfect figs can be . . . how full of sweet, wholesome goodness! Picked ripe and unblemished . . . clean-packed in shining glass . . . in sunny, up-to-the-minute factories.

And be sure that gold-lacquered Anchor C Caps protect each jar for you. They keep the contents safely air-tight—untouched or unsampled—until you yourself are ready to use them.

Look for Anchor C Caps on other glass-packed foods, too. They are your final assurance of high quality . . . your golden seal of perfection.

ANCHOR CAPS

very easy to remove

OPENING INSTRUCTIONS — Use your bank bottle opener or an Anchor Opener. Place the hook well under the edge of the cap and lift up gently at several points.

Anchor Cap & Closure Corporation

LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y. · TORONTO, CANADA

Buy Anchor Openers from your grocer, or fill out and return this coupon.

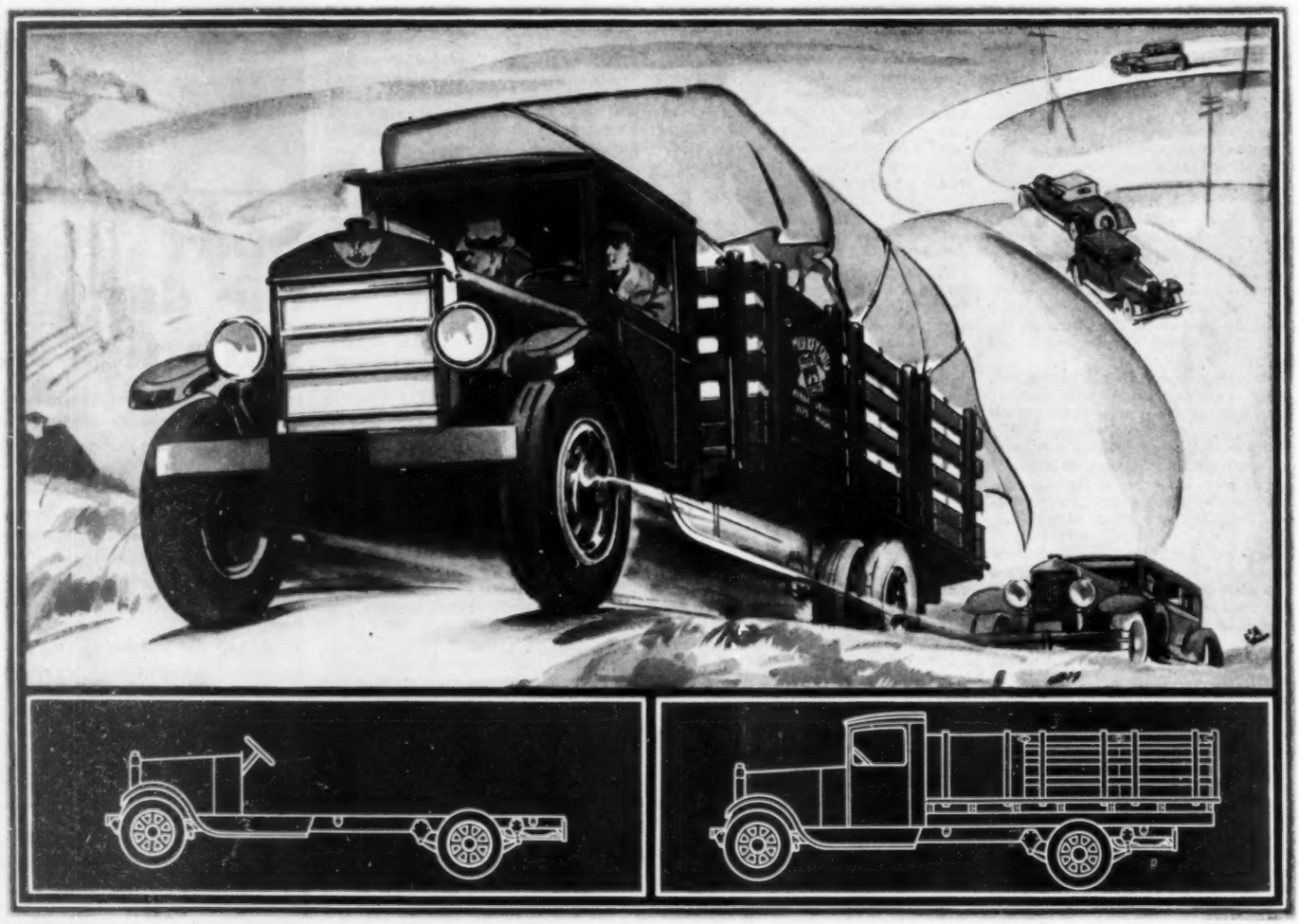
ANCHOR CAP & CLOSURE CORPORATION
LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y. (or Toronto, Canada)

Please send me one Anchor Opener.
Enclosed is six cents in stamps.

Name _____

Address _____ (5)

American Industry Asked For Something *More* in Heavy Duty Transportation



Now . . . HIGH SPEED, HEAVY DUTY TRANSPORTATION Like Men Have Never Known Before:

The Creation of REO, world-leader in High Speed, Low Upkeep Commercial Haulage

REO SPEED WAGON

A NEW profit element—the TIME ELEMENT — has entered the field of heavy and semi-heavy haulage. The call of thinking men today is for SPEED as well as economy and dependability. For upon the factor of FAST TRANSPORTATION, profits, service and efficiency largely rest.

To meet that situation, Reo offers a new conception of heavy duty transportation —a heavy duty Speed Wagon, a truck like American industry has never known before.

All the speed of the world-famous Reo Speed Wagons, all their long life, low operating cost and *almost unbelievable flexibility* have been built into this remarkable piece of heavy duty transportation.

All that Reo — world-leader in low upkeep, high speed commercial transportation—has learned in its long experience in the field has been built into it.

Buying any commercial vehicle in its field, without seeing it, is a mistake. Any unbiased automotive expert, we believe, will tell you this.

Call the nearest Reo dealer. He will be glad to prove these facts.

REO MOTOR CAR CO., *Lansing, Michigan*

SPECIFICATIONS

Eight wheelbase sizes—from 134 to 179 inches—in tonnage capacities of 1½—2 and 3 tons. New Gold Crown engine—with chrome nickel-steel cylinder block, seven bearing crankshaft, and full pressure lubrication. 4-wheel, 2-shoe, internal hydraulic brakes. Magazine chassis lubrication. Air-cushioned seats. And full equipment.

Reo Speed Wagons also in ½ ton and 1 ton models, ranging from 115-inch to 138-inch wheelbases.

NAÏVE

(Continued from Page 7)

green, then rose, with a great big velvet bow the color of those dark blue clouds."

"And carry a wand tipped with a star," said Claudette gravely.

She didn't add that for centuries allegorical dressmakers had been turning sunsets to account in just that way. She could see that her young friend was quite pleased with her display of fancy, and her sense of amused indulgence deepened. Claudette was really enjoying Maye. She was a little tired of the clever women she knew—women who edited advertising copy and ran style columns and sent fashion notes from Paris. They knew everything, and underlined all their speech with the implications of their knowledge. They loved the deliberate naïveté of art and despised the artless simplicity of their fellow creatures. She was tired of their hard, amused, unhumorous intelligence.

"It's a very nice idea," she said approvingly. "I'd much rather see a sunset made into a good frock than into a bad poem."

Maye said she was awfully fond of poetry.

"I've got a book of poems at home called High Tide. It's a sort of a collection, and there are poems in it I've read over and over. I never get tired of them. I'm crazy about reading," she added, eager eyes on her companion's face. "Once I get hold of a book, you can't get a word out of me."

Claudette smiled. People could say what they liked about magazine-cover girls; when one of them actually separated herself from her cover and stood before you, all pure, still color and unravished curve, the effect was far from banal and uninteresting. No, Maye was better than that; she was like one of those little songs of Schubert that intellectual people nowadays condemn as sentimental, and that, moving within their own small pattern, remain perpetually fresh, complete and charming.

"And do the other models read poetry?" she asked.

Maye shook her head. "I don't think so. Some of them are lovely girls, too; I really like them. Only, they seem sort of—you know, sort of hard. And one or two of them say things—use words, I mean, that—I don't know, I guess I'm funny or something, but I know I wouldn't use them." She stared at Claudette solemnly. "I don't mean just swearing words," she said significantly.

"My child, you are perfectly sweet," said Claudette. "I'd like to adopt you—I really would. I'd like to hear you say your golden text on Sunday and curl your hair around my finger."

"Oh, Miss Fleurnoy!" cried Maye, enchanted.

By the time they reached the Roylinke Apartments they were old friends.

"You might as well come in and have a cup of tea," said Claudette. "I always have them send one up when I come in."

"Oh, I shouldn't," murmured Maye. But she followed Claudette, nevertheless, up the steps and across the lobby, all bold-patterned cretonne and geometric ornaments and bright electric fires, like the living room of a smart club.

Claudette's was the corner suite on the second floor. Sam Weller had selected it for her, and at first she had found it amusing, but already she was a little tired of its reiterative cleverness. It met you on the threshold like a new, high-handed acquaintance whose brilliant cordiality only serves to emphasize secret assumptions of superiority. Everything in it was deliberate and contrived. Its angles caught the light sharply, turning even the shadows to dramatic arrangements; all its shapes and colors were part of a scheme of brisk, related emphasis.

Maye stood in the doorway, gazing with dazzled eyes.

"It's—it's modernistic, isn't it?"

"It's the word they use," said Claudette brightly; and she added: "I'm getting a little tired of it myself—the word, I mean. As a matter of fact, it's as old as Egypt. Rameses the First probably had daybeds three times as modernistic as anything in the Exhibition Moderne."

"Oh," said Maye. Her gaze, a little troubled, wandered slowly about the room, resting on a jar of quite recognizable glass morning-glories with curling tendrils of wrought iron. She said suddenly:

"I'm not a scrap clever, Miss Fleurnoy. I mean, I really like mod—like all these new things, and I think people ought to be interested in—in new movements and art and everything. Only I don't—I can't——"

Claudette laughed. "If you mean you can't talk about wall-paper dynamics and new dimensional ash trays, please don't let that worry you." She pulled forward a little keg-shaped chair, and taking Maye by the shoulders, playfully pushed her into it. "Don't be a silly. Just sit there and look like yourself. No reasonable person wants anything better than that. And I'll tell them to send up tea."

At seven o'clock that evening Maye telephoned Mrs. Meadows. "Miss Fleurnoy invited me to stay for tea, and I got talking and didn't notice the time."

"Joey's here," said Mrs. Meadows mildly. "He's been here since half-past five. I gave him his supper; he has to work tonight."

Maye said lightly to tell him to wait. "I'll be home in half an hour."

But out in Mrs. Meadows' little hallway Joey was already putting on his coat. He was a tall nineteen-year-old, with rosy cheeks and a cap of thick, sunburned, fair hair. In spite of his city clothes—the neat-patterned topcoat, the flat-brimmed, boldly banded felt hat—he had kept the attractive look of the country. No one of imagination could see Joey without transposing him to a setting of seventeenth-century pastoral, with a crook and smock and a bright ring of dancing nymphs. He had been working in the city for less than a year.

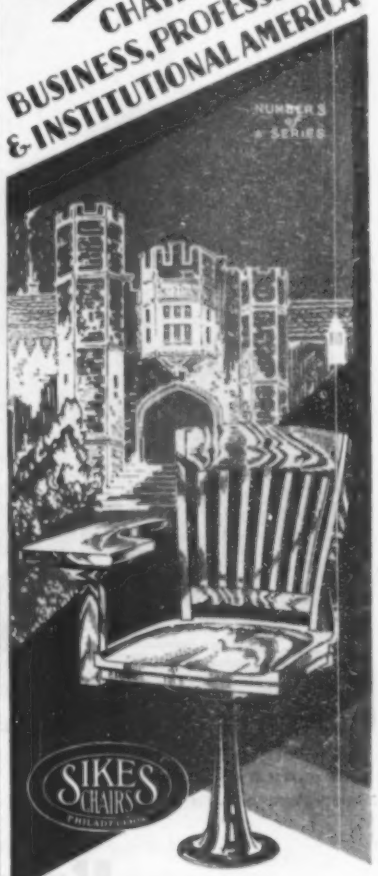
"Tell Maye I won't be here tomorrow night," he said.

"Well, come in if you can, Joey," said Mrs. Meadows.

He was aware of the feminine sympathy of her glance. Ordinarily Joey regarded Mrs. Meadows with the detached incurious patience which respectful young people feel

"You Keep Saying How You 'Adore' Things, and How They're 'Perfectly Sweet.' You Said Something or Other Was 'Quaint.' And You Keep Calling Me 'My Dear.' It Makes Me Sick"

Sikes CHAIRMAKERS TO BUSINESS, PROFESSIONAL & INSTITUTIONAL AMERICA



PRINCETON UNIVERSITY HAD A SEATING PROBLEM

REALIZING that lecture room chairs are literally "seats of learning," Princeton University made an extensive investigation of chairs before reaching a decision on the type best suited for the new Engineering School lecture rooms.

The university authorities wanted a chair that had easy comfort, good looks and long wear. And at the same time one that fostered the habit of proper posture during long lectures. For they recognized the fact that prolonged mental alertness is best induced by proper posture.

When the problem was presented to Sikes, the solution was readily reached. And Sikes XX7½ Chairs are today an integral part of Princeton's lecture rooms.

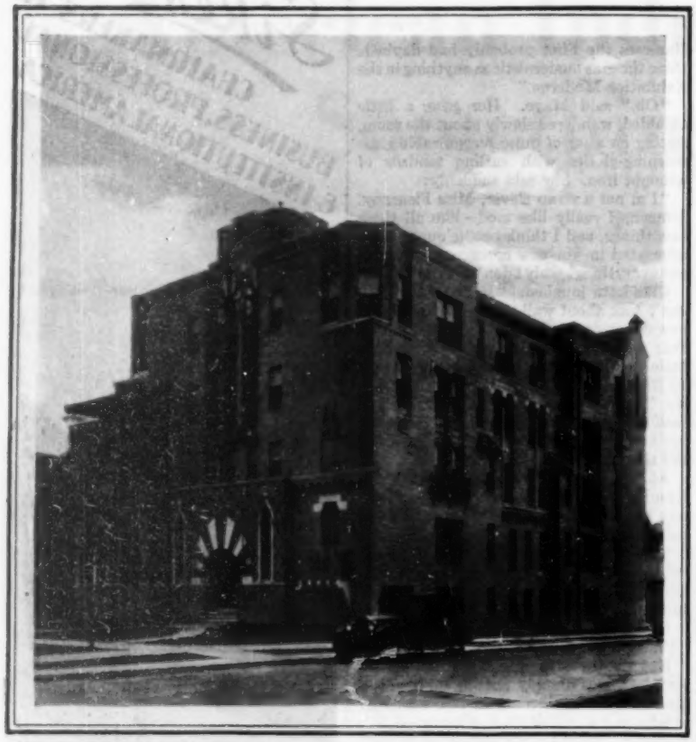
If you have a similar problem of selecting chairs for a class room, a business office or a professional suite, Sikes will gladly assist you in making the wisest choice—either from the numerous stock models or in the designing of a special type for your specific requirements.

You will find that the nearest Sikes Dealer (name on request) is ready to render effective co-operation at any time. Ask him for a practical demonstration of Sikes Chairs.

SIKES COMPANY
CHAIRMAKERS FOR 70 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

A complete line of matched office suites and commercial desks is manufactured by the Sikes-Cutler Desk Corporation at Buffalo, New York

GLAZED WITH LIBBEY-OWENS GLASS



THE LABEDA, Detroit, Michigan
WEIDMAIER & GAY, *Architects*
HENRY NUSSBAUM, *Owner*

BECAUSE of its true flatness, uniform thickness and strength, exceptional clearness and brilliant lustre, Libbey-Owens "A" quality labeled sheet glass is ideal for fine homes, as well as for such fine buildings as the apartment shown above. Consult Your Architect. The Libbey-Owens Sheet Glass Company, Toledo, Ohio

LIBBEY-OWENS
FLAT DRAWN CLEAR SHEET GLASS

toward maturity that is at once alien and unmysterious. She was without charm as Joey recognized charm; everything of that sort had been lost in years, quenched under the accumulation of flesh; so lost, so quenched, that he wasn't even aware of missing it. Still, as she stood there, he was aware of some personal quality in her; something at once intimate and encompassing. She was sort of nice, thought Joey; Maye's aunt was kind of a nice old lady. But he only said "Good night" gruffly, and walked down the steps into the street.

Mrs. Meadows stood for a moment by the veranda railing, enjoying the sharp sweetness of the spring twilight. Then she went back into the house and began clearing away the supper dishes.

Maye came in just as she was finishing.

"I left your place set," said Mrs. Meadows. "We had some real nice fresh sea herring for supper."

But Maye didn't want any supper. She came into the kitchen, still in her hat and coat, her eyes shining. "How did you like—isn't Miss Fleurnoy wonderful?" she said.

Mrs. Meadows replied that Miss Fleurnoy seemed like a real nice woman. And hanging the dishpan on the nail and the dishcloth on the dishpan, went into the front room and settled down with the paper under the lamp.

Maye followed her and stood in the doorway, conscious, as she looked about the room, of a sinking of her excitement and elation. It was a typical Pimlico Gardens living room—overstuffed mohair, a golden-shaded floor lamp, a very old piano, a very new radio; on the mantel two candlesticks that never would be lit, balancing an ornamental clock that wouldn't go. A framed copy of Boy with Rabbit on the wall, and a console mirror with an antique gilt frame. Not a single item was missing of the fatal refinements of the cash-and-credit furniture emporium. She would just die, thought Maye, if Miss Fleurnoy ever saw that room.

"Joey said to tell you he wouldn't be here tomorrow night," said Mrs. Meadows. She sat with the paper in her lap, the golden light from the bridge lamp pouring down over her spreading amplitude of creases and curves. From where Maye stood, the miter-shaped shade seemed to be resting directly on Mrs. Meadows' head, giving her, with her air of calm repose and all the folds of her many chins, a look of almost pontifical dignity, benevolent but inaccessible.

Maye sat down in a corner of the Chesterfield sofa, took off the little black velvet béret. She was silent for a moment, but presently, when Mrs. Meadows didn't look up, she said in a voice of sudden resolution:

"Aunt Marjie, I've just been thinking—I don't believe I could ever marry Joey."

Aunt Marjie folded the paper back at Birk and Himmel's Basement News.

"I thought you were fond of Joey," she said.

"Well, I am fond of Joey," answered Maye; "I think he's sweet. Only I don't think—girls don't have to get married now like they used to."

Aunt Marjie said rather mysteriously that she guessed an unattractive girl nowadays got just as many good chances to stay single as ever.

"By getting married you haven't any chance of any sort of a career," Maye pointed out.

Until today a career had presented itself to Maye largely in terms of breakfast in bed in a negligee with ostrich trimming and passionate floods of mail arriving on the morning tray. Thinking now of Miss Fleurnoy in her golden gown and the suite at the Roylinke, she recognized how childlike and commonplace such an idea had been. All her ideas until now had been like that—the common exchange of Pimlico Gardens.

"You see, things aren't a bit the way they were," she explained. "Women have their economical freedom now. I mean, the reason a lot of them don't get married is because they really don't want to. They probably have heaps of chances, but they think they can lead broader lives without."

She sat hunched up in a corner of the Chesterfield sofa, her chin on her hand. She felt sorry for Joey, but she rather liked the sense of being at the dramatic center of a contemporary problem.

"Then, if you don't marry Joey, do you think you'd like to go round and give little talks like Miss Fleurnoy?" asked simple Aunt Marjie.

Maye shook her head. "Oh, I couldn't possibly do that. What I thought I'd like to do is just keep on being a model. There's heaps of future in modeling. Miss Fleurnoy was telling me about it. In Paris the models are just like stage stars and have gowns created for them and everything. Only it's much simpler, because you don't have to do a lot of memorizing."

Aunt Marjie looked impressed. She was thoughtful a moment; then she said, "I guess Miss Fleurnoy could help you quite a lot."

"I suppose so," said Maye a little doubtfully, "but I wouldn't like to ask her to."

"Well, perhaps not exactly ask her to," said Aunt Marjie; "but it don't hurt to make a friend of her. I'd go round and see her sometimes in the evenings if I was in your place. She seems to have taken quite a fancy to you. And it must be pretty lonesome for the poor girl shut up by herself in a boarding house that way. You might ask her here to supper some night."

Maye sat with her flushed cheek against her hand, all sorts of bright, vague scenes and figures passing through her mind. New York and Paris, all towers and shop windows; Deauville and Longchamps, with the sunshine slanting through transparent draperies; a London gown salon with a ring of envious duchesses sitting about in attitudes of pride; deep velvet curtains swinging aside and a little figure of silver filigree shining for a moment against darkness.

"But heavens," thought Maye; "imagine inviting Miss Fleurnoy here for supper!"

Claudette, wandering through the French rooms, heard herself hailed from the other end of the salon: "Darling! Come and save me!"

It was Miss Sam Weller. She was standing before one of the long mirrors, holding an evening gown to her shoulders; a brilliant affair cut with the bold significance of line that Sam approved, and winking with thousands of little green and silver lights.

"I mustn't buy it," she said. "Please use your influence. . . . But don't you adore it?"

Claudette said it was marvelous. "But you'll have to be awfully careful how you wear it," she warned. Sam wouldn't, of course. She would put on too much jade jewelry and paint her mouth vermilion. She always overemphasized things, characterized herself too bluntly. "It'll make you look like a mermaid," Claudette said. "Not a nice mermaid; the kind that gets herself talked about for lolloping too much in public."

"Come on into the trying-on room; I'm going to try it anyway," said Sam. "I haven't seen you for ages. What have you been doing? How's your little angel-faced crush that follows you home every evening?"

"My dear! Perfectly infatuated!" said Claudette. They went into the fitting room.

Sam tried the gown on and shook her head. "My job's too respectable. Can you see me going to the Local Council of Women's theater night as a *déclassée* mermaid? They'd just die. . . . But couldn't I do a mean lollop in it? I ask you." She did. The saleslady was convulsed. She knew Sam and that there wasn't the slightest chance of making a sale. But she was fascinated by her manner and by her mysterious occupation—someone had told her that she wrote—and

(Continued on Page 93)

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would far rather wait on her than on less stimulating if more rewarding customers.

"Be an angel and bring me something else," Sam said to her. "Subtle. Something that the Local Council of Women won't understand the worst parts of it. A nice New England front and a Ziegfeld back." In her camisole and knickers she followed the saleslady right out into the corridor. "And I want it to look like a hundred and seventy-five dollars and to cost nineteen-fifty. You know. You're wonderful." She came back and sat down in front of the triple mirror. "Darling, I've been wanting to ask you. How do you stand her?"

"Stand who?" asked Claudette, laughing.

"The Meadows child," said Sam. She twisted sideways and bent over to examine the calves of her legs. "Tell me honestly, are they getting fat? If they are I'm sunk; they're the only part of me that anybody'd look at twice."

"Your legs are marvelous," said Claudette, "and the Meadows child is sweet. She has a nice little mind full of all sorts of interesting ideas, practically all of which I have put there myself."

Sam said she couldn't understand it. "She's so dumb. She simply doesn't know anything. I'll bet she doesn't know how to tell the time. . . . Still, I suppose it's the smart thing to be interested in primitives."

"Maye isn't primitive," retorted Claudette. "She's a hundred times more modern than you are. She's the coming generation. She is; you wait and see; there's a romantic reaction setting in. A few years from now the next generation will be apologizing when they introduce you to their young friends: 'Poor old auntie; she's terribly old-fashioned; she thinks there isn't any Santa Claus!' You and all the smart Menckenites. . . . Maye's a much more interesting person than you think."

"She's just about as interesting to me as half a yard of pink baby ribbon," said Sam. She straightened her knee and tightened up her shining silk stocking. "I suppose she comes to see you every day."

"Every day I'll let her," said Claudette.

"And does she bring that wildly exaggerated aunt along with her?"

"Not yet, but there have been certain indications—I think she wants to mother me. I've been fending her off."

"You know about the elephant that met the mouse, and the elephant said, 'Oh, you poor little thing. I'll be a mother to you,' and sat down on top of it," suggested Sam.

"Well, I don't expect to let things get as far as that." Claudette laughed and got up. "I must run. I have to have my wave set and be back at the store by eleven."

Sam stared at her reflectively.

"The Meadows child may be the intellectual model of the future," she said, "and she's just darling-looking and has such a cute little way of talking and never says anything mean about anybody. But I know if I had to live with her I'd just simply take a little hatchet and put her out of the way. And so would you."

Claudette, standing in the doorway, looked back with twinkling eyes. "Well, I don't have to live with her," she said, and disappeared.

Maye and Joey sat on the Chesterfield sofa in Mrs. Meadows' little front room. A golden circle of light fell from the tall floor lamp by the mantelpiece, and the rest of the room was unlit; discreet, withdrawn, all its blunt, shouldering shapes softened to tenderness by the rosy shadows; a room for lovers.

But Joey and Maye weren't lovers tonight. Joey sat at one end of the Chesterfield and Maye at the other, a childish figure in a little flannel dress like a schoolgirl's. But inaccessible, remote, shielding herself behind an unfamiliar air of maturity.

"My dear, that's simply ridiculous," said Maye. "You haven't the slightest reason ——"

Joey said gloomily, "What do you talk that way for? Why don't you talk natural any more?"

Maye raised her eyebrows. "I'm talking like I always talk. I don't know what you mean."

"You are not," said Joey. "You keep saying how you 'adore' things, and how they're 'perfectly sweet.' You said something or other was 'quaint.' And you keep calling me 'my dear.' It makes me sick."

She got up quietly, pulling her little skirt down about her knees. "I'm very sorry, Mr. Farrelly, if my conversation doesn't happen to suit you."

"Oh, Maye, what's the matter with you?"

He caught abjectly at her elusive hand. In the cold little figure beside him there was nothing of the Maye he had adored. All that he had loved in her of substance and insubstance had vanished. She was hard and unreal; she was remote, competent and polite, like a refined lady clerk in a store. And perversely, as she became more and more unfamiliar, she grew more and more desirable. He was isolated on a peak of love, blown upon by all its heats and cold. He wanted to seize her by the shoulders, to kiss her or to shake her—he didn't know which. He wanted to leave the rosy-lighted room and shut the door behind him forever. And he wanted only to stay there, searching, like some unhappy survivor of a catastrophe, for some trace of his lost delight. He had never been so miserable in his life.

"It's that dame up at Birk and Himmel's that spoiled you," he said bitterly. "You were all right till you met her."

Maye said with cold patience, "If you mean Miss Fleurnoy, I may say she's the most wonderful friend I ever had in my life."

"Aw, I read about her in the paper," said Joey scornfully. "Going round telling women to paint their faces up. Talking about charm. What does she know about it? I bet you she's thirty years old. I'll bet you she's thirty-five."

"You've never even seen her," said Maye indignantly. She reverted to her infuriating primness of tone. "I may say I expect to go to New York with her next week."

"To New York!" His grievance and scorn were lost in consternation. That unconcealing face of his surrendered up to her every phase of his helplessness. "How long?" he asked dismally.

"Maybe for good," said Maye. She was a little sorry for Joey, but it was fascinating to watch how terribly she could make him feel. "Maybe I'll go to Paris with her and get work as a model there."

He looked at first merely astonished, then oddly reassured. People Joey knew didn't go to Paris. It was the resort of the incredibly rich or the mysteriously dissolute. Or it was history. Everything in him that was contemporary, upright and middle class rejected the idea as pure fantasy.

"Your Aunt Marjory would never let you," he said.

"Why, it was auntie that thought of it!" cried Maye. "She keeps on saying to me why don't I ask Miss Fleurnoy about it. She says she'll rent and come along too."

Maye, Mrs. Meadows, the dame at Birk and Himmel's—they were all alike then; hard and trivial and vain; full of the strangest condescensions, actually making a virtue of their hardness and turning their absurdest follies to an exasperating show of wisdom.

He said suddenly, "Oh, you make me sick!"

"May I ask who makes you sick?" said Maye politely.

"You do—all you women!" answered Joey recklessly. "You give me a pain in the neck!"

Maye said tremblingly, "I always thought you were a gentleman, Mr. Farrelly. But when you talk like this ——"

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He stood before her, a human creature reduced to its simplest terms of anger, longing and despair. And she had done this—had thrust him back to the beginnings of time, had left him there on some darkened headland, brandishing his helplessness against the sky. And then she called him Mr. Farrelly and talked about acting like a gentleman!

"Are you going to New York?"

"Yes, I am. And you needn't think that just because you're a man ——"

"Are you going to New York?" said Joey.

"Yes."

"All right then." He held for a moment, terrifically poised, his ineffectual weapon. Then, "If you go to New York," he said in a sudden loud voice, "you'll never see me again."

"And if you act like you've been acting tonight I don't ever want to see you again," said Maye.

Joey said after a long pause, "Good-by then."

"Good-by," said Maye.

The living-room door, then the front door, shut behind him. The little house shook all over with the excitement and violence of his departure. And Maye stood in the center of the floor with her hand pressed against her cheek.

Miss Fleurnoy wouldn't have felt like this. Miss Fleurnoy's amused common sense would have reduced their passionate scene to an episode, and condensed the episode in turn to a bright aphorism which would illuminate on the public platform the extraordinarily advantageous position of the modern woman.

But Maye, alas, wasn't Miss Fleurnoy. She stood there in the center of the floor, waiting for Joey to come back. And when he didn't come she ran to the window and looked out. There was no sign of him. The street was still; an emptiness, definite and dramatic, like a scene thrown, to mournful music, on the screen, symbolizing the end. Well, she had wanted it to end; she was glad to have it over.

She went over and pulled out the light. Then she climbed into a corner of the Chesterfield sofa and hid her face against the back. And sheltered by that dark, mothering curve, she began to cry.

Claudette hadn't been satisfied at all with her lecture that afternoon. The idea, she decided, had been a little too academic. It was the application to beauty measurement of the Binet-Simon system. You summed yourself up by groups of points—in broad daylight before a full-length mirror—added a hundred and divided by your chronological age. Result, your beauty quotient. The game was, by playing the divisor against the dividend, to hold the quotient steady, or even, by methods which she outlined, to push it forward in the implacable face of time.

As it turned out, it hadn't been such a good idea after all. It was too ingenious, fatiguing and remote. The women hadn't reacted to it; they had simply sat there, docile, patient and inert, and let her play herself out against their unresisting incomprehension.

The memory of that look came back to her as she sat in her dressing room, exasperating her afresh. The dough face of the female middle class. "My dear, I'm sick to death of the dough face of the female middle class," she imagined herself saying to some woman friend with a sympathetic liveliness of mind and a brisk prejudice against her own sex.

Sam Weller—Sam, with her acridity, her ribaldry, her shrewd disillusionment that included even the disillusioned Claudette. Sam was the one she needed at this moment, the perfect counterirritant. Claudette felt better at once. She would finish dressing, escape before some dull person waylaid her, walk home through the spring sunshine and telephone Sam to come over for a cup of tea. When she reached the front entrance Maye was already there waiting for her.

They walked slowly, for it was quite warm; one of those exotic days that sometimes occur in late winter, a bright flicker of summer against the grayness of March. The light lay thinly diffused along the street, turning walls and pavements to pale yellow and flushed rose. People still in their winter clothes sauntered by, their coats spread open, their scarfs hanging loose about their necks.

Claudette had put on her fur coat that morning. It was dreadfully warm and she felt quite exhausted before she reached the corner. She wanted to be amused and made to forget her discomfort. Or she wanted to be silent and amuse herself. And Maye, unless you happened to be in exactly the right mood for her, had a way of distracting you from your own thoughts without greatly diverting you by hers.

"It seems funny, but even yet some people seem to think that getting married is the only thing," Maye was saying. "I mean, don't you think, Miss Fleurnoy, that before a woman gets married she really owes herself some sort of career first?"

"I really haven't thought about it," said Claudette wearily.

She wouldn't—she would not, go into the endless stupidities of that jaded problem. "A woman owes herself ——" Who was it invented that ridiculous phrase? A woman owed herself a cold shower, a glass of iced tea and the society of a feminine friend who could be trusted to thumb her nose derisively at the whole feminine problem.

"That's why I thought I'd like to go to New York a while and model," said Maye.

Claudette said maliciously, "New York's a wonderful place to live, but I'd hate to have to visit there."

"Oh, do you think so?" said Maye brightly. "I think just the other way round. I think that New York's a wonderful place to visit, but I'd simply hate to have to live there." Claudette smiled, for the first time rather wryly amused. And Maye went on quickly, "So I thought when you went back to New York next week perhaps I might go with you."

Claudette said, "Go with me? You don't mean ——"

"And get a position modeling," said Maye eagerly, "in your next fashion show. You see, I was feeling so terribly about your going away next week, and then I suddenly thought I might go too."

"But you mustn't!" cried Claudette. "You mustn't think of it. Your aunt would never let you."

Maye's eyes widened a little, but she said still brightly and confidently, "Why, it was auntie thought of it. And there wouldn't be any risk. I can always get a position modeling, and auntie says she'll rent and come along with me. There isn't anything to keep us in any particular place. She wants me to; she said to be sure and speak to you about it today."

So this was what happened when you were nice to people! Claudette had a moment of pure panic in which it seemed to her that she would never be free from the Meadowses again as long as she lived. Sam had warned her: "It's all right having people fond of you, but you don't want them using up the air you want to breathe yourself." That was exactly what the Meadowses were threatening to do.

She said desperately, "You mustn't think of such a thing. I couldn't dream of taking the responsibility."

There was a silence. Then Maye said in a flat little voice, "You mean—do you mean you don't want me?"

They had reached the steps of the Roylinke, and Claudette stood looking down at her little friend's upturned, appealing face. How pretty she was! That prettiness of hers had often made Claudette smile; it was so simple, unchallengeable and complete. But she didn't smile now. She felt, to tell the truth, like the villain of an old-fashioned novel withdrawing none too creditably from some passionate village complication.

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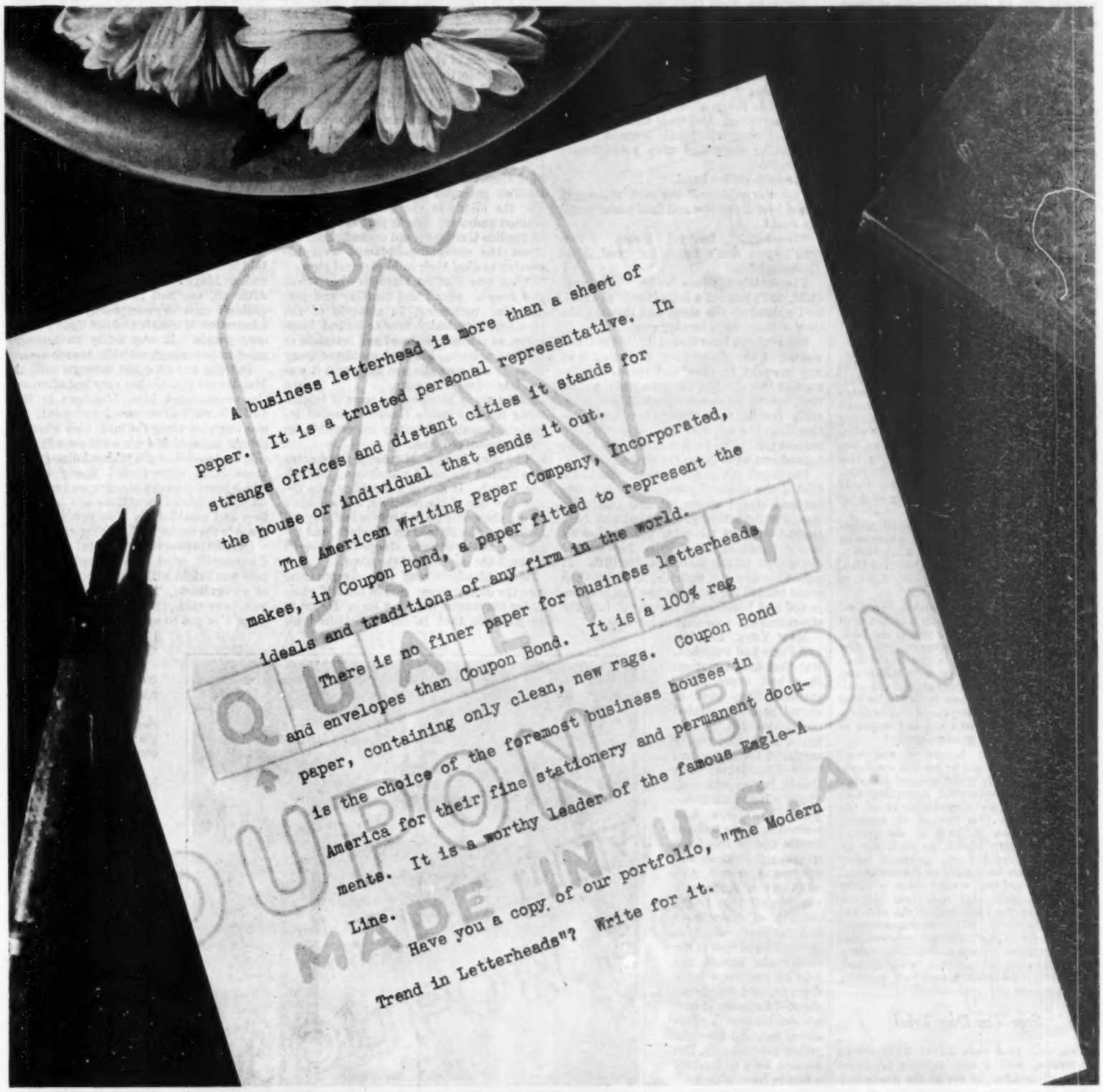
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Number 2—The Golden year of 1903, notable for its humanitarian achievements, gave to the deaf the Acousticon . . . . and the joy of hearing.

Beat back, along the Trail of Yesterday, to the year of 1903. What manner of mark did this twelve-month period leave upon the infinite calendar of Time? Was it a conspicuous or a commonplace year? What did it contribute, if anything, to the joy of living? Then consider, briefly, the outstanding events that stand to its credit, and you will discover that 1903 was a golden year, indeed.

John D. Rockefeller gave $7,000,000 to be used in research for a tuberculosis serum. Andrew Carnegie made a magnificent gesture to end all war for all time by a gift of $1,700,000 for the erection of a temple of peace at The Hague. And in France, M. and Mme. Curie, discovered a new scientific element, radium, that was destined to be of invaluable use to the medical profession in the treatment of cancer.

In less humanitarian fields of endeavor, the year 1903 was equally notable. The progress of wireless telegraphy was celebrated by an exchange of greetings between President Roosevelt in Washington and King Edward VII in London. A trail-blazing Packard covered, in 52 days, the 3,500 miles of mountain, plain and desert between San Francisco and New York City, and by this first of all transcontinental automobile runs, presaged the day when the motor car would be commonly used for the bridging of great distances.

Last, but not least, in this casual review of what 1903 stands for, is the achievement of the Wright Brothers, who at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, on an epochal December 17th, made the first successful airplane flight in the history of man.

Good old 1903! A year with a heart and a soul, a year of high ideals and the will to do! Associated with it, too, is the birth of another scientific achievement—the first of all the Acousticons, dedicated to the deafened and the alleviation of their misfortune, destined to replace the cumbersome and antiquated ear-trumpet. How fitting it is that 1903 should be the birth-year of this hearing-aid that has reached so many and helped so many during the past quarter-century!

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"My dear child, you must learn not to take things so seriously." Good heavens, weren't those the very words they used, smiling, carelessly tapping a glossy riding boot with a gold-mounted crop?

Maye said tremulously, "I'm sorry—I thought—auntie thought ——" She stopped, her lip quivered, her eyes filled with tears.

Claudette stood there, indescribably divided between exasperation and remorse. But the exasperation was uppermost. Under the simplicity and humility of the Meadowses she was conscious of a persistent coercion. They asked favors, and in the act of doing it, assumed rights. They surrendered to her in order the more firmly to appropriate her. And their naïveté had no means of recognizing itself; it would just go on making more and more preposterous assumptions.

She held out her hand.

"Good-by, Maye," she said, making it sound just as definite and final as she possibly could.

"Good-by?" faltered Maye. "You aren't—you don't mean for good, Miss Fleurnoy?"

Claudette's patience broke. "My dear child, don't be such a little idiot!" she said, and walked up the steps and through the door without once turning round.

She couldn't have meant it. Maye stood staring at the closed door, expecting it at any moment to open and reveal her returning friend. But the door remained, at first, merely impersonally shut, but presently hostile and contemptuous, recommending her all over its shiny superior surface not to be such a little idiot. She turned and went down the street.

She didn't get on a street car. She knew that if she did and someone sat opposite her and stared at her, at first curiously, then sympathetically, she would at once begin to cry in torrents, turning herself into a public figure of woe. She walked along close to the buildings, her little hat pulled far down on one side, so that no one could read in her face how she had been rejected and humiliated, thrust out into the street and the door shut in her face.

New York, London and Paris had vanished. But that didn't matter; they had never really existed. They were as unreal as cities painted on bubbles. No, the only thing that had really mattered for Maye had been Claudette; her charm, her gayety and, above all, her kindness. That kindness had seemed to Maye to be as simple and as free from special significances and reserves as her own. And without a moment's warning all that bright security of friendliness had vanished. She was so bewildered that at the corner she almost ran into an enormous laundry van, and the driver shouted furiously at her; she saw his scowling face above her, and then the yellow-painted side, like a house, went by scarcely a foot in front of her.

She wished that the driver had run over her. She imagined herself dreadfully hurt—all except her face, perhaps a gash up under the hair where it wouldn't show afterward—stretched out on the pavement, and above her the stricken driver, and Claudette—who happened to be going by in a taxi—and Joey—who saw the accident from a street-car window. There was a little satisfaction in contemplating the horror, anguish and remorse as they knelt above her; of the three who had—each in a different way—so cruelly injured her. But in a moment reality thrust itself through the comfort of illusion. There she was, trudging along, good for twenty, thirty, forty years more of desolation like this. Nothing broken but her heart.

It was almost dusk when she turned her own corner. Pimlico Gardens had put off the commonplace of daytime for the dignity of evening. Its noises were stilled, all its bluntness of shape and sound had been gathered into the gentle solicitude of twilight; which, hovering more and more closely, shrouded the nut-cracker faces of the little houses, the bare shrubs tangled with soiled paper, the churned and muddied lawns, the lingering surf, by verandas and porches, of soot-speckled snow. Behind closed doors and curtained windows families gathered for the evening meal. But the blinds in the front windows remained undrawn—it was part of the ritual of Pimlico Gardens—and up and down the street the rose-and-gold-lamps were beginning to shed their mild carnival glow.

That was Pimlico Gardens—her street and Joey's. Small and familiar and predictable; remaining, in a world of the strangest complexity, true to its own innocence, as content, inclosed and inviolate as a street unborn. She had wandered away from it, and now she was back and it was too late—Joey was gone. . . . As she trudged along between the rows of brightening lamps Pimlico Gardens seemed infinitely desirable, infinitely inaccessible, an exile's dream of home.

The lamp in Mrs. Meadows' front room was lit, but the blind was drawn. Maye's heart sank. If it was a neighbor, she decided, or one of the relatives, she wouldn't go in; she would go to a movie and stay till bedtime. She tiptoed up the steps, and going over to the window, stooped and peered through the insertion of the blind.

Mrs. Meadows was just disappearing into the dining room; and in the stiff chair under the mantel clock sat Joey. He sat in an attitude that faintly caricatured his own anxiety and gloom; controlled and upright, hands on knees like a figure on a comic valentine. But Maye was insusceptible to comedy. She bent down so close to the stone ledge that its chill touched her cheek.

"Joey!" she whispered and, without the faintest consciousness of gesture, laid her hand on her heart.

Joey just had time, between the opening of the front door and her appearance there before him, to meet her with a blank unreconciled face.

"Your aunt asked me to come in ——" he began. But Maye couldn't wait for explanations; she wanted only restoration and comfort. She went over to him and laid her head against his breast, and, pulling his arms about her, held them there till realization came into them, and sudden impassioned acknowledgment.

"Oh, Joey, I've been so m-miserable!" she said.

And Joey comforted her the best way he knew how. There isn't any better way on any street in the world.

She had been perfectly right, Claudette told herself. Her only fault had been in not ending Maye's absurd infatuation sooner. After all, one had to defend oneself, one couldn't surrender completely to the naïve admiration of simple and not finally necessary people. It was really an immense relief to be through with the Meadowses.

But she wasn't quite through with the Meadowses yet. On her very last afternoon she encountered Mrs. Meadows in Birk and Himmel's silverware department. She was hurrying along the main aisle when she caught sight of Maye's aunt standing beside the ten-dollar-gift table admiring one of those large silver-plated flower baskets which people like the Meadowses invariably fill with artificial carnations and asparagus fern and establish as a perpetual sign of grace in the center of the dining-room table.

Claudette swerved—too late! "Oh, Miss Fleurnoy!" cried Mrs. Meadows. Her face was bright with the innocent pleasure of recognition. "I been wanting to see you," she said. "I wanted to tell you—I guess I've got to apologize."

"Apologize?" said Claudette politely.

"For putting Maye onto you that way," explained Mrs. Meadows.

Claudette said hurriedly, "Well, of course, you understand I couldn't possibly ——"

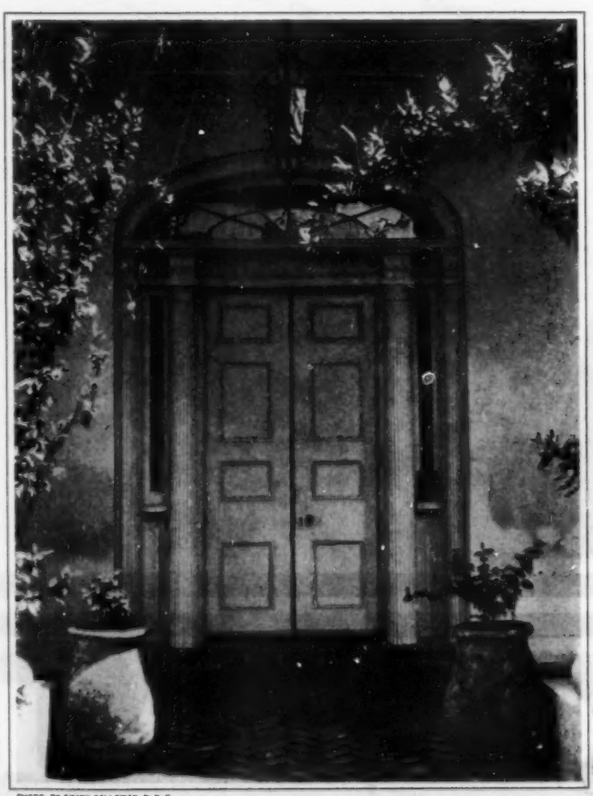
"You put up with having her round a lot longer than I expected you to," said Mrs. Meadows sympathetically.

Claudette stared and stared. And the more she stared the more Mrs. Meadows' look seemed to change and deepen. So that standing before it one felt that anything one might say, one's gestures, even one's thoughts, would drop away into it, spin and sink, depth after depth, into unfathomable awareness.

"I guess you'll think I'm a sort of a contriving person," said Mrs. Meadows.

Claudette said solemnly, "I think you're wonderful." She really meant it. She had never met anyone like Mrs. Meadows before. She was a type, and Claudette adored a type.

"Are you in a frightful hurry?" she said. "Let's go upstairs and have a cup of tea."



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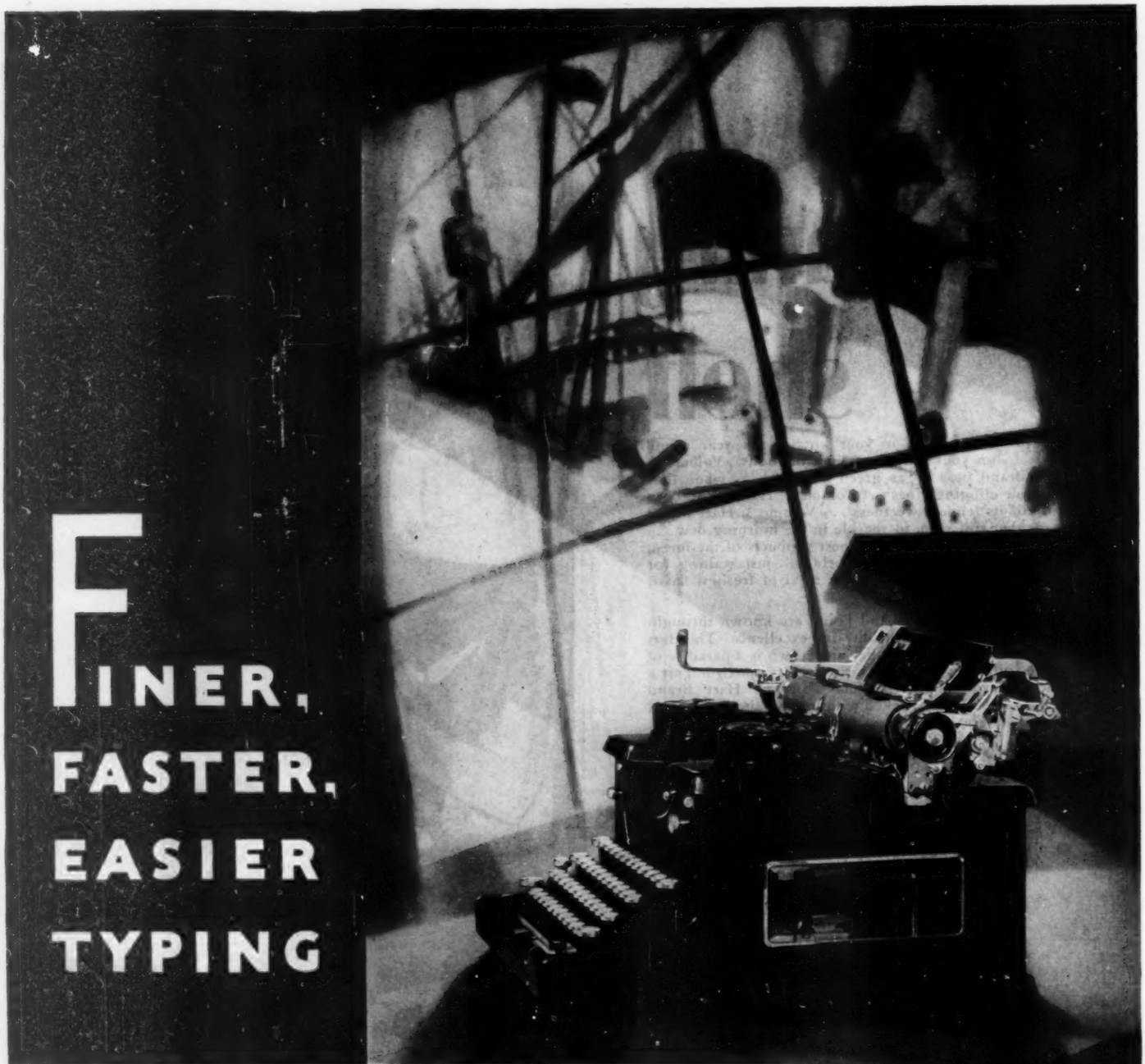

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ROYAL TYPEWRITERS

VIVACE—MA NON TROPPO

(Continued from Page 11)

significance. It might have been; he didn't remember, hadn't noticed if it was. All this stuff was good, Wexler said; it didn't look like the usual installment layout that was constantly being repossessed and dealt out again. She had money from somewhere. The bathroom was in the same pleasant disorder, suggesting the occupant had only now gone—except that one tap had dripped and accumulated a stain of iron rust on the white porcelain, which spoke of the time gone by—since the electric clock had stopped and begun again.

"Touch nothing," Wexler kept saying. "All this stuff will have to be finger-printed."

"But there is nothing!" protested Wicks, who had long since come to regret his precipitancy.

"Don't worry, there will be," retorted Wexler placidly. "Maybe she went out the window."

He looked down the seventeen stories, a dizzy drop. The turbulent river just below the Island, where prisoners could be seen crawling about like ants, seemed directly below. As a matter of fact, anyone falling from here would have been dashed to pieces on the rocks many feet from the water's edge. Wexler lifted the brace of mallards that hung below the sill, inside. He carefully arranged them on an open newspaper. These two birds were full of implications for the experts who would follow his reconnaissance. The birds were frozen stiff.

Concealed beyond a jog in the hall was a so-called kitchenette; and still farther on, where the hall bellied out, was a so-called dinette, with a dining table folding against the wall.

"Who's next door?"

"The young man—Van Halen—this way."

"And the other way?"

"Nobody, ordinarily," said Wicks.

"What do you mean, ordinarily?" Again those doubting eyes explored Wicks' face.

"It's rented, but it isn't occupied," said Wicks. That sounded queer. He had never thought it queer before. "They live out of town. They use it to dress for dinner or for the theater. I don't think they ever stay overnight." The fixed gaze compelled Wicks to go on. "I'll give you the name when we go down to the office," said he. "It's Wylie, or Slylie, or something like that."

"And you'll give me the date and the hour when you blew the fuse," said Wexler, a slight smile appearing momentarily.

Lastly they inspected two closets, large and well filled. The clothing was mostly dresses hanging on forms; it exuded the pleasant odor of a well-cared-for person. It bore good names: Juleph, Davide, Arnov, Salm Sœurs, Merphy, and so on. Wexler went through it with his pencil. There was a mahogany chest of drawers, which he looked at closely without touching. Finally he said he had enough for a report. He pushed Wicks out ahead of him, stepping from island to island, to avoid disturbing anything. His last act was to reach back from the outer hall and fish out the letters, one by one, being careful not to let his fingers touch them. He gathered them in a newspaper with his busy pencil.

"But she'll come back and find them gone!" protested Wicks.

"She won't come back," said Wexler. He fixed seals on the door; and then, to Wicks' horror, he brought up a policeman in uniform and set him on guard. Wicks, nervous and regretful, hovered about. He had been too precipitate. It was not the fate of the girl that bothered him. It was the fate of the house. The house would never survive the stigma.

II

"THE odd thing about it is," said Parr, the police deputy, dropping a bundle of imposingly big and little envelopes on Oliver Armiston's desk, "that none of these people can tell us anything about her. She was merely one of hundreds, possibly thousands, they use to fill in at their parties and dances and dinners. Society is a good deal like the movie business—they keep extras on hand to dress the stage."

The man hunter drummed on the desk, smiling to himself. It was the unexpected, weird flashes of life that appeared as though illuminated by a lightning stroke which gave him pause. Parr had long since ceased to be cynical, although his men invariably were.

"She had mahogany-red hair and black eyes shot with red, and an ivory skin. She had a walk ——" Parr paused, shifted his gaze to old Buddha in bronze listening from his nook by the fire, Oliver unbound the bundle of fancy envelopes and examined them one by one. "Have you seen this new Spanish dancer ——"

"Perez? No. I have a card. She has a million-dollar back, I hear."

"Not Perez. Hilaria, I mean," interposed Parr. "When she walks across the stage the audience breaks out in *bravas;* they think it is part of the program. I don't know your Perez. Is she the one they have brought over for drawing-room presentations?"

Oliver nodded, taking out the cards of invitation one by one. They were all grand names begging the presence of a girl none of them knew.

"Hilaria is not new," he said. "I saw her eight years ago. I know what you mean," he added with a sly smile.

"Everybody does," said Parr. "Lucena wore a little plaited skirt that swung as she walked." Parr undulated his hand gently like a conductor indicating *vivace ma non troppo.* "Everybody noticed it—the delicatessen boy, the fruit man at the corner, the bus man, the janitor."

"Ah!" said Oliver. "That impalpable sway which the French call the tempest in the glass of water! Belasco worked six months getting that walk into one of his stars."

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," said Parr. "That brings me to what I am driving at. A few weeks—a month or so—before she disappeared, she dressed up in the best she had and went downtown to call on Lacolmbe, the banker, to thank him for paying her rent."

"Lacolmbe was paying her rent?"

"Don't use that tone of voice," cautioned Parr. "He didn't know it himself. He maintains a fund for real people who can be helped. He is the most kindly and generous of men—under cover! The most onerous thing about giving is the acknowledgment of your gratuity, the insistence on thanks, which, of course, simply inflates your credit with other beggars. His wife and daughter do the picking and tell him what's required. He arranges for the funds in cashier's checks, so they can't be traced. Well," said the deputy, in parenthesis, "we traced this one! He was the most surprised man in the world when she walked in on him. He didn't know her. It hit her in a heap, evidently. Imagine yourself—thinking you are a coming genius whom he has had the discernment to recognize, consumed with the desire to tell your benefactor how grateful you are—and then finding that he doesn't know you from Adam!"

"That's good theater," nodded Armiston. "Somebody ought to use that scene. What did she do?"

"He said she couldn't believe it," went on Parr. "She started to speak, but the words refused to come. It was like a dash of ice water! Instead of being the favored protégée of a rich patron, who would recoup in pride and satisfaction some day when she crashed the gate of fame, she probably saw herself—in his eyes—as merely another grafter, one of the measly string that trails every millionaire, always asking for more. Do you get the picture?"

"Very well. What then?"

"She turned and walked out without a word." Parr gently swayed a hand from the wrist, conducting *vivace ma non troppo.* "Lacolmbe was wild, of course!" he said. "He thought she was playing him, that she had come downtown to parade herself. She was too pretty to be left around loose, you understand. He gave his wife and daughter the devil! But they were rather vague about it. You know how such people are. Lacolmbe was so worried about it he set a private detective agency on her track. But she turned out to be just another dummy of this fellow Cristème."

"Dummy?"

"Yes, dummy. Don't you know about this fellow Cristème?"

"The coach? The music teacher, you mean?"

"Yes. That's the way he feathers his nest. Do you know the one I mean? Have you ever seen him?"

Oliver nodded. The vogue of Cristème among women was because he was so distinguished, so—so Continental!

This Cristème made a business of collecting budding Carusos and Melbas from among the thousands of aspirants who move on New York every fall. His primary object in his skillful selections was not the creation of a new star as the glorified product of a limited group of discerning philanthropists. That would be too much of a gamble. His business was organized on the more secure basis of bleeding his rich dupes through the long years of labor that must intervene before talent comes into its own.

No one could deny his musical judgment. With each fresh discovery he would whisper to some favored woman in his large feminine following, and confer on her the privilege of paying the bills—twenty dollars an hour—and found. Just a little encouragement and help at the right time! It was thus the Lacolmbes, mother and daughter, embraced the cause of Lucena. Such things are kept concealed. Lucena didn't know.

"Did she have a voice?" asked Oliver.

"Apparently just enough to keep her hypnotized. Cristème carries them on his rolls as long as he can. Then he launches them—gives them a debut!"

Yes, Oliver had seen those debuts—the papered house, the drilled applause, the property flowers run down the aisle after the first encores, the rich patronesses splitting their gloves. It was all calculated to complete the dream. Then came the gradual letting down, the drift back to earth. Talent is so rare, genius is an epoch. Most of them were never heard of again. The aftermath was always the same—small rôles, teaching, the radio.

"I like that joke about the radio," said Parr. "The fellow who went to the service station and said, 'What's the matter with my radio? All I can get on it is sopranos.'"

Oliver took down the Social Register. She was listed there, alone, with no hint of who she might be. This was not unusual. In these lists of who arrives socially, husbands may appear without wives and wives without husbands, or even a child without parents. With Lucena, the omission of her parents from among the socially possible suggested volumes.

The year before, the address was care of a leading bank in Paris, which meant that she was traveling abroad under exceptional auspices. The year before that she was set down in the list of dilatory domiciles as at Neuilly, and there was a note in italics, "*see Cambrel.*" Under Cambrel there was listed a large family, with adult sons and daughters and two juniors; and finally, in brackets, Miss Lucena Wirden.

"I get the picture now," said Oliver, putting back the books. "She lives among the rich, in parenthesis."

(Continued on Page 102)

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EBERHARD FABER

(Continued from Page 99)

He sketched what he conceived to be the portrait of Lucena. From good family, with gentle rearing, yet she was poor—poor. Somehow, probably through exceptional intelligence or a lucky scholarship, she enters college—Bryn Mawr, Vassar. There her misfortunes begin. She is taken up by rich girls. One of them picks her as a chum—with the usual result. The rich family take her up, carry her around with them as daughter's chum. They dress her, feed her—not a penny does she spend but what comes from them. They indulge her like a daughter. When they are through with her they drop her like a hot brick.

"This isn't romance, Parr; it is everyday fact," said Oliver. "I have seen rich people with stupid daughters deliberately pick such a girl and carry her along for years. She is the ready coach who supplies the lacks of grace in the other. If she has tact she gives the dumb daughter an imitation polish that no school could provide. She isn't a companion or a tutor—that would humiliate daughter. She is daughter's chum. Actually she occupies the place of a highly specialized companion, without pay. She is thrown among rich young men. But they don't marry her. Their doting mammas have other plans for them. Eventually she grows a little faded and drifts to the level of social secretary."

"That's a good print," said Parr, nodding. "The private detective agency Lacolmbe had set on her trail turned up just such a story. Esther Cambrel, her college chum, finally married a count and no longer felt the need of her around the house. Lucena, after testing the splendors of the upper ether, came back to earth with a jolt. She had to make her own living. She had a voice of a sort, and she could dance. All this social experience and travel, the languages acquired during winters in the Sud—in brief, all the acquirements that gilded the lily, told heavily with Cristème, when he discovered her and started her on the highroad to fame and fortune again."

"And now she wakes up the second time—finds she is only a dummy again," mused Oliver. "Poor little devil! I don't blame her for walking out on it. That's what has happened, isn't it, Parr?"

"Possibly," admitted Parr. He eyed Oliver grimly. "But you can't sink like a stone without somebody asking questions," he said. "She hasn't any folks. Nor friends either—except this bunch!" He jerked a thumb at the big and little invitations. "It is up to us! We don't want to have to drag the river for her." Parr paused, drummed the desk. "That wasn't a fuse that blew. It was a circuit breaker that opened. Those things don't open on a whim," he said.

III

HERE in town we make a good deal of a pose of not knowing anything about our neighbors. We see them and hear them, of course, but we sedulously avoid the pretense of doing so. We profess ignorance of the names of people who live on the other side of the wall; and when we meet them outside we try to remember where we have seen them before. These things must be, in city life, else the intimacies of living would become unbearable. So we affect not to know them. Nevertheless, there is a subconscious espionage going on all the while, accumulating impressions, like the minute but continuous sedimentary deposit of a swiftly flowing river. So, when something extraordinary occurs, all those trifles we have been subconsciously laying up are brought forward and come to have astonishing significance.

As to Lucena, her background was an open book. Without knowing it, she had taken care of that herself. That day when she started downtown to interview old Lacolmbe she began unconsciously weaving, fettering herself to her somewhat ironic past, so that when she woke up she would find herself tied, like Gulliver himself, with filaments of delicate spinning as fine and strong as cobwebs, than which there is nothing stronger. That prying *dossier* of the private detective agency was a perfect revelation to the eyes of the sophisticated. So was her every act up to the moment she stepped off into the void. There the record stopped. Parr, as he had said, didn't like the business of dragging river bottoms, so his scientificos applied test tubes and microscopes, till they came to the end of their resources. It was then that the deputy went to his confidant, Oliver Armiston. He wanted to know something, without seeming to inquire, about Lucena's neighbors—the two young men who occupied cubicles on either side of her.

"Of course, we can break in and paw over things," said Parr. "In fact, that's what we have done," he added gruffly, with a little shrug of self-forgiveness. "Wylie said he never knew her. But we found her fingerprint on a tumbler in his bathroom. The maid who took care of the suites on that corridor may have replaced a broken glass in his bathroom by an extra one from hers. So much for that. Van Halen, on the other side, didn't know her either. So he says. There seems to have been a feud between them because of her eternal caterwauling. But the janitor thinks he remembers seeing the pair going out together."

Doubtless these two had both made observations, conscious and unconscious. Wylie would probably be the harder nut to crack. On inquiry, he turned out to be the Wylie of Broadway; a person of some distinction who exercised certain extraterritorial privileges over there. He brought over European artists for private showings. For instance, those of us who are seeing Perez, the dancer, this winter for the first time are always surprised to be told that she had been seen on this side of the water before; that she was brought over last year, smuggled in, as it were, in bond—like a great jewel that is for sale—for private inspection by the very rich. That sort of traffic is going on all the while—these very lucrative private seasons of great artists. The idea that is capitalized by Wylie and his kind is that the very rich be given a chance to see them before the bloom is worn off by popularity.

Oliver, considering Wylie, passed him up for the time being as probably too nimble a liar for their purpose. No matter what he might know, he would lie. The prospect of anyone, either in public or private life, waking up some morning to be greeted by a line in the newspaper that he "had been questioned by the police in connection with the mysterious disappearance of Lucena Wirden, a young music student," was not pleasant. The mere statement of the fact would suggest conclusions to the minds of readers that would be irrevocable. Therefore Armiston, in the rôle of observer, assigned him by the deputy, turned his guns on the less adroit of the pair of neighbors. Until the moment arrived when publicity and newspaper notoriety would have to be called in as allies the unofficial Armiston was in a better position to uncover what either of these two might know than the police themselves.

Several days later Alexander Van Halen, who had come to town from a little upstate Dutch village to crash the gates with his mighty pen, found himself the recipient of a card from Mrs. Billy Wentworth. Everybody knew who Mrs. Billy Wentworth was. Mr. Wentworth, although a former ambassador, was always referred to as Mrs. Billy Wentworth's husband. In one corner stood the engraved word "FRIDAY"; under it stood a single word, in scrawling handwriting, "Tea," followed by a question mark—a very fetching, fat little interrogation point bursting with naïve innuendo. Alex did not ask himself why he was the recipient of a card from Mrs. Billy Wentworth. He believed he knew.

He understood that certain hostesses of the *haut monde* were in the habit of making discreet inquiries as to the more possible of the newcomers on the beach of Bohemia each season, and trotting them out for inspection. If one withstood the ordeal, there was no telling how far he might travel. It was a thrilling afternoon for Alex Van Halen. He met a man he had always wanted to know—Oliver Armiston, the author. Oliver had long since ceased to write thrillers, but his stories had gone into textbooks and been analyzed by professors of the craft, and all students knew of him.

"Come around and see me," said Oliver cordially, not for an instant suggesting that it was he who got the card for Alex.

"Are you trying to steal my lion cub?" cried Mrs. Billy, in passing.

"Might I fetch along a story?" begged the budding author.

Oliver shook his head. He explained that it was against union rules to ask writers to read each other's stuff.

"Bring your pipe," said Armiston.

Young Van Halen waited not on the order, but rang Oliver's bell the next evening.

"How," said he, getting right down to the meat of the interview, "would you go about breaking into big time with our type of story?" He included Oliver in the same category as himself.

"The same way I'd go about breaking into the front page of a newspaper," replied the extinct author of thrillers, seeing the prospect of an opening.

"Murder, you mean?"

"Yes. In a front-page manner. Or, if you are squeamish about committing murder—even in fiction," said Oliver—"try dropping like a stone into the void, without leaving a trace. A good-looking girl! That always takes. The technic is much more difficult than murder, however."

"Would it hurt if it were true?"

"The effigy of truth," said Mr. Armiston ponderously, "should hang before your eyes."

"I've got a story I'd like to write," said Alex, thoughtfully polishing the bowl of his pipe. "The only trouble is that it is true, and you've probably observed that true stories never end—they always keep on going. I've got the beginning and the title. I call it Repossession. That's good, don't you think?"

"It's positively Russian!" Oliver smiled vaguely, twiddling his single white lock of hair on his forehead. "What does it mean?" he asked innocently.

"You see ads," responded Van Halen, in no wise disconcerted, "of repossessed autos, repossessed furs, furniture, clothes—anything that is sold on installments and taken back because of nonpayment. They sell the same stuff over and over again. Of course, it gets a little shopworn as it goes downhill." He looked at Oliver keenly; Oliver sat back, waiting. "In my story it isn't overstuffed furniture or hand-me-down autos that is repossessed. It's a girl!" went on the rapt Alex. "She is poor, but beautiful!" He shrugged deprecatingly. "Those elements are necessary to fiction, one must admit. Hers is the fatal gift of being taken up."

"Taken up?"

"Yes. Patronized by rich people. She moves in the best circles. Why? She looks the part! She has all the elements to reflect glory on a commonplace background. She thinks she is putting herself over big. As a matter of fact, she isn't selling herself at all. They are merely using her—renting her on the installment plan. After she has served her turn she is dismissed without a qualm. Then she has to look for another bidder. Meantime Lucena is getting a little shopworn."

"Lucena?"

"Yes, Lucena. That's her name. As a matter of fact," said Alex, looking round and lowering his voice, "that's her real name. This is her real story. Isn't that a bang-up setting?"

"Yes, but what happens?"

"We're coming to that. She lived next door to me."

"Lived?" repeated Oliver, stressing the tense.

"Lived," responded Alex. "I never knew her from Adam. You know how

(Continued on Page 105)

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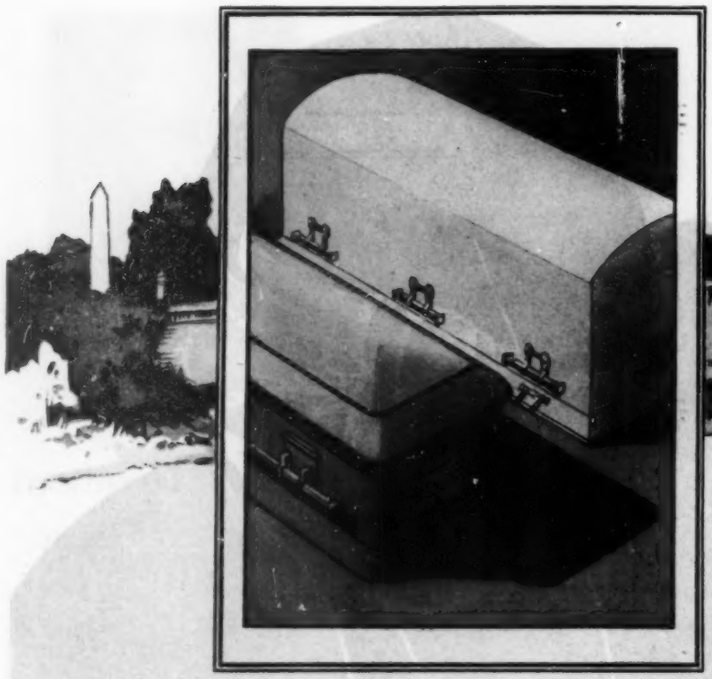

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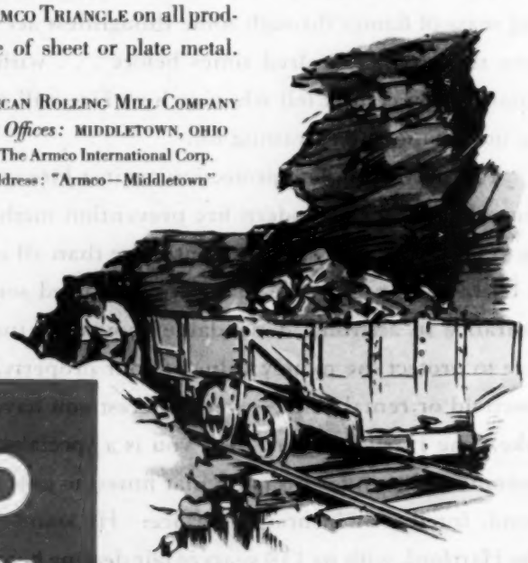

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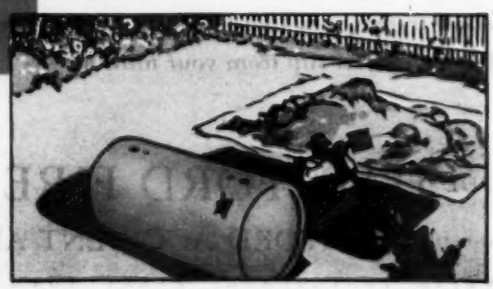

(Continued from Page 102)

neighborly we are in this town. You know, sometimes," he said, shaking his head with a wistful smile, "at our age, a whole lifetime of events will occur in one day. A whole epoch! Well, I blundered into Lucena's orbit in the middle of that day. She had been hit so many times that day that her knees were sagging, and she was hanging on, but she wasn't out yet, as they say in the ring. She had been working two years with her voice. That morning, to begin with," said Alex, pausing to relight his pipe, to let it go out immediately thereafter, "some kind friend, in whose judgment she believed implicitly, told her that the voice which was to make her fortune had just three notes, three golden notes, as a foundation—and nothing more! There never would be any more!

"And then," said Alex, "to blacken both of her eyes at once, this kind friend added: 'But of course you don't need to worry, because you've got one of those self-filling bank accounts.'

"This fired every drop of blood in her veins. Some rich patron had been putting up for her. It had been cleverly impressed upon her from the first, by Cristème, her teacher, that she must not inquire too closely. Her part in it now was to work—work hard. When she became famous, yes, she was to know who was the patron. Return it? Yes, by supporting other beginners. It had always been plausible enough.

"Well, she made her exit smiling," said Alex. "She went straight to her bank and demanded to know where her money came from. Who was depositing money to her account? As long as she thought she was going to be famous and pay it back some day, it didn't matter. But now she knew that her voice was a fake, she wanted to know. The cashier didn't know. Anybody can bank money in an established account, with no questions asked. It's when you come to draw it out that they ask you who you are. She went to the president. He said in his fatherly way:

"'I know who it is. Isn't that enough for you? You should be happy and flattered to know there is a generous and disinterested person who is confident of your future, and ready to help you over the rough places in the cause of art. The actual money means nothing to him. But the satisfaction means much! Now can't you humor him to that extent?'

"She said, 'But I have no future. That's what I want to tell him. It must cease. I can no longer accept his bounty.' The old man said kindly, 'Let him be the judge.'

"'You refuse to tell me?' she demanded. 'I have no recourse. How would you like to see your daughter living on one of these self-filling bank accounts? Her friends would probably smile a little when she said she didn't know her benefactor. Mine are beginning to.'

"'Now, now,' protested the embarrassed banker. He gave more advice. As Tchekhoff says, everybody is anxious to give us advice when we are in trouble, but only about half of them have ever been in trouble themselves. Well, greatly perturbed at the directness of the girl, the banker finally blurted out a hint of some famous philanthropist as her backer, a man with a charity list longer than most orphan asylums. She put two and two together. A great light came. She knew who it was. She jumped in a taxi and went downtown to break the news to him that she was only a deadhead on his pay roll, had been for the past two years. She got in to him, but never had a chance to say a word. The old man took her to be an adventuress, a blackmailer. It staggered her. She turned on her heel and walked out, absolutely dumb."

"How do you happen to know all of this?" asked Oliver Armiston, eying the narrator curiously. Alex was bursting with his yarn, drifting unconsciously from fact to fictionizing as he moved through it. Now he looked up, surprised.

"She told me herself," he said bluntly. "Wait! I'm coming to that. Her first impulse was to go back to her conservatory and blow it up. She was only one of a hundred dupes in this game. That was Cristème's game! Something told her to wait, the night would bring good counsel. She came home, next door to me, and to work off her nerves she sat down at her piano and began her dumb-bell exercises with her nose and throat. Have you ever heard those really advanced students putting on muscle? It's like a parrot cage."

"There is a woman who works on Caro Nome every day across the street," said Oliver, with an understanding smile.

"Well," continued Alex, "I had a job that day, writing a folder at a cent a word. When she began to shriek I went to her door and called her out. It was a matter of a month's rent to me. I said, 'Is there any particular reason ——' and she cut in with, 'I am beginning to think not.' She knew who I was, of course. We'd gone up and down in the elevator together. She looked so lonely and woebegone, I told her if she'd rest her nose and throat till I got through I'd let her go to dinner with me around the corner, to the brewery. She said all right, if I'd let her pay for her own food.

"Half an hour later I called for her and we went around there. They sell near beer at that brewery. Do you know it? It has ether in it to make you feel stupid, and the crowd think they are getting the real thing. They line up six deep at the bar. Yes, sir, a bar! Barnum was right. The food is good, though. We had pig's knuckles and sauerkraut and beer. The place was jammed and blue with tobacco smoke. Carriage trade, actors from Broadway—all of them come over to break the law and wonder why the joint isn't padlocked. You can get away with anything as long as you make it look illegal, in this town. . . . Does this interest you?" Alex asked solicitously.

"Proceed," said Oliver, smiling his vaguest smile.

"Well, along in the middle of the meal a fellow got up from another table and moved over to the end of our table. He nodded to me as if I were an old friend. I'd seen him somewhere, but didn't know where. Then he turned to my lady friend and said:

"'Madam, could I speak with you a moment? I think you will be very much interested in what I have to say. Your escort will tell you who I am and assure you that I am all right!'

"I shook my head—couldn't place him. He said, 'Why, you sat in Morris Gest's office this afternoon when I came in, and he introduced us. Your name is Van—Van—Norden—Bulen. My name is Wylie.'"

"Wylie," said Oliver, sitting up at his desk and making cryptic lines with a pencil on a sheet of paper.

"Yes, Wylie. Do you know him? He is somebody, I believe," said Van Halen.

"No," said Oliver. "When was this? The date?"

"The last week in September, a Monday night. Well, this fellow Wylie pulled up a chair and sat down facing Lucena. His lips were close to her ear. He began to talk to her in an undertone. I don't know what he said. Her face never changed. It was lifeless. She'd been telling me about her day, and her eyes had that dead look. You know, that latest school of acting—utterly expressionless? Well, her stare was mostly fixed on the floor at the far end of the room. While he talked he examined her side face; his face was utterly blank. When he finally ceased speaking, there was a slight pause; then her eyes came slowly back to me, sitting there watching them on the other side of the table. Without lifting her voice out of a half whisper, she said to me crisply:

"'Don't wait for me. Leave my check.'"

Alex smiled, the corners of his sensitive mouth a trifle raised; he shrugged with that ineffable gesture of youth for a moment passed that could never be fully recalled or renewed.

"What would you have done?" the young man asked Oliver, an eager note in his voice.

"I would have left her check," said Oliver.

"I did," said Alex. "It wasn't exactly like abandoning her in a dive. There were a couple of hundred people sitting around, most of them wearing diamonds—people you know and I know by sight. I was a little hot," he admitted. He paused, thinking.

"What then?"

"Nothing."

"But you saw her again?" Oliver leaned forward.

"Oh, yes. But she never saw me. Just looked a hole through me. And shriek! How she did shriek!"

There was another pause. Then Oliver asked: "Where did you get your idea of repossession?"

"Oh, that was hers. Not in those words, but the idea. You see, it happened I picked her up when she was ready to boil over. She had to talk! She had to tell somebody. So she told me."

"What did Wylie want?" asked Oliver softly.

"The impression I got," cried the young man, "was just as if one of these lordly movie moguls had walked up to a woman in the street and said, 'Pardon me, but you are exactly the type I've been combing the world for. Will you accept ten thousand a week under my direction?'" Alex laughed awkwardly. "She was in that state of mind when a million a week wouldn't have stunned her. She didn't even look surprised. She only looked up and told me not to wait."

"And that is the end of your story?" asked Oliver, gently prodding.

"Oh, no! She stayed on for weeks. One night the lights went out suddenly. And she went out with them! Talk about a stone dropping into the void! There's never been a trace of her since." He stopped, regarding Oliver strangely. "Have you ever noticed," he asked, "how many people disappear after a catastrophe? It is as if they lay in wait for the chance to disappear. She left everything behind. A fuse blew or something, they said. At that moment she vanished. The police have been there. Not a trace! I think somebody blew that fuse so that she could walk off in the dark. That's the way I'm writing my story anyhow. Lucena repossesses herself!" he recited grandiloquently. "She steps into her new life! Funny thing," he said suddenly, "there is a suite on the other side of her which, they tell me, is rented by some rich commuter, who uses it to dress for dinner! Queer slants we get on life in this town! Several times, in going by that door, I thought I heard her voice. In Spanish! Someone was coaching her in Spanish. She was repeating proverbs. Spaniards have a way of making a proverb mean anything. You know how they can dress it up with a shrug. *'Gran sabor es comer y no escotar,'* quoted Alex, rolling his vowels and striking an attitude. "I was born on the Canal Zone. I know Spanish. My father was an engineer on the Canal. I don't know who that tenant was, but I am positive I heard her voice over the transom."

"Did you tell this to the police?" asked Oliver.

"Why should I?" replied Alex shortly.

Why should he, indeed? A wild impulse to believe the most incredible was beating against Armiston's brain. He slowly revolved in his swivel chair and absently took down a telephone—Parr's telephone; a private wire running to Parr's desk. Parr had it installed in this private study during the run of the insurance-widow case—a murder—and had carefully neglected to remove it since.

Oliver, looking straight at the puzzled Alex, talked in undecipherable riddles. He proposed—to some unnamed person who seemed to have been waiting for him on the other end of this wire—he proposed cables—cables, not castles—to Spain. And other incomprehensible things.

Of course, the ending—that Alex didn't see yet, so he couldn't write it—follows on.

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You can hear it coming. Mrs. Billy Wentworth is giving one of her exotic entertainments. The lights are dimming. For some time past you have been turning your head occasionally, conscious of a beat on the air. Six-eight time. Or is it five-eight, a broken lilt? It comes nearer, floats to the surface, emerges from the surrounding counterpoint, dominates the themes, is the theme itself—like the tramp of Chu Chin Chow, of the footstep on the stair in Don Giovanni. Then everything is hushed. The curtains part, and there stands Perez, her million-dollar back flat against a pilaster, and Mrs. Billy's moment of triumph is at hand. Perez doesn't move when she finds herself thus discovered; only turns her head slightly and stares at the audience, the eyes glowing somberly, with a red glint behind them, the corners of the painted mouth a little uptilted. There is a deathly silence, painful in its tensity.

Alex put his hand clumsily to his throat, pulled at his collar. Oliver shook his head slightly, not daring to take his eyes off Perez.

"Quiet! Quiet!" he warned in a whisper.

She took one step, put down a foot as supple as a swan's neck; she took another step, another, and another. Then the guitars began, pluck and strum. It was Perez!

This evening, at the Wentworth presentation, Perez danced four little numbers, the same dance but a different tempo each time, like La Svengali singing Mironton, Mirontaine. *Andantino; allegro appassionato; presto con fuoco;* and *vivace ma non troppo.*

"Could I slip back to her alone?" begged Oliver, the favored one. Mrs. Billy reconnoitered cautiously, smuggled him in. He came on Perez adjusting a fluff. She looked up at him, looked down again. She gave him her hand to kiss.

"Lucena! Lucena!" whispered Oliver over the ivory hand.

She said to her don, a handsome, bold fellow, with a little shrug and a spoiled smile:

"Quien lejos va á casar, ó va enganado ó va á anganar."

"Si," agreed the don thoughtfully. *"Ó demo á os suyos quiere,"* he added darkly. The shade of a smile touched her lips, and she looked down demurely, smoothing her bodice with her two hands. She bowed to Oliver to acknowledge his compliments, gave him her hand again. Oliver bowed over it a second time. He whispered:

"We just wanted you to know that someone cared enough to make inquiries. Everything is all right."

The corners of her mouth tiptilted a little more than usual, her penciled eyes lengthened sleepily. The don watched narrowly as she murmured to Oliver:

"Si la locura fuese dolores, en cada casa darian voces."

Oliver laughed outright. He knew that proverb: If folly were a pain, there would be groaning in every house. She bowed to him and walked away, *vivace—ma non troppo!*

That was the end of it. Except that one afternoon Morel, Parr's silk-stocking satellite, picked up Wylie, the *entrepreneur* who imported foreign artists for private showings, and brought him downtown to his chief. Parr asked him how he was making out with Perez. The adroit Wylie waxed voluble. She was magnificent; had never been younger; the season was an immense success. Parr handed Wylie a cablegram; it was from Spain, and read:

"Perez still here. Has never been away. She has sold out her name and retired to her mountain home to grow herbs and brew tea for her rheumatism. She will dance no more."

Wylie said, as if in continuation of the cablegram:

"She welshed on me at the last minute! After all my contracts were made! I had to buy her out at her own price and put in a ringer. Fortunately," said the adroit Wylie, lifting one hand and gently swaying it from the wrist, *virace ma non troppo,* "I was able to produce an artist die-cast for the part."

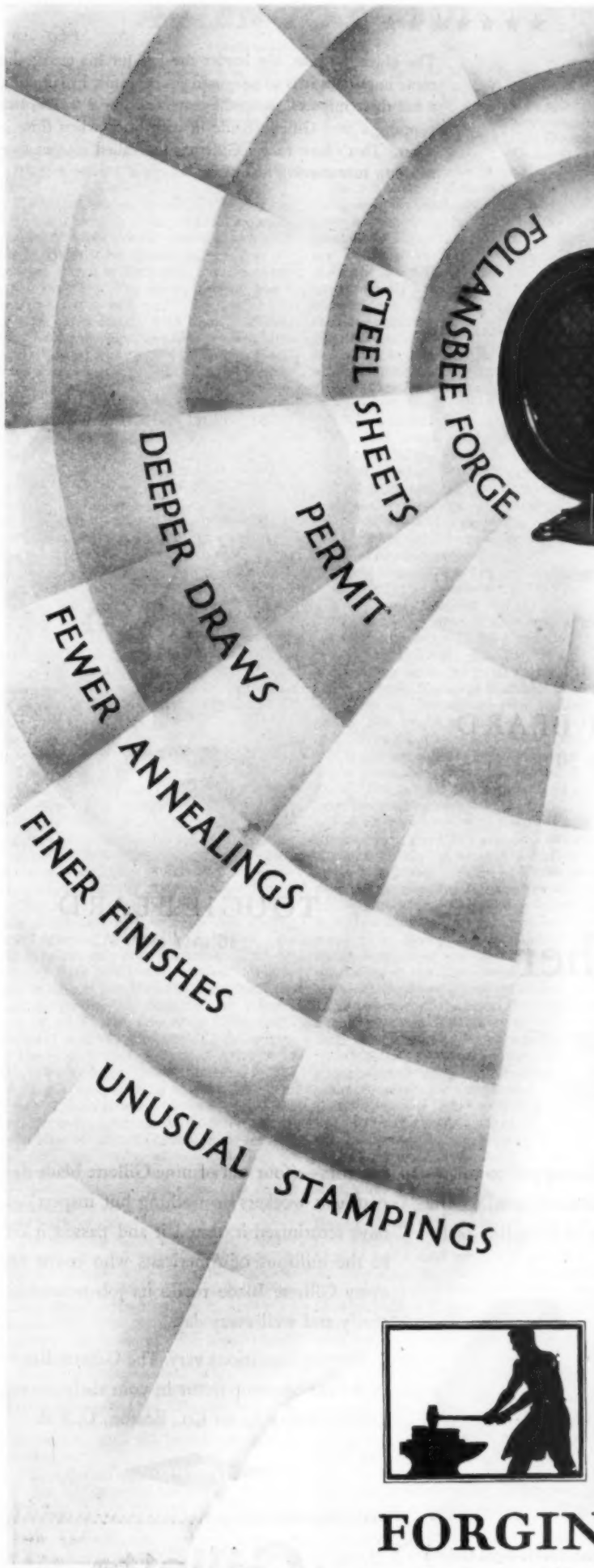
That gesture saved him. Parr had been about to question him severely as to the mysterious disappearance of Lucena Wirden, a young music student. Instead, he said gruffly:

"It will be all right this time. Don't do it again."

The Express

ADOLPHUS EVAN EDWARDS,
with a satchel and a cane,
Departed from Chicago on the Extra Special Train
Which left the vaulted station on the second that it should
And stopped on signal only at suburban Englewood.
It barely noticed Elkhart, though with dignity sublime
It tarried at Toledo just to change to Eastern Time;
It swept through mighty Cleveland with a fixed and haughty stare,
It rushed through Ashtabula as though 'Bula wasn't there,
It gave one hoot for Erie where the heavy barges go,
It whirled the dust of Dunkirk and it whisked through Buffalo.
But while it raced him onward through cities great and small
Adolphus Evan Edwards didn't think of it at all!
Secure in peace and comfort on his progress from the West,
He read his daily paper and he took his nightly rest;
He sipped his morning coffee near the Croton River's fork,
He tipped the smiling porter and descended in New York.

Adolphus Evan Edwards, at the moment of his birth,
Secured a first-class passage on the good old planet Earth,
Which bears him, never pausing, on her customary run,
A thousand miles a minute through the Stations of the Sun.
Adolphus never worries how she holds that fearsome pace,
Yet doesn't go a-skidding through immensities of space,
Nor trembles at her peril where the night is wild and black
Among the baleful monsters of the jeweled zodiac.
He never dreams a moment of the menace of the stars,
The blandishments of Venus and the arrogance of Mars,
The malice of the Dragon in his sempiternal lair,
The bludgeon of Orion and the talons of the Bear.
Though Earth pursues her journey, stormed by meteoric hail,
While heedless, headlong comets dash across her charted trail,
Adolphus calmly travels round the breathless sweep of sky,
Absorbed in minor matters, much the same as you and I. —*Arthur Guiterman.*



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A MAN TO AVOID

(Continued from Page 23)

erect with her head back and her eyes closed. She felt strangely tired. Yes, that was it—poisoned by all this hate and bitterness.

Then she heard Jimmy speaking to her: "Thank you, Millie. You did your best. It was brave of you."

"Brave of me! I am not afraid of this man."

He did not answer in words, but took her limp hand hanging at her side and kissed it. Suddenly Millie found herself shaking off his hands as if her fingers had become entangled with a spider's web, and heard her voice saying: "I'm sorry, Jimmy, but I can't bear men who cry."

"Oh," said Jimmy with a gasp. It was his first knowledge that his face was wet. Millie turned away and went into her tent and dropped the flap. It only needed that—that she, too, should be brutal to poor Jimmy. It was Raikes who had made her like that. How dreadful to go through the world exhaling a poison that made everyone bitter and cruel! How she hated him! She could not sleep thinking of wild, stinging sentences to tell him what she thought of him, nor was it much better when this phase passed and she found herself crying with pity for him, who, as Jimmy had said, was suffering more than they. He must be so lonely, he must be so wretched. It was a long time since Millie had either cried or spent a sleepless night.

They were all up and at breakfast at their usual hour, manifesting their distress according to their physical temperaments—Jimmy looking pasty; Millie looking pale-eyed and faded, but faded as a child is faded, looking younger than usual; Raikes was the color of old ivory, and his eyes, sunk farther than ever in his head, blazed sullenly.

They went about their work in silence, like sick people or people under some doom. In civilization they would have parted and each one gone his separate path, seeking comfort of forgetfulness in his own way. But buried in the jungle, pledged to do a piece of work, they could only withdraw themselves mentally one from the other.

This went on for two days. The third day Millie saw with surprise that Raikes was beginning to pick up the pieces. He did it in the only way possible to him—by rousing their intellectual interest. He began talking at luncheon that day about the legendary aura that surrounds all science, but especially the science of archæology. He went over the whole field of the origins of the race, from the myth of Atlantis to the indigenous prehistoric culture, to the caves of Western China and the deserts of Tibet. Jimmy listened, revived, responded and forgot his injuries. Millie listened, too, with interest, but she could not forget, not so much his insults as the fact that he destroyed something new and wonderful in her, something kind and noble that could, she felt, never rise again. She felt as if she were made of stone.

The morning of the fourth day, Thorley appeared, cheerful, eager for work and absolutely insensitive to atmosphere. It was just what was needed. Raikes lost all his gloom showing Thorley the new painted rooms. The three men drew intellectually together. Once more Millie found herself an outsider.

After the noonday meal, when Thorley and Jimmy had already gone back to work, Raikes approached her. He said very simply: "I think you had better go back to San Roberto with the Indian who guided Thorley in."

"He's started already," answered Millie.

"Yes, but on one of the horses you could catch him in five minutes. It won't take you long to get your things together?"

"Oh, no." He was evidently surprised at her acquiescence. She was surprised herself. She moved toward her tent to get her saddlebags, and then turned to him. "Is there anything special you want me to do in San Roberto?"

"No. Whatever Mrs. Thorley suggests. We shall be in and out. Go home, if you want to, or stay with her—either one."

"I see," said Millie, and went into her tent. When, a few minutes later, she came out again he had gone. She heard the sound of a spade where he usually worked.

She was entirely alone in the camp. Far, far up over her head, like a blue eye looking down a green well, she could see the heavy cerulean of the sky, and a few yards away she could hear the hurrying, rippling river. Well, she was a failure and was being sent ignominiously home, she who had come out so confident of victory. Strange to say, she felt no protest, no revolt at the humiliation; it was all swallowed up in a general despair. She loved Raikes; at least that was probably the nearest word. She had always thought of herself as having the priceless gift for the right man—her love. But it was no gift at all to him, and to her it was just a pain and weakness and involvement. If she could get away from his physical presence it would be a different kind of pain, and that would be a sort of rest. No, she was not sorry to go.

She untied one of the horses, and mounted, throwing her saddlebags across his withers. The path home was along the river. So, she suddenly thought, was the path to the sun temple, only in the opposite direction.

She paused, thinking it over while her horse rubbed his nose on his knee. It was not much after noon. It took three hours to get to San Roberto; she had two hours extra before dark—an hour to go and an hour to come. No harm would be done by her riding an hour up the river instead of down. She might be able to satisfy herself; she could at least see the temples; she would lose some of this sense of the flatness of the whole thing, now that she was going home. She turned her horse's head away from the trail home.

The river curved away from the site of the city in a great flat arc, and along the near side of this the water was shallow and made a pathway. Millie had understood very clearly from the Indian that you rode four hundred varas along the river and then turned in through the jungle where there was a path. Except for the rippling of the water, everything was quiet; there was no wind even in the high, remote tops of the trees, which she could see when she looked along the alley of the river. Now and then a monkey would chatter, but except for this there was no sound. She was not afraid, not conscious of any real danger, yet just enough conscious of the adventure of her action to restore her self-respect. She knew that the risk she took was the risk of being lost; at least, that is what everyone would say, but going this way—along the river—she would only need to find the river again—not a difficult task—and then ride back along it to the camp.

If only she had not made such a fool of herself about that snake. "Don't be a fool—don't be a fool—don't be a fool," and then he had kissed her. If it were only to be done again she could say quite calmly, "Oh, look at that dear little brown snake. How quickly it moves," but she had seen it so suddenly, as she was stepping down with her hand in his. What had been his emotion when he kissed her—pity, contempt? How did he dare go about as if it had never happened?

Every now and then she passed little trails into the jungle, but very small and overgrown; made, she thought, by the small animals of the jungle—red deer, or even perhaps tapir. She would not call them paths. She went on and on, and then at last—yes, a real path and the traces of bare feet in the sands of the river. This was what the Indian had meant. Four hundred varas? More like a mile. She turned her horse's head and entered a narrow path inclosed like a green corridor.

The beauty of her scheme was its simplicity. The temple of the sun stood alone

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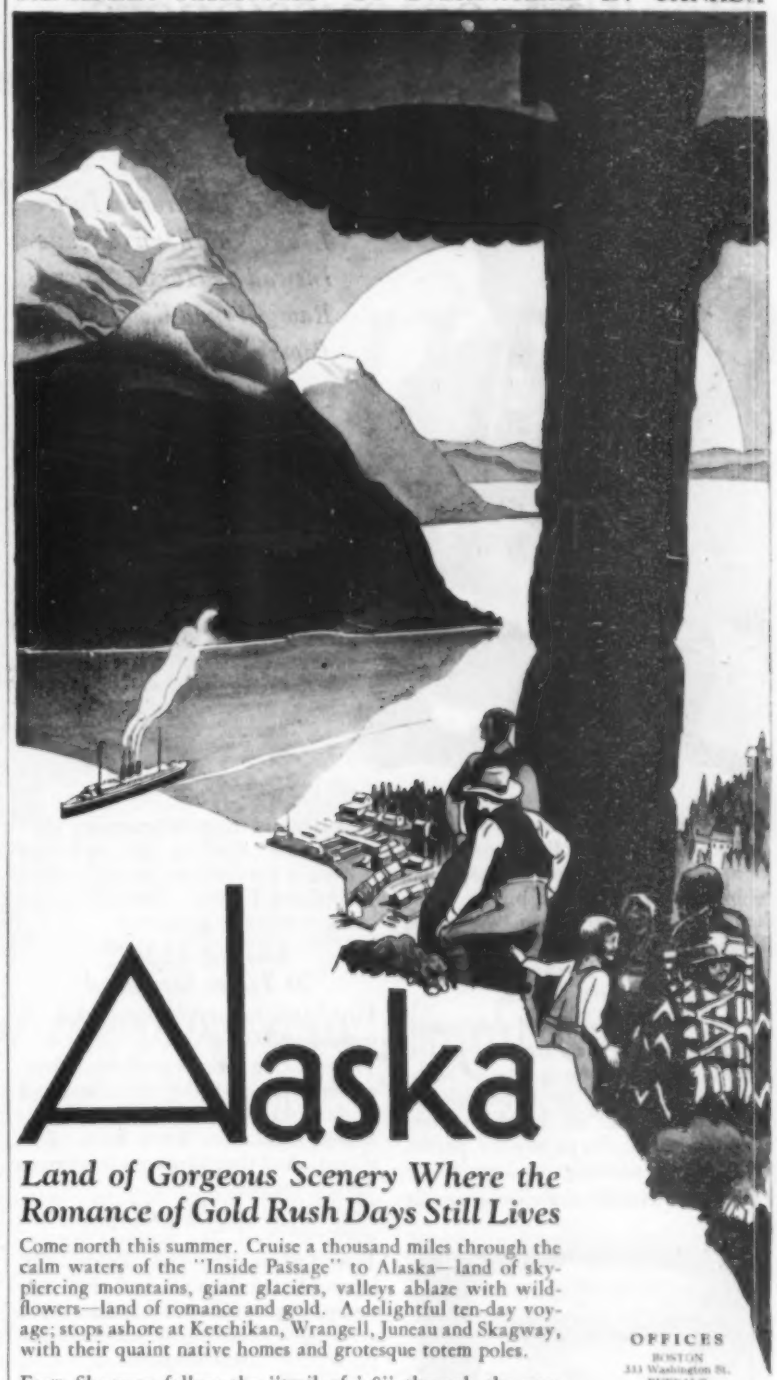

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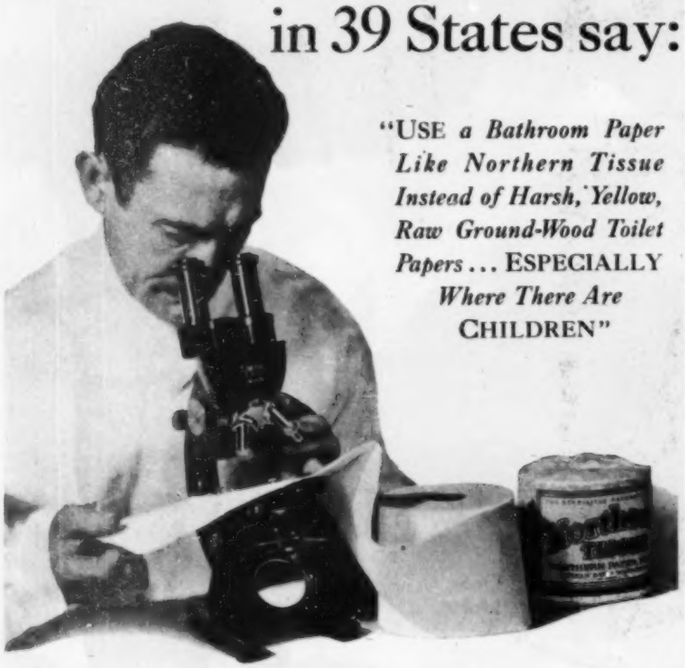

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That cooking process produces a firm-textured paper, highly absorbent and of linen-like softness. For all irritating substances have been eliminated. And that paper made white as whitest linen.

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on its pyramid, approached by stairs on three sides, but the fourth, the Indian told her, was a sheer descent to a well or a pit, where the victims of sacrifice, in all their gold and feathers and jewels, had been thrown. The gold and jewels, he said, were still there. You did not need to climb the pyramid, to cut a slow way up the ruined steps. You went to the foot of that sheer side and dug—that was all. It was not impossible that she herself, feeling about with the machete that she had stuck in her saddle straps, might turn up some little object of clay or copper or even gold which would serve to change Raikes' stiff unbelief and make him praise her once more.

Again she thought she heard something moving near her. But there were no four-footed beasts to be feared. The timid little deers, the jaguar, most unlikely to attack in the daylight, tapirs, running away in herds. What could be following her? A gigantic snake? That happened only in dreams. Still, her heart began to beat thickly. The tropical forest is always more or less menacing, hardly more when she was alone like this on an adventure than when doing her work in camp. It is a thick wall about you that does not protect but does cut you off; it does not screen you but myriads of unseen enemies, the denizens of the forest, while the forest itself waits, when the deadly work is done, to roll over you, to strangle, poison and, finally, bury you in verdure.

Yes, something was coming. She turned her horse to meet it. Raikes rode round a bend in the path, and the two horses neighed cheerfully at each other.

"You're going the wrong way," he said. It was impossible to tell from his tone whether he meant to give her directions for the road or reproof for disobedience.

To avoid all danger of appearing caught doing wrong, she explained her plans. She had two hours; she believed in the existence of the treasure ——

He cut her short. "Listen to me," he said. "I know the man who found it, who took it out of the country. I know where it is at home. I have gone all over it. I know from his reports that there is nothing left, unless, possibly, at a level we could not reach in a month. Will nothing persuade you that I know my business?" She was silent, taking in the fact that she had been wrong once more, and he added less pleasantly: "And now, will you be so good as to go back to San Roberto at once?"

"Yes, yes, yes," she returned, but without moving. "I can imagine how well pleased you feel with yourself. Everything has worked out exactly as you thought. What confidence you must have gained in your own judgment. You said I would not be useful to your expedition, and now you are sending me back, a complete failure. You said I would not learn, and it appears I haven't. I opposed you about this treasure and I was utterly ignorant and wrong about it. You must be triumphant."

"Triumphant?" he said. He was looking at her steadily, with his head a little back and his eyes even more like embers than the young engineer's on the boat.

"But in your place," she went on, "I shouldn't be triumphant; I should be ashamed, utterly ashamed of myself. You destroy good things in everyone in order to protect and nourish this uncontrolled, egotistical irritability of yours. I don't say I'm very valuable, but for the first time in my life I was doing something, happier than I have ever been, better, if you like, than I have ever been, and because you overhear something that wounds your pride you come slashing down like a big man with a sword among children, and cut us all down—Jimmy, who will never really regain his self-respect after all those horrors you said to him, and I, who will have to go home now and tell all the people who wanted me to fail that I have failed. Anyone with a trace of human kindness would have helped me, or would at least have let me alone, but you have always wanted me to fail, and now that you have accomplished it, you are triumphant—triumphant."

"You think I feel triumphant?"

"Yes, I do."

He turned his head away from her and stared out into the forest, and she noticed for the first time how white and worn and thin he looked, like a man who had just been through some illness or long anxiety.

"Well," he said, "for a woman who understands wounding the human heart, you don't understand reading it very accurately. I am not, believe me, triumphant." He paused, and then he added: "Jimmy's self-respect can be restored, I think. He is very sane and generous-minded. And as for you, life will be all opportunities for you. You need not worry."

"Easy for you to say," she retorted. "It is the only one that I ever have had that I cared for, and you have ruined it."

"Perhaps," he said, "you will find it different when you go home; perhaps better things will come to you."

Her golden-brown eyebrows ran up. "Oh, you have molded me, you mean? You have taught me these better things?" Her tone was like steel. He blinked his eyes and for an instant gave her the impression of a man in pain; then it was gone, and she went on: "You might have taught me. Why not? You are older and presumably wiser, but ——"

"Almost old enough to be your father."

"But you are too cruel to teach."

"I am not cruel," he said. "I can be exceedingly kind and tender-hearted when great events are stirring." He suddenly smiled, as if he knew how asburd a plea this was, even before Millie answered quickly:

"But great events so seldom stir."

"Well, that's the fault of the general scheme, not mine," he returned. She felt, without understanding why, he had the tone of a man "jesting, as martyrs do, upon the sword that slays them." She was silent, and in the pause they both heard the sound of movement in the dense growth about them. Their eyes met, their faces grew tense. Raikes raised himself in his stirrups, craning his neck, and his hand went back to his belt where his revolver was strapped in its case. But he never drew it. Out of the forest all about them darted small, ragged, unshaven men, a dozen or more. They seized the bridles of the horses; they caught Raikes' hand and disarmed him.

It happened so quickly, it was all so strange; the men were so little, like gnomes or children dressed up as bandits, that Millie was more startled than frightened. Some of them were obviously Spanish, some Indians, most of mixed blood. Some were in torn uniforms, some in blue overalls, some in the check trousers and short jacket of the peon's Sunday wear, some were barefooted and some wore wooden shoes. All were armed, and cartridge belts strapped about their waists were filled.

"What are they?" said Millie over their heads to Raikes.

"I wish I knew," he answered.

"Do you suppose we are in danger?"

"I rather fancy we are," he answered. "It seems absurd, though, doesn't it?"

Raikes was made to dismount, and one of the men climbed proudly into his saddle. Millie was allowed to ride, two men at her bridle. The horses' heads were turned inland and the procession moved on. They were going, if Millie's information was correct, straight for the pyramid of the sun.

Raikes walked along, turning the whole strange incident over in his mind, and at last addressed the man beside him in his most courteous Spanish.

"Do me the favor of telling me, *señor*," he said, "are you not the men of Avilla?"

The form of speech seemed to be right, for the man replied that the *señor* had the right of it. Well, Raikes reflected, for good or evil, he now knew the truth. Avilla was a bandit. He had heard the president speak of him. He had been an army officer, had been in an unsuccessful revolution under Munoz's predecessor, and made his living by blackmail, raiding lonely haciendas and

(Continued on Page 113)

. . . If we can save $6,000 on the pipe, why shouldn't we?

I TELL YOU, gentlemen, the cost of this building is going far beyond all our estimates, and I'm for cutting. Why should we make an exception of pipe? Six thousand dollars is six thousand dollars. If we can do as well on other items, we're out of our troubles.

I appreciate that, Mr. Brookins. There's another thing to look at, however. When you buy genuine wrought iron pipe you buy at least double service. As you plan to operate the building yourself, maintenance is as important to consider as first cost.

Very true. What I don't see is the economy of paying 70% extra, even for a material that lasts twice as long. Looks like six of one and a half dozen of the other. I'd rather postpone the extra investment in better pipe till sometime in the future.

That's not the right analysis, Mr. Brookins. You speak as if all we had to do was to buy the pipe. It takes more than pipe to make a pipe system. By the time the installation is in, connected up, and working, the difference between cheap pipe and good wrought iron is not 70% but more like 7%. In our case it'll be about 5%. A piping system, of course, can't be any better than the material it's made of. When the pipe itself breaks down, your investment in the whole job will have to be duplicated. So for your extra 5% you double the life of your pipe, and when you do that, you also double the life of your system.

Still I don't follow you. If we have a pipe failure somewhere, does it cost about ten times as much to make the necessary replacement as it does to buy the pipe?

Yes, Mr. Brookins. Remember the old pipe has to be taken out. Often walls and floors have to be torn up—plaster, brick, concrete, marble, or what not. Difficult fitting has to be done, and the service has to be interrupted. Time and money are bound to be wasted. Carpenters, plasterers, painters and decorators may have to be called in to repair the havoc. By the time you get clear, experience proves that the ratio is at least what I've said.

Your argument, then, is that we'd better pay the added cost of durable material now, than ten or twenty times as much for repairs later on. Is that it?

Exactly. That's why I'm for letting the pipe specification stand.

Well, I guess you're right. But, if we do specify genuine wrought iron, can we be sure we get the genuine?

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McCRAY REFRIGERATORS

(Continued from Page 110)

by an occasional murder. A disagreeable situation, not desperate, if it were not for Millie. He wished they did not all admire blondes so much. If she'd been dark-haired and ten times as beautiful he'd have felt safer. He did not like to talk too freely to her; there was always the chance that some of the men might have picked up enough English to understand. Yet he ought to warn her to stick by him if she could, and not to try and charm the bandit into letting her go. She ought to be remote and dignified; perhaps she had better be his wife. That might be safer for her, or possibly not. He turned the possibilities over in his mind. It wasn't going to be easy.

They went on and on; the pace was slow. In about an hour they came to a great open space in the midst of which rose the majestic ruin of the temple of the sun—a great green mound on which, here and there, the masonry of the stairs could be seen through the mantle of green. Under the sheer wall were several huts of bamboo thatched with banana leaves, and as they approached they could see a man standing in front of one of these—obviously Avilla.

He was a small man according to northern standards, dressed in worn riding breeches, putties and low shoes, showing a triangle of bare insteps. He wore a khaki tunic which had probably once belonged to an American officer in some earlier military style. Belted about his waist was the inevitable machete—the fork and knife, the ax, the walking stick of the American tropics. Avilla was standing with one small hand on his hip and the other shielding his eyes while he stared along the path. Raikes was halted with most of the little band at a distance of perhaps twenty yards, just out of earshot, but Millie, still on her horse, was led up to where the bandit was standing. Raikes watched the scene in an agony of apprehension.

Avilla stood motionless for several seconds, a proud, rigid little figure; then he swept off his hat. Raikes could see his small neat features, his pale oval face, the long black mustache and bright beadlike black eyes—a man probably counted very handsome by the women of his race. He had the manner of a man who believes himself successful with women. Like most criminals in most countries, he was evidently intensely vain, but Millie, of course, would never think of that. If she wounded his male vanity they were lost.

Straining his ears, he could not hear a word. They were of course speaking Spanish. Avilla was saying something that surprised Millie but did not apparently alarm her. What could it be? She was refusing, denying, shaking her head; he was insisting.

Raikes made up his mind this must not go on. Heaven only knew what a girl like Millie might say or do toward her own destruction. He decided to join the conference.

"*Venga conmigo*," he said to his captors, and strode forward, carrying them with him. He succeeded in getting within speaking distance of Avilla, and began loudly, with as much dignity as a man can display who has three men almost tearing off his shirt and a fourth clinging about his neck: "What does this mean, Señor Avilla?"

"Ah," said Avilla, his bright eyes flashing. "You know me. Men still speak of Avilla, do they?"

"What do you want with us?" said Raikes. The four little bandits had dropped off him now and were engaged in holding his arms back, two on each side.

Avilla smiled, showing beautiful even teeth. "I do not want you at all, *señor;* I want only the *blanchita*."

Raikes' heart sank at this news. In a country where courtship is carried on mostly with the eyes, sudden passions are common. He had only a second to make his decision, and he made it.

"You do not expect me to allow my wife to be captured without coming to her assistance?" he said. Well, it might be a protection to her.

"She is your wife?"

Raikes bowed and, as he bent his head, caught a distinct twinkle in the eyes of Millie.

"You are a brave man," said Avilla. Millie almost laughed at this, but Raikes scowled at her. And then at Avilla.

"What do you mean?" he asked angrily.

"I would not marry a witch, however beautiful," said Avilla. "But since she is your woman, tell her to exercise her power."

"I don't know what you mean."

Avilla made the quick gesture with his forefinger before his nose which indicates the desire to clear away all clouds of misunderstanding.

"Ah, *señor*," he exclaimed, "let us have no more of that. I know the *blanchita* has the power of finding gold. Under our feet there is gold, much treasure. Let her find it and she shall go free."

Raikes laughed. "You are too much of a man of the world to believe such tales," he said.

"I have your word. You have said it yourself," answered Avilla, beginning to scowl in his turn.

"It was a joke," answered Raikes, cursing, as he had so often had occasion to do before, his effort of amusing himself when talking to dull people.

"And was it a joke that she found gold already, digging. A snake came and brought her the secret and then she found the gold. We know. I know," said Avilla, drawing himself up until his little heels almost left the solid earth.

"Listen to me," said Raikes sternly. "This is all to no purpose. You cannot imagine that you can detain two American citizens, people of position"—"*Gente conicida*" was his phrase—"and not suffer for it."

Avilla threw back his head and gave a sort of bark. "I suffer!" he exclaimed, striking his breast once sharply. "How can I suffer? Who talks any more of Avilla? I hear everywhere that he has ceased to exist, that his band is no more, that under the good rule of that black pork Munoz, he has emigrated to Costa Rica, has been seen in Honduras."

"And if this lady and I are not back tomorrow," said Raikes, "the United States Government ——"

"Will be sorry to learn that two of their citizens have wandered into the jungle and lost themselves. You will be searched for, *señor*, but your bodies will never, never be found. You know the Indian proverb: Who can find what the jungle desires to hide? Your horses—though, God knows, we need horses—they may be found, riderless, but you will have disappeared."

"People do not disappear," said Raikes.

"Many have disappeared into our jungle, leaving no trace. But even if a trace should be found, there is nothing to connect it with me. Indeed, Munoz struts about priding himself that he has rid his country of me; he cannot now admit that I have been here."

"*Mira, señor*," said Raikes, interrupting. "If this lady and I are not back in camp tomorrow the United States Government ——"

"Will act—will act in time," said Avilla; "will send marines and guns and demand reparation. Of whom? Of that black pork who now destroys this country with his cruelty. It will destroy him. Let it. Then I shall return."

"Do not think that you and your band will go free ——" Raikes began, but Avilla raised his hands like a priest blessing a congregation, and interrupted:

"All this talk is for nothing, *señor*," he said. "If the *blanchita* will find gold for me I will pledge my word you shall be free in twenty-four hours. I shall have what I need to go away. If she will not, you will both die. I give you until the dawn to think about it."

Raikes saw Millie give them each in turn a quick look, as if for the first time she saw some hint of danger in the situation.

"You are mad; you are destroying yourself," Raikes began, but Avilla would not

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listen. He flung his right hand across his face and turned on his heel. "*Es finito,*" he said.

"I don't suppose he means what he says," Millie whispered.

"I hope not," he answered. It had always been his belief that the truth was best, and he could not bring himself to deceive her now. Then he was dragged back, so that, though he was not out of sight of Millie, still on her horse, further conversation was impossible.

He felt not the least doubt that Avilla would have them shot in the morning. Human life was unimportant to a man like that, and to Raikes himself it was clear that it was safer for the bandit to kill them and go, leaving no trace, than to let them go free, with the inevitable sequence of his own pursuit. Really, as a logical man, he had not been able to argue against it. He felt doom in the air.

There seemed to him only one possible chance—the arrival of Thorley with some sort of supporting force. That Jimmy and Thorley would follow them he felt sure, but probably not until daylight the next day—an hour, perhaps, after their death. Even if he came at once—and Raikes really could not see why he should—if he came alone, as would be most natural, he would be captured, as they had been. If, on the other hand, he followed and came upon evidence that there had been a number of men involved, he would go back and attempt to get help from the president or the local police, but that would all be much too late. They would not be easy to follow anyhow, for he and Millie had both ridden their horses through the shallow water at the river's edge and there were no footmarks. And then Jimmy would have no reason to think of this particular danger; there had been no talk whatsoever of bandits. Three years before, when he, Raikes, had been in Gatacosta, there had been talk of Avilla and his raids, but lately no one had mentioned him. What would Jimmy think? Probably that he and Millie had ridden off together—back to the town perhaps—and the boy would be uncomfortable and resist an impulse to follow them. Or if he began to suspect something wrong he would think that they had fallen into a subterranean well, like that German fellow in 1880. Thorley would certainly think that, if he were consulted, for it was one of his nightmares. All too late, all too late.

The only chance was to make an escape in the darkness, and as he thought this—for the short dusk of the tropics was almost over—he saw that a great white three-quarters moon was riding over the tree tops as bright as a searchlight.

Avilla's plan for keeping them safe was simple. He made them mount the sixty feet of steep and partly ruined stairs that led to the remains of the old temple on the top of the pyramid. None of his men would venture on this haunted ground, but it was not necessary. The prisoners could not have descended unobserved in the flooding moonlight, and if they could have been invisible the noise of falling stones would have betrayed them. A better prison could hardly have been devised.

Avilla did not even trouble to convey these orders to them himself. Raikes saw him wrapping himself in an enormous cloak, throwing it over his shoulder with a graceful swing, preparatory, apparently, to retiring to his hut. The second in command ordered them up the steps; hard going it would have been even by daylight. Millie went up easily, touching her hands now and then. Raikes noticed how conspicuous she was in her light-colored riding clothes. Halfway up he glanced back, to see that two men with rifles had taken up a position at the foot of the stairs. The sky overhead was cloudless, the rich deep blue of the tropical sky by moonlight; not a chance that clouds would rise to put out that moon.

"Can you do it?" he asked.

She didn't trouble to answer, but asked instead: "Do you think there are any snakes up there?" He looked toward the three low lozenges of black that were the entrances to the temple, and replied that he was sure there were not.

"I wish I were," said Millie.

He had matches in his pocket, and when they reached the platform on which the little temple opened he was able to reassure her. The space was small and damp, hardly five feet high, but it had been cleaned out recently, and the bare stones were still tightly fitted and admitted no possibility of snakes.

They sat down in silence in the shadow of the overhanging cornice of the temple, with their feet on the top step. The night was mild and very still. A smell of rich damp earth came to them from the jungle, of wet green growth. The tall trees shut out their view, high as they were, but the higher peaks of the volcanoes in the interior thrust themselves above even the tallest trees, a translucent gray in the moonlight.

"Well," said Raikes in his coolest, flattest voice, "I must say the world is making a very fine farewell appearance."

"You think he really means it?" she asked.

"I can't lie to you. I think he really does."

There was a silence, and in the dark she knew that he was listening for the faintest sign that would give him a clew to her state of mind.

"Isn't it queer?" she said. "I'm not frightened. I always thought I would be when I read about queens—Anne Boleyn and Mary Stuart—but I'm not. I used to think I couldn't stand it, I couldn't face it. I'm only excited terribly—terribly excited."

"Yes." He stretched out his long legs straight in front of him. "Death is exciting, even other people's."

"I hope it won't come over me at the last moment. I hope I shall behave well," she murmured.

"Oh, you'll behave perfectly, just to annoy them. It's about the only fun left. Just ignore them, the swine. I may allow myself to laugh at them."

Another long silence. The moon came out over the tall umbrella-topped trees, and Raikes, looking up at the stars, not wholly extinguished by the flood of light, found himself thinking of his own subject and how cleverly the old builders had managed to orient their temples—this one to the rising sun of midsummer, but some to the more complex movements of the evening star.

"Do you think we really go on?" said Millie. "That our souls live?"

"I can't see it," he answered. "I hope to heaven I don't. I never have been able to see how such common, base animal processes as birth and death can be the links with eternity. At the same time"—he paused—that gesture Millie knew so well—reached back for a cigarette, lit it, and went on—"at the same time, I have always been inclined to the belief that time is not a sequence as it appears, that it is a complete static whole. In which case, of course ——"

"I can't get much comfort out of that," said Millie.

"My poor child."

Her breath trembled a little at his pity, and they both knew it was dangerous. The great excitement of approaching death was like an intoxication and made her long to tell everything that came through her mind, and what was always in her mind was the fact that she loved him. She wanted to tell him. She remembered years ago, when she was seventeen, at a house party a game had been played: What would you do if you knew you were going to die tomorrow? No one had played it honestly except one girl; the boys had all shaken their heads and intimated that they would do things too terrible to tell, and the girls spent their time trying to make them tell; all but one girl, who said simply she would tell the man she loved that she loved him. There had been an idea that he was

(Continued on Page 117)

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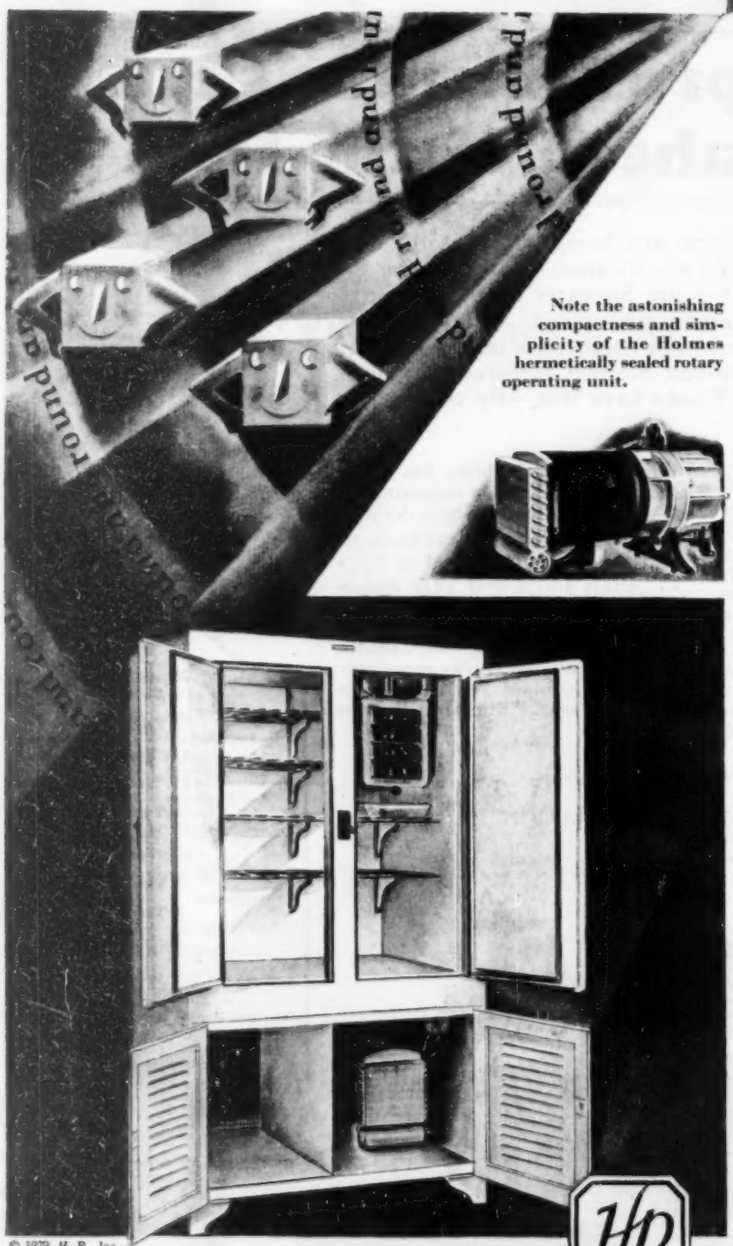

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HOLMES

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

(Continued from Page 114)

present and was indeed actually being told. Millie hadn't thought of that girl for years, but she thought of her now. For she wanted passionately to tell Raikes that she loved him, but she knew she must not do it.

In the first place, with her mind racing, as it was, like a disordered engine, she wouldn't tell him right, and then she knew he wanted peace; he wanted to sit there in a godlike calm, awaiting death. In this moment he wanted an equal companion, not a groveling lovesick girl. It would be to him a painful scene, possibly even an ugly one. This way she would have something; the other way, nothing. Nothing, at least, except for her the comfort of his physical touch, for then she could cling to him and put her head on his shoulder. He could hardly refuse her that, but he would not like it; he would not respect her as much as he did now. A meaningless physical contact, or this immensely significant spiritual communion? She firmly chose the latter, but her heart ached for the other. She remembered how, as a child, she had been comforted from imaginary terrors at night by the mere feeling of her mother's arms about her. That was really all she wanted now. Well, she wouldn't take it. She set her will against it. She took her decision. She was a woman who could abide by a decision.

She thought of her parents. Oh, dear, so much to regret there, such senseless sinful cruelty on her part. What a hard, horrible shell had overlaid her love for them so that she had never shown it at all, had never felt as she felt it now, too late, too late.

She said aloud, "I want to write to my mother."

He gave a sound between a groan and a laugh. "You think they'll forward it?"

No, of course not. Her heart gave a sickening drop. No one would ever know what had happened to them. Why did it make it worse?

"I'm sorry," she said simply. "It seems to me now that I've always been terrible to my parents."

"I shouldn't worry about that," said Raikes. "They probably loved you all the more because you were difficult, and you know the people who get the fun out of a relation are the people who love, not the ones who are loved." She wanted desperately to ask how he knew that, and after a minute she did, but he did not answer.

Instead he said, "I believe there might be a chance, if you left a paper up here, that some day it would be sent to your family. I doubt if these fellows would have sense enough to search the place after us. Write it anyhow."

He had no paper in his pocket but a used envelope on which he had written a list, which said: "Pair of stockings, bottle of iodine and have knife sharpened." But cutting the envelope open, the wrong side was available.

"Isn't it funny?" said Millie. "My mind isn't frightened at all, but my body is. I feel sick and light, as if I were floating—a horrible feeling—and I want to talk and talk. . . . Have you got a pencil?"

He produced one, and she wrote, partly by moonlight, partly feeling her way, that she wasn't much afraid, that she loved them both, that they had done everything always to make her happy, and she had done so little for them.

When it was finished they arranged it neatly with stones to weight it down and draw attention to it.

As they did she looked up and asked suddenly: "Where is the east?"

"We face it."

"Isn't the horizon lightening?" Her voice shook, an electric tremor of fear ran through her.

"Oh, no," he answered, "it is not yet near day." Neither of them noticed that he used the words of Juliet. "It isn't even midnight yet." He stretched his wrist out, as so often Millie had watched him do; one of those little gestures we get to know and hug to our breasts when we love a person. "It isn't ten o'clock."

Another silence fell upon them, and then Millie said: "I suppose there is no use in my trying to tell you how sorry, how bitterly sorry I am. Of course it is all my fault. I mean, I got you into this—my silly adventure to see the temple."

"Oh, don't worry about me," he answered. "As a matter of fact, my comic flight about your being a witch is just as responsible as your exploring impulse. But as far as I'm concerned I'm quite content to die. A little more than that. Life as a whole has not been a great success to me; for the most part a bitter, ugly contention—as you have probably noticed. My own doing, my own nature; no easier for that knowledge. I've so often been on the point of ending it; but one doesn't. One doesn't like to confess defeat. Only when it's settled like this —— I give you my word of honor I feel happier and more at peace this moment than I have for twenty years, except, of course, for you. It maddens me that I can't think of any way out for you."

"Don't worry about me," said Millie mechanically, not knowing she had used his words.

"But I do, of course, worry about you. You have everything to live for—beauty, youth, brains. If I can get you out ——"

His voice died away in thought, and Millie found herself wondering if this were mere frivolity that at the point of death she could feel so elated by his calling her beautiful. If he had only said so before she might not have been so rebellious, might not have come adventuring here at all. There was no use of thinking along those lines. No, she mustn't tell him she loved him; he wouldn't even be flattered by it. He wanted peace, and so did she; just the peace and dignity of an equal relationship; two brave people, almost strangers, about to go hence and be seen no more. Why did she think of the burial service? There would be no burial service for her. The sun would be shining hotly on this very spot and she would not be here at all—anywhere. Did she really want peace? Wasn't it only this wild whirling excitement that kept her from panic?

His voice broke in: "I believe there is a chance of getting you out of this. If I made an attack on Avilla—there must be about fourteen of these fellows, and they would get me in the end—but there would be some minutes of turmoil and excitement, and you might have an opportunity of grabbing one of the horses and getting off. The gray horse is faster. They'd shoot at you, but they are probably very bad shots, and the only person who could pursue you would be the man on the other horse, and he could not catch you."

But she was already saying, "No, no, no, I couldn't do it—couldn't escape and leave you to be killed."

She wanted to tell him that there was some comfort—a wild sort of secret joy—in dying with him; but to be killed away from him, running away—she couldn't face it.

He argued with her—that she owed it to her parents; he was alone in the world; there was no one to care whether he was killed or not; she had much to live for; it would be better for the expedition if the facts were known at once, it would save valuable time, nothing was gained by her staying.

But she shook her head. She knew she must seem obstinate and stupid. After a few minutes he gave it up.

A meteor shot across overhead and disappeared behind the fringed edges of the trees; and a bird, under their feet, woke up and gave a long, throaty, dreamy note and went to sleep again. He lit another cigarette, and this time offered her one. She put out her hand mechanically to take it, and then drew back.

"Oh, no," she said. "I don't really want one and you haven't many left."

He laughed. "All I shall need, I assure you," he said.

She suddenly covered her face with her hands. "Oh, why did you say that? It made it so near and clear," she gasped.

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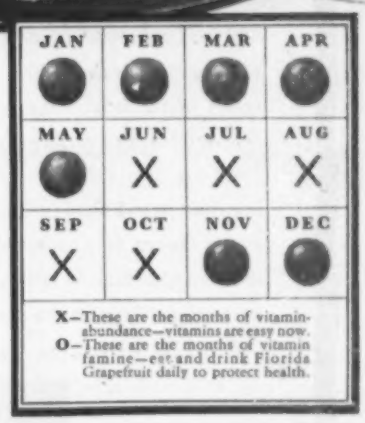

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"Come, come," he said. "Pull yourself together. You've been so brave. Quite the bravest person I ever saw."

"Well, you're rather bracing, you know," she answered, trying to take his tone.

"I? Not at all. I'm not being brave. I'm just natural. I give you my word, I never felt happier. Twenty years more of annihilation than I had hoped for—all velvet to me." She gave a little moan, and he saw something must be done quickly. "I never was happy as a child," he said quickly. "Were you? What is the earliest thing you remember?"

She had his complete attention. His voice seemed to say that no story had ever been so absorbing. Terror retreated again like an exorcised ghost. A few minutes later she was telling him about her childhood—about the house she had lived in in summer, by the sea; how she had always loved the sea and yet had never failed to dream, the first night she slept near it, that it was slowly rising into a solid wall hundreds of feet high and sweeping over the dunes, with a little foam on the crest of it. Great things and little she told him—of dresses she had loved, and beautiful proud sights she had seen, and men who had loved her, and poetry and music she had loved. She was carried on and on by the fever of excitement she was in and by his alert attention. She thought to herself, after all, if they could not live together in the future there was a certain comfort in sharing the past. She stopped, remembering suddenly that it was only her past. She had been talking almost uninterruptedly for an hour or more. She felt abashed.

"Forgive me," she said, "going on like this. I told you I felt this insane impulse to talk. And I suppose you want to be quiet and think about the people who really matter to you whom you'll never see again."

"No, really not," he answered. "I would rather listen to you than do anything."

His cool flat tone kept the statement from being a compliment; it was merely, she thought, his expression of a rather odd taste.

"And I took your only scrap of paper," she went on. "I am mad not to have thought there must be someone you would want to leave a word for."

"There isn't." He hesitated a moment and went on: "No, I live very much alone, for reasons which you thoroughly understand."

"That I understand?"

"You gave a masterly exposition of them this very afternoon." For a second she really could not remember. One of the confusing aspects of the man was that he was so different at different times that you could not remember, not merely what he had been but what you had thought of him. He went on: "You were quite right. I do destroy anyone who trusts in me. So as I grow older and wiser I encourage fewer and fewer people to do so. And as it is more painful to destroy things you love, the better I like people the farther off I keep. So that means living alone."

She began to remember things she had said. "Those things I said," she began—"they were not true, not what I really felt."

He held up his hand. "Don't go back on them," he said. "They were accurately observed and well expressed."

"They were bitter, and bitterness is never quite true."

"Ah, I know all about that"—and he smiled at her. She could see his teeth flash so very white in the moonlight. "All that you said was true," he went on, his voice growing suddenly deeper. "It inflicted that peculiar agony that only truth inflicts."

She remembered the look on his face as he had turned it into profile. That was pain, then? She had tried so many times to hurt him during their brief acquaintance, and now that she knew she had, she could hardly bear her remorse for having done it.

He was apparently distrustful of silence, for he said rather briskly, "Tell me of the things you were telling me just now—tell me about your parents. What sort of people are they?"

She shook her head.

"No, I've lost interest in myself," she answered. "I want you to tell me something about yourself."

"What, in heaven's name?"

"Anything that you think would interest me to hear and you to tell."

There was another long silence. She knew, from the fact that he did not refuse, that he was going to speak, going to tell her something or other. In the dark she bent her head and came near to prayer—that whatever he told her would be real, would bring them nearer, even if it were his love for another woman; nothing horrible, bitter, no cruel experience that had ruined his youth.

She heard him draw a long breath, and her whole being trembled at it.

"Well," he said, "I can only think of one thing about myself that would interest you, at least. Yes, I'm sure it would interest you to hear."

He put out his hand and covered hers where it lay on her lap in the moonlight. Hers was trembling as a leaf trembles, but his was vibrating as heavy wires vibrate in strong winds.

"Did you know that I am insanely in love with you? Speak to me, Millie. What is it? Are you crying? Do you hate me to love you?"

Far down below them a drowsy sentinel thought he heard a laugh, and sprang to attention. A laugh. What did that mean? These crazy foreigners were mad, of course, and yet to laugh when they were to die at dawn. Had they magic to escape? Ought he report it? Or was it, after all, a wakeful owl in some high tree or some little forest creature, disturbed by the radiance of the moon. He looked up to the top of the pyramid.

Well, they were not trying to escape, for he could see nothing—nothing but the three black lozenges that were the black entrances to the temple, and he leaned his forehead once more on his hands clasped on his rifle, and dozed again.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF THE SANTA FE LINES

Navajo Women Weaving in Canyon de Chelly, New Mexico

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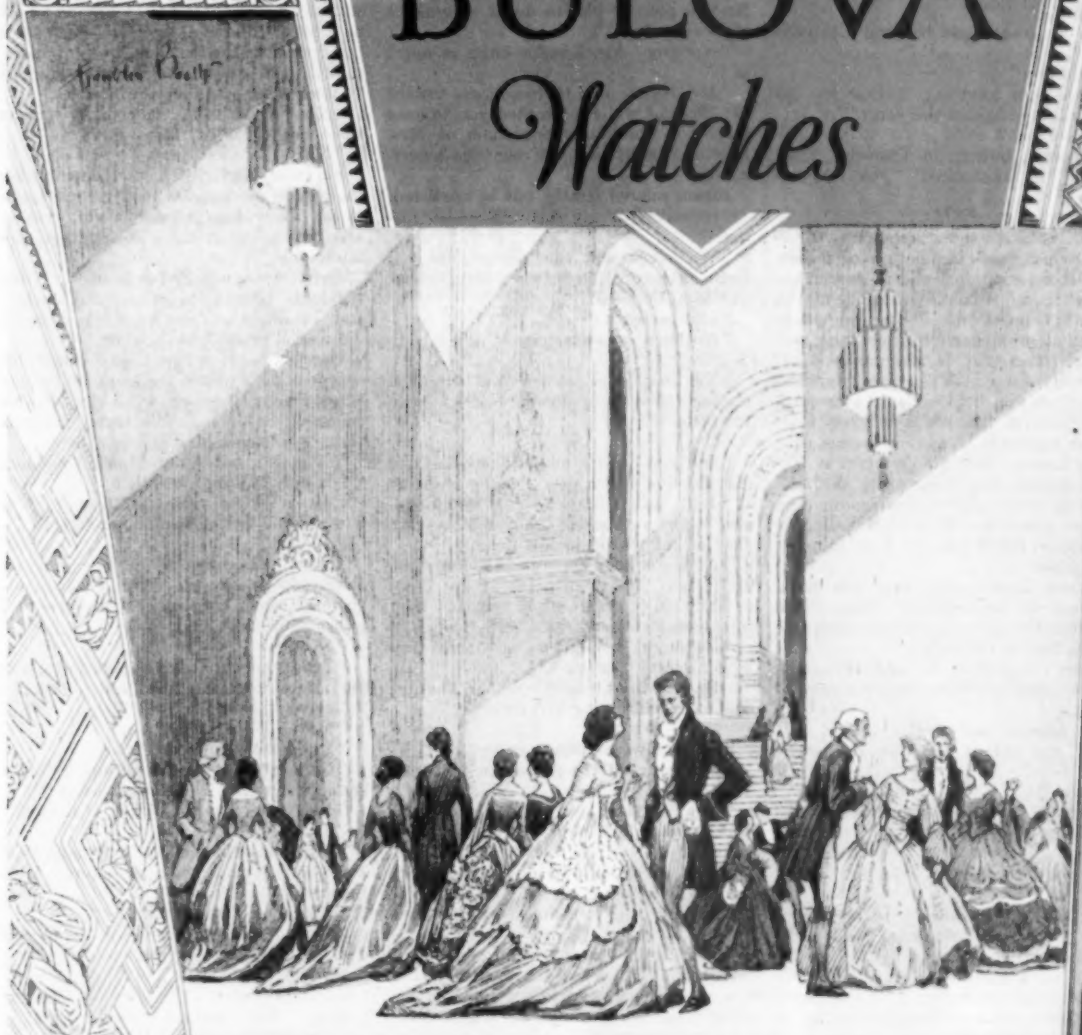

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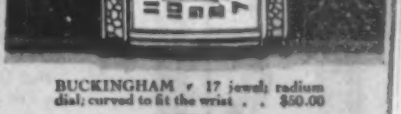
ROMOLA • 15 jewel; complete with flexible bracelet . . . $29.75

COLETTE • 15 jewel; inlaid with black enamel; with flexible bracelet . $37.50

RITA • 15 jewel; 14 kt. gold case, 2 diamonds, 4 emeralds (or sapphires); flexible bracelet with stones to match $65.00



CONQUEROR • 15 jewel; radium dial $24.75

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DEATH ON SCURVY STREET

(Continued from Page 35)

Ruson smiled faintly. "No, I did not," he replied.

"On your oath and on your Christian word?"

"I did not."

"Have you anything further to add which might enlighten this court?"

"I have not."

Sill turned quietly to Danner. "Mr. Danner," he announced, "you may inquire."

XVII

WHEN the district attorney rose to begin his cross-examination of Ruson, Ruson stood composed and at ease in the witness stand, his hands resting lightly on the bar in front of him. His bearing on direct examination had confirmed the general conviction that he was innocent. If Mrs. Culp's discredited testimony were forgotten, there was no case against him worth the mentioning. There was infinitely more evidence against Boetius, for instance, than against Ruson; and the very fact of Ruson's apparent innocence made this moment of the opening of his cross-examination the more dramatic. If he should successfully support this ordeal, his acquittal must surely ensue.

So when Danner rose there was not a movement in the crowded room, nor a sound save the soft scrape of pencils where the reporters sat so busily.

Danner's tone when he began was courteous, yet with a certain dangerous suavity about it.

"Mr. Ruson, your feeling toward Mr. Bellmer was one of affection and gratitude?"

"It was."

"Affection for the man and gratitude for his kindness?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you believe in gratitude?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is it not human nature rather to fret under continued kindnesses, especially when they cannot be repaid, than to be what we call grateful for them?"

Sill objected smilingly: "If the court please, this is not a philosophic inquiry in which we are engaged."

And Danner thundered at him: "It is exactly that! It is an inquiry into the depths of a corrupt and decadent soul—a murderer's soul!"

But the court suggested: "The witness has not qualified as an expert on psychology." And Danner accepted this decision in silence, turned again to Ruson.

"Mr. Ruson," he asked sharply then, "did you murder Mr. Bellmer out of gratitude?"

Sill was on his feet, yet still his tones were amiable.

"I object, Your Honor," he suggested ironically. "There is no evidence that Mr. Ruson murdered Mr. Bellmer."

Someone in the back of the court room laughed in a hysterical fashion. The court officers rapped. Ruson stood at ease on the stand, and without waiting for a ruling, Danner plunged on.

"You felt gratitude then toward Mr. Bellmer?" he pursued.

"Yes."

"What was your relation with Mr. Boetius?"

"We were associates," Ruson replied.

"On a friendly basis?"

"Entirely."

"Did you feel gratitude toward Mr. Boetius?"

"I had no cause to. We were equals."

Danner's brows rose at this distinction, but he did not press the matter. "You and Mr. Boetius then were friends?"

"Yes."

"You knew of the relations between Mr. Bellmer and Mrs. Boetius?"

"No."

"Knew nothing of them?"

"I knew nothing—I suspected a great deal."

"What did your friendly feeling for Mr. Boetius prompt you to do as a result of these suspicions?"

"Nothing. Mr. Boetius knew as much as I."

"Mr. Ruson, was it friendliness toward Mr. Boetius which prompted you to send Inspector Tope the photograph of Mrs. Boetius, from the Journal reference department?"

Ruson colored faintly, but he answered, "I conceived it my duty to assist justice."

"When you sent this picture, did you know of the relation between Mr. Bellmer and Mrs. Boetius?"

"I suspected it."

"Nothing but a suspicion?"

"No."

"Yet that suspicion led you to send a photograph of your good friend's wife to the police?"

"Yes."

"Did you do this out of friendliness to Mr. Boetius, or because this identification of Molly Bell as Mrs. Boetius would suggest to the authorities the possibility that Boetius had murdered Mr. Bellmer?"

"I thought they had a right to know the truth."

"But did it not occur to you that they might suspect your friend, Mr. Boetius?"

"I thought I ought to give them any information I possessed."

"Did you think your friend, Mr. Boetius, capable of murdering Mr. Bellmer?"

"No."

"But you were willing to suggest it?"

"I simply sent the picture to Inspector Tope."

"Did you send this picture before you were indicted, or after?"

"After."

"So you acted only to assist justice when your own life was in peril?"

"I had already consulted with Inspector Tope."

"Mr. Ruson, was it friendliness toward Mr. Boetius which led you to testify that you saw his cane, broken, hidden in his office on the Tuesday after the murder?"

"I told the truth."

Danner's voice lifted sternly: "And was it friendliness which prompted you to insert among the memoranda left by Mr. Bellmer for Mr. Boetius a copy of his wife's letter to your employer?"

"I did not do so."

"The envelope came to you from Mr. Bellmer, didn't it?"

"Yes."

"Sealed?"

"I think so."

"Then either Mr. Bellmer or you put the copy in that envelope?"

"If it was there—yes."

"Why should Mr. Bellmer do it?"

"He had sometimes a cruel sense of humor."

Danner ejaculated "Ah!" He seemed surprisingly content with this, turned quietly away and back again. "Now, Mr. Ruson, you said you were forced to be satisfied with Mr. Bellmer's habit of going adventuring. Did you take any steps to protect him on these adventures?"

"No."

"Did you have him watched?"

"No."

"Never?"

"At one time I did, but he protested and I gave it up."

"You received reports from Pelky, didn't you, on his movements?"

"No," said Ruson.

"You paid Pelky for these reports?"

"There were no reports."

"You knew Pelky drove Bellmer to Canada, didn't you?"

"I knew that—yes."

"It was Pelky who revealed to you the intimacy between Bellmer and Mrs. Boetius, was it not?"

"No."

Danner turned to Inspector Hagan and whispered to him, and Hagan made a note on a bit of paper and at once went toward the door. Ruson watched him go, uncertainly; and he seemed about to speak, but Danner went on to another matter.

"Now, Mr. Ruson, had you any spies in the household of Mr. Boetius?"

"No."

Sill interposed: "If Your Honor please, there is no evidence to justify these questions. We propose to permit every reasonable latitude, but these insinuations are intolerable."

Judge Mehann looked at Danner. "Does the state propose to prove that such a state of affairs as these questions intimate did in fact exist?" he inquired.

Danner replied: "Mrs. Culp testified that this defendant was in the house on Scurvy Street Friday afternoon, when Mrs. Boetius engaged the room. The state contends that he followed Mrs. Boetius there."

Sill smiled, but Judge Mehann nodded. "You may inquire," he ruled.

Danner swung again to Ruson. "You had no spies in the Boetius household?"

"No, sir."

"When Mrs. Boetius left her home on Friday to come to the city in order to engage the room on Scurvy Street, were you informed of her coming?"

"No, sir."

"Did you not go to the station and watch her alight from the train and personally follow her thereafter?"

"No, sir."

"You know Inspector Tope?"

"Certainly. He called at my office in connection with Mr. Bellmer's death."

"Did you know him before that day?"

"No."

"Did you see him at the station on that Friday when you met and followed Mrs. Boetius?"

"I was not at the station."

"If you had seen Inspector Tope, you would neither have recognized nor remembered him, would you?"

Ruson hesitated. "Possibly not," he admitted. "But I was not there."

"You wish to leave it that you did not see Mrs. Boetius on that Friday, at any time?"

"Not at any time."

"You heard Mrs. Culp's testimony?"

"Yes."

"Were you in the house on Scurvy Street on Friday or Saturday of the week Mr. Bellmer was killed?"

"I was not."

Danner nodded with apparent satisfaction. "Then if Mrs. Boetius thought she recognized you in the house on Scurvy Street, and so reported to Mr. Bellmer, she was utterly mistaken?"

"Utterly."

"Mr. Ruson, had you any altercation or personal discussion or argument with Mr. Bellmer on the day of his death?"

"None whatever. We discussed business, of course."

"Did not Mr. Bellmer accuse you of prying into his affairs?"

"No, sir."

"Did he at some time Saturday berate you for spying on him, and in a tone so loud as to be audible in the hall outside your office?"

Ruson shook his head. "No, sir."

"Did Miss Mannis hear him?"

"He did not do so."

"Did he call Miss Mannis and direct her to arrange a conference between him and Mr. Bradeen for a week from the following Monday?"

Ruson hesitated. "He may have done so," he confessed, and Danner pounced on this admission.

"He may have done so?" he repeated. "And was that why you tried, after Bellmer was dead, to send Miss Mannis on a trip around the world?"

(Continued on Page 122)

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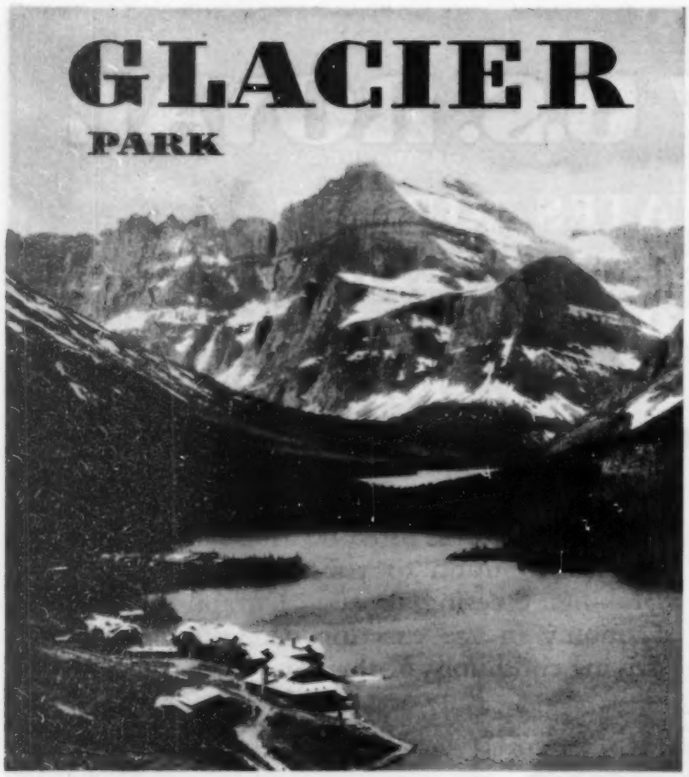

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(Continued from Page 120)

But Ruson smiled easily. "It was an opportunity for her. I gave her that opportunity. I would have done the same at any other time."

"Why?"

"She is a fine young woman, and deserving."

"And reliable?"

"Yes."

"If she asserted a thing were true, you would not be inclined to deny it?"

"Not unless I knew she were mistaken," said Ruson.

"I suppose if Mr. Bellmer wished to see Bradeen, it was in relation to his will?"

"The firm handled all his legal affairs."

"By the way, you said you witnessed his will?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Ruson, how many wills did Mr. Bellmer execute that day?"

Ruson looked astonished. "How many wills? Why, one!"

"Did Mr. Collord, the cashier, witness that one?"

"No, sir."

"Did Mr. Bellmer execute a will of which Mr. Collord, Mr. Bradeen and Miss Hill were witnesses?"

"No, sir, not to my knowledge."

"Those three persons are all dead?"

"Yes, sir."

"They died the week before Mr. Bellmer's death—Mr. Collord of natural causes, on Tuesday, and Mr. Bradeen and Miss Hill in a motor accident, on Thursday?"

"I believe so—yes."

"Now did not Mr. Bellmer execute a will of which they were witnesses, and in which you were named as the principal legatee?"

"No, not to my knowledge."

"Was not this will executed before the other one, before the will now presented for probate, and which is in evidence here?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"After the execution of Mr. Bellmer's will which you witnessed, Mr. Ruson, did you remain for some time in conference with Mr. Bellmer alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"And did Mr. Bellmer in your presence put this will here in evidence into a manila envelope which he sealed and marked?"

"Yes, sir."

"What mark did he put upon the envelope?"

"He marked it A."

"And did he later send to you, to be filed in the safe in your office, two envelopes?"

"Yes, he did."

"Marked A and B?"

"Yes, sir."

"Which Miss Mannis filed?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did Envelope B contain?"

"I do not know."

"Did it contain a will naming you as principal legatee, and signed by Mr. Collord, Mr. Bradeen and Miss Hill as witnesses?"

"No!" The answer was emphatic.

"How do you know?" The tone was a challenge.

Mr. Ruson hesitated, and then determinedly he smiled. "I should have said, I do not know."

"And did you at some time direct Miss Mannis to bring Envelope A to you?"

"Yes, sir, on Saturday, the day Mr. Bellmer went away."

"For what purpose?"

"Mr. Bellmer had directed me to destroy it."

"Oh, he directed you to destroy it? Unopened?"

"Yes."

"Did you do so?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"I took it home with me and burned it in the furnace of the apartment house."

"Unopened?"

"Yes."

"You took it home, when, and you burned it, when?"

"I took it home the night Mr. Bellmer was killed. I burned it next morning."

"You were not too sick then to go down to the basement?"

"Sick? Oh, no, I felt better that morning."

"How did you reach the basement?"

"By the elevator."

"The elevator runs to the basement?"

"The janitor was working on my floor. He took me down in the freight elevator."

Danner, astonishingly, smiled; he turned aside as though to hide this smile and whispered with Inspector Hagan again. Charlie, watching Ruson, saw a flickering fear in the other man's eyes, and there were beads upon his brow. Then Danner swung back again.

"When Mr. Bellmer directed you to destroy the envelope marked A, did you understand that he meant for you to destroy this will?"

Ruson hesitated desperately. "Yes," he blurted at last.

"Did you protest?"

"Yes. He overruled me. He told me it was his own affair."

"Did you suggest that if he destroyed this will and were killed during his absence, he would die intestate?"

"He would not listen to me."

"Did it occur to you at the time that he might have made another will?"

"No."

"You did not recall the singular circumstance of the two envelopes, identical except for the letters A and B which distinguished them?"

"No."

Danner smiled again and his eyes were triumphant.

"Mr. Ruson," he asked, "have you remarked the curious dual quality which runs through this tragic affair?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"When Mr. Bellmer was killed, two men were killed; two canes disappeared; two identical letters from Molly Bell remained as evidence. And there were in your charge two identical manila envelopes, marked A and B. Mr. Bellmer's will which we have was in B, although he had in your presence put it in an envelope marked A. Were there two wills? Was there another will in A?"

"I do not know."

"A will in your favor?"

Ruson smiled in a sardonic fashion. "If I had murdered Mr. Bellmer," he volunteered, "I would hardly have destroyed a will in my favor."

And Danner pounced on the word like a cat. "Ah! But you said, did you not, that Mr. Bellmer had sometimes a cruel sense of humor?"

"Yes."

"Suppose this was his jest—his last jest? Suppose he shifted the wills from A to B and from B to A, so that if you did murder him and did destroy what you thought was the will which cut you off, you would in fact destroy the one in your favor. What do you say to that, Mr. Ruson?"

But Mr. Sill's quick interjection saved Ruson the necessity of a reply, and Danner did not insist. He proceeded amiably:

"You spoke of the freight elevator in your apartment house, Mr. Ruson. Did you ever ride on that elevator before?"

"I may have."

"When?"

"The janitor is somewhat of a character. I liked to talk with him."

"I inquired when it was that you rode on the freight elevator."

"Probably a good many times."

"Where was it located?"

"In a shaft at the end of a small hall leading off the main hall."

"The shaft was accessible from the main hall?"

"There was a locked door between."

"You have a car, Mr. Ruson?"

"Yes."

"Which you keep—where?"

Ruson hesitated, but only faintly. "In a garage in the court behind the apartment."

"The freight elevator descends to the basement?"

"Yes."

(Continued on Page 125)

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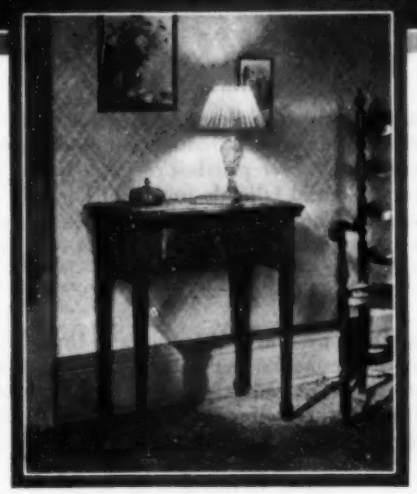

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In addition to automobile refinishing, the Authorized Duco Station will give you an estimate on any refinishing service you require—for furniture, fixtures, equipment—almost anything that should be protected or beautified. Look up the Duco Authorized Refinisher in your community. E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company, Incorporated, General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Michigan.

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Duco Authorized Refinishers

(Continued from Page 122)

"And the basement gives access to this court?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Ruson, have you a key to the freight elevator shaft?"

"No."

"Have you ever had such a key?"

"No."

Danner stepped back and picked up from the table where Hagan sat, a slip of paper. "Now, Mr. Ruson," he said, his manner suddenly portentous, "did you know Wilbur Pelky's address?"

Ruson hesitated faintly. "Yes," he at last replied.

Danner's brows lifted. "Ah, how did you learn it?"

"Pelky's pay was mailed to him from the office."

"Did you ever write to him?"

"I occasionally sent him instructions on Mr. Bellmer's account."

"Did you mail to Wilbur Pelky a copy of an editorial headed Murder Made Easy?"

"No, sir."

"With the printed inquiry in pencil on the margin: 'Don't Bellmer ever cross the street?'"

"No."

"You, like most newspaper men, use a soft pencil?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, Mr. Ruson, did you know a telephone number that would reach Reevil?"

"Reevil had made threats against Mr. Bellmer," said Ruson uncertainly.

"Against Mr. Bellmer?"

"Against Bull Fowle." Ruson hesitated. "Mr. Bellmer one day directed me to telephone to a certain number and leave a defiant message, in Bull Fowle's name, for a man named Reevil."

"Ah!" said Danner. "And Miss Mannis must have been present on that occasion?"

"I think she was—yes."

"So that she knew you knew how to reach Reevil?"

"She may have known."

"Was that why you wished to send Miss Mannis around the world?"

"No," said Ruson; but he wiped his brow, and Charlie Harquail, at the press table, could hear his own heart pound.

"Now, Mr. Ruson, had you any argument or quarrel with Mr. Bellmer arising from the fact that you had followed Mrs. Boetius to the house on Scurvy Street?"

"No. I did not so follow her. There was no quarrel. Mr. Bellmer often spoke loudly and abusively."

"Did that offend you?"

"I was accustomed to it."

"Did he so speak to you that day?"

"He may have."

"And Miss Mannis, in the next office, might have overheard?"

"I suppose so."

"And was that why you wished to send Miss Mannis around the world?"

Ruson shook his head. There was something like a croak in his tones: "No!"

Danner smiled.

"Mr. Ruson, did you have access to Mr. Bellmer's mail?"

"The mail was delivered to my office and sorted out there."

"Yes or no?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever see a certain letter"—he turned to the clerk's desk—"this letter, signed M——, found in Bellmer's pocket and marked Exhibit L?"

Ruson barely glanced at it. "No."

"Did you trace from it this copy, in pen, marked Exhibit BB?"

"No, sir."

"Did you insert this copy in the envelope containing memoranda for Boetius?"

"No, sir."

"Does the hour named in Exhibit L look to you like 10:30 or 11:30?"

"I should say 11:30."

Danner's tone was abruptly thunderous. "Then if you expected Bellmer to be killed at 11:30, why did you take such care to be at the Unicorn Club, with some of your friends, at exactly 10:30?"

At the question, Ruson's cheek twitched uncontrollably. But he answered steadily enough: "I stopped there for a highball, on the way home."

"You had no thought of establishing an alibi?"

"No, sir."

"Mr. Ruson, after you reached your apartment that night, when did you leave it?"

"The following Tuesday morning."

"Not till then?"

"No, sir."

"From about eleven that Saturday night till Tuesday morning?"

"No, sir."

"But, Mr. Ruson"—and Danner's voice was sardonic—"did you not testify that you went to the basement Sunday morning and burned Envelope B, as Mr. Bellmer had directed?"

Ruson's cheek twitched again. "I did—yes."

"Then you desire to correct your testimony?"

"To that extent—yes."

"So that from eleven o'clock Saturday night until Sunday morning you remained in your own rooms?"

"Yes."

"Continually?"

"Yes."

"No other exceptions?"

"Yes—I mean no." There was something desperate in this quick correction.

"Mr. Ruson, did you, between eleven and 11:30, unlock the door leading to the freight elevator? Did you descend to the basement, and so reach the courtyard behind, and take your car and drive away?"

"No."

"Or any of these things?"

"No."

"Did you go to the house on Scurvy Street during the hour between eleven and twelve?"

"No."

"To find out what had happened there at 10:30—to see whether your plan had succeeded?"

"No," said the harried man.

"Did you not enter the house and listen at Molly Bell's door and thus discover that Bellmer had not yet arrived?"

"No."

"Did you not wait in the room you had engaged the day before until he came?"

"No."

"Did you not take Cousin Maria's cane from the rack in the hall below?"

"No."

"Did you not, from your window, see Bellmer approach the house; and did you not take the cane in your hand and crouch behind the rug which you had picked up from the floor and hung on the stair rail in the hall?"

"No," said Ruson steadily. His eyes were burning like a fevered man's.

"When Bellmer came up the stairs, did you not strike him on the head with the cane?"

"I did not."

"And heard his skull crack and saw him fall?" Ruson shook his head. His cheek was white as marble. "And you climbed out of the bathroom window, dropping the cane; and you walked along the dividing fence which begins just below that window, to the alley wall?"

"No."

"Mr. Ruson, you are what is called a squeamish man?" Ruson looked at him silently. "I mean, violence offends you, produces in you a physical nausea?"

"Yes, sir."

"Were you overcome by this feeling when you reached the alley?"

"I was not in the alley."

"So that Patrolman Tyler, with whom you collided at the end of the alley, thought you intoxicated?"

Ruson shook his head and he licked his lips, for they were dry and cracking.

"Did you return to your apartment, entering through the basement and the freight elevator?"

"I was in my apartment from eleven o'clock till Sunday morning."

"Positively?"

"Positively."

Danner nodded. "You wish to leave it so?"

"I do."

Danner seemed to consider. "Well, Mr. Ruson," he said at last, "I think that is all." He saw Ruson's head lift in a quick, relieved sigh. "Wait one moment, please." He turned to consult with Inspector Hagan. "Yes, that is all," he repeated, and was about to sit down. Ruson looked toward his own attorney pleadingly; but before Sill could rise, Danner checked himself.

"Wait!" he remarked. "There is one matter." His tone was mild. "You saw Mr. Boetius' broken cane in his office on Tuesday morning?"

"On Tuesday—yes."

"What would you say, Mr. Ruson, if the janitor of the Journal office testified that he found the broken cane behind the rack of papers Monday morning, and took it away with the rubbish and disposed of it that day?"

Ruson's wide eyes seemed to grow wider. His mouth opened. He shook his head, spoke with difficulty. "No, no!" he protested, and his glance was that of a man confronted by some hideous specter. "No!" he stammered, his voice suddenly shrill. "No, I saw it there!"

"On Tuesday?" Danner thundered, and Ruson clamorously reiterated:

"Yes—yes, I saw it there!"

Danner smiled. He turned aside. He said contentedly, "Then that is surely all." And so sat down.

And Ruson, with a look at his attorney, saw Sill shake his head, and he stumbled from the stand and fled to his grilled cage as though it were a haven welcome and secure.

Across the crowded room a stir and a great sigh ran.

XVIII

WITH the end of Ruson's cross examination, the court took its noon recess, and quick tongues were busy in the corridors. Sill, it was whispered, was with the man he had sought to defend, discussing what had passed and that which was to come. Charlie was busy with his duties. Phœbe, waiting alone in the halls, heard the whispers run; heard the swift argument and counter plea.

Ruson, when he took the stand, had been accredited with innocence. Now the case was not so sure. His advocates pointed to his unshaken alibi, a rock of refuge staunch and all secure; but there were others, more vociferous, who remembered his slow collapse under Danner's questioning and declared that the abject panic which had gripped him at Danner's last inquiry cried his guilt aloud. If he had lied about the cane, he might have lied about other matters too.

Phœbe heard snatches of these conversations; and she heard this fragmentary word about the cane, and her concern drove her to stop a woman who had been in court and draw from her a more precise account of this episode. When she understood, Phœbe's eyes shone with an eager triumph and she made haste to seek Mr. Sill. But she could not come at the defense attorney; so when the hour arrived for reconvening court, and she realized there would be no opportunity to consult with him, she scribbled instead a hasty message:

Mr. Sill: I can explain about the cane. Mr. Ruson did see the cane in Mr. Boetius' office. He's mistaken in the day—that's all. He must ——

But she was in the corridor, waiting to be summoned to testify—someone called her name and there was no time to write more. She folded the note, and when the court officer held open the door for her to enter, she pressed the slip of paper into his hand and whispered:

"For Mr. Sill!" Then, as he nodded, went bravely toward the witness stand.

Charlie had made what haste he could in order to get back in time for a word with her before the afternoon session, but he was

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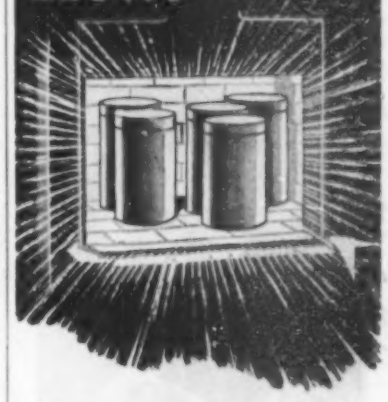

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too late. When he entered the court room, she had already answered half a dozen questions; but as he crossed to his seat their eyes met, and his were full of reassurance and hers were confident and unafraid. Then she turned back to Mr. Sill again.

The defense attorney was inquiring about routine matters, and Phœbe's answers had a swift impatience in them. He required her to describe her original engagement by Mr. Ruson and her service under him; and Phœbe, eager to come to more vital affairs, answered more than he asked, so that he had to warn her now and then to make her replies responsive to his questions, neither less nor more.

She smiled her assent and sought to obey him. She answered readily and candidly, and her eyes were shining. So he came at last to the day of Mr. Bellmer's death, to matters more material.

"Now, Miss Mannis," he suggested, "do you remember anything unusual in your work that day?"

"It was a very long day," she replied. "We were busy till ten o'clock."

"You saw Mr. Bellmer?"

"Yes."

"With Mr. Ruson?"

"Yes."

"What can you say as to their attitude toward each other that day?"

"They were the same as usual."

"Was there any altercation between them, if you know?"

"I heard them arguing." She smiled faintly. "But they often argued."

"Do you know the subject of the argument?"

"No."

"Did you hear anything that was said?"

"No. I did not listen."

He nodded approvingly, and after a moment he proceeded:

"Now, Miss Mannis, did Mr. Ruson at some time ask you to bring him a certain envelope from the office safe?"

Phœbe hesitated, not sure she understood. Mr. Sill had questioned her before, in his own office, but this point had not been touched.

"An envelope?" she repeated.

"An envelope marked A?" he told her.

And she smiled, remembering. "Oh, yes," she said quickly. "Yes. It was the last thing he did that night, just before I left the office. I had my hat on."

Sill hesitated, looking at her doubtfully, and she had an uncomfortable feeling that she had surprised him. But he asked at last, in an unchanged tone:

"Do you know what the envelope contained?"

"No."

"Did he open it in your presence?" She felt a vague stir run across the court room, and she was herself bewildered.

"No. It was some confidential matter," she explained.

Sill was a moment silent, as though he wished to inquire further yet knew not what to ask. But in the end he left the matter there, passed on. And at his new tone Phœbe became more alert. Instinct told her that she had somehow damaged Ruson's cause; she was keen to make what quick amends she might. And so, from her eagerness, came the swift catastrophe.

Mr. Sill asked in a matter-of-fact tone: "Now, Miss Mannis, you last saw Mr. Bellmer when?"

"He stopped to speak to Mr. Ruson that night, just before he left the office. Mr. Ruson warned him to be careful."

"Did he leave some memoranda for Mr. Boetius?"

"He had already done so. Mr. Ruson had sent them in to Mr. Boetius."

"And Mr. Bellmer left the office?"

"At ten o'clock, or soon after."

"You and Mr. Ruson stayed?"

"Only for a minute. He asked me to get the A envelope and then he told me I could go. I left about ten minutes past ten."

"Mr. Ruson was still there?"

"Yes, but he was ready to leave."

"But he was in the office when you left?"

"Yes."

"And you next saw him Tuesday morning?"

Sill's tone was perfunctory; he expected merely an affirmative. But it was for this question Phœbe had been waiting, and she smiled with relief that it had come, and she said swiftly:

"Oh, no!" Her tone was reassuring. "No, I saw him again that night."

Sill for a moment was like a stone. He turned then to look toward Ruson; and Ruson, in his steel cage, seemed to shrink and contract, as though he wished to make himself very small indeed. All across the room men and women, sensing what was to come, leaned quickly forward; and Charlie licked his lips and clenched his hands. He wished to cry out, to warn her. Phœbe must have felt this sudden intentness, for she paled with quick dismay.

But Sill had swung back from his stern regard of Ruson. He faced Phœbe gravely.

"You left Mr. Ruson in the office at ten minutes past ten?"

"Yes."

"And you saw him again that night?"

"Yes," she insisted. "Yes; you see, I ——"

His tone was flat and level: "When did you next see Mr. Ruson, Miss Mannis, and under what circumstances?"

Phœbe hesitated, bewildered and appalled; and Charlie, listening, suddenly remembered something long forgotten. He remembered Phœbe's pale, startled face when she said good-by to him after she had returned to the office for her umbrella that night of Bellmer's death. He scarce had need to hear what she related now, but his own name caught his ears.

"I had supper with Mr. Harquail," she was saying, "across the street from the office. We talked for quite a while, and then when we came out it was raining, so I went back to the office for my umbrella. I saw Mr. Ruson then."

"In the office?" Sill asked stiffly.

She made a gesture of explanation. "My umbrella was in the locker in the corridor that connects Mr. Ruson's office with that of Mr. Boetius," she told him. "I went to get it, and I snapped on the light, and Mr. Ruson was in the door of Mr. Boetius' office, just coming out."

The silence that fell upon her word had an aching quality, and she became very pale.

"He frightened me," she confessed. "I cried out, but he said it was all right."

Sill remarked, in a level tone: "You are not permitted to tell us what he said."

"But, you see," she protested, desperate now, "he had Mr. Boetius' cane. He said Mr. Boetius had broken it that afternoon, and he was going to get him another one just like it for a surprise. Mr. Ruson was always doing little kindnesses."

"Mr. Ruson's kindnesses are not relevant," Sill interrupted.

But Phœbe was not to be stopped. "But that's when he saw the cane, don't you see," she insisted pleadingly. "I suppose he forgot just when it was. So many things have happened since. He thought he saw it Tuesday, but you see ——"

Sill made a weary movement of his head. "Stop, please," he said, in a tone of grave command that silenced her. "Please answer me." His head was high, and Charlie felt a quick pity for the man whose case had thus collapsed about his head, and a quick respect for his courage too. "What time was it when you saw Mr. Ruson there?"

"It was after eleven," Phœbe told him. "Quarter past, anyway."

"And you left him there?"

"In the corridor—yes."

Sill cleared his throat. "And did you ever relate this circumstance to me heretofore?" he inquired.

Phœbe shook her head. "Mr. Ruson told me not to tell anyone," she explained. "He wanted to surprise Mr. Boetius with a new cane. He told me not to tell."

Her voice trailed and faded. The blank faces before her cried out what she had done and she began to understand. Then Sill turned aside, and there was an iron rigidity in his movements.

"Your witness, Mr. Danner," he said.

Danner asked only one question. "And on Tuesday or Wednesday of the following week, Miss Mannis," he inquired in a tone of steady sympathy, "did Mr. Ruson suggest that you take a trip around the world?"

So at last Phœbe could wholly comprehend the destruction she had wrought.

She said wearily, "Yes, Mr. Danner."

Danner nodded. "Thank you, Miss Mannis," he returned. "You are excused."

XIX

THE jury was out and had been out for an hour; and young Charlie Harquail, having finished telephoning his report of the judge's charge, returned to the court room. He was weary and dispirited. Phœbe, since her day upon the stand, had been sore distressed, unwilling to see him or anyone; he knew what her grief must be. And he must go presently, when the jury should report, and bear the news to her, and he dreaded her unhappiness.

Since her testimony, though some days had ensued, matters had gone by routine. Sill, during these later passages, performed strictly the letter of his task, but the spirit of the man was gone; and Ruson, in his grilled cage, seemed to grow smaller day by day.

The defense witnesses, under Danner's triumphant attacks, either wavered or collapsed, and the state's rebuttal completed the general rout. Sill's plea to the jury was little more than an exposition of the doctrine of reasonable doubt; Danner's had the stern and dreadful finality of a dirge. And after the judge's formal charge, the jury had withdrawn.

Now Charlie came back to the court room, and he sat a while apart. Inspector Hagan and Inspector Tope were together in the bar inclosure; and Charlie watched them thoughtfully, and after a while questions began to rise in him. so he crossed the half-empty room to where they were. Tope greeted the young man cheerfully, and Charlie was himself so unhappy that he resented this cheer.

He said dryly, "Well, inspector, Hagan here was right, after all, wasn't he?"

Tope chuckled and Hagan grinned. "Not me, son," he corrected. "It was the old man himself, all the time."

Charlie looked at Tope, frowning. "You?" he echoed. "You?" And at the assent in the other eyes: "You knew it was Ruson?"

"Yes."

"Before he was arrested?"

"Yes."

"Then you were just play-acting? Grandstand stuff—resigning from the force and all that? But why?"

"We wanted to reassure Mr. Ruson," the inspector explained, "make him overconfident, so he would destroy himself on the stand."

"Didn't you have enough on him?"

Tope shook his head. "Not enough to prove he killed Bellmer. We had mighty little we could use. We knew he did it, but we couldn't prove it. The only chance was to get him on the stand and let him tell a few lies, and then prove he lied. If we could do that, it would convict him."

"Miss Mannis convicted him," Charlie protested.

"His own cross-examination convicted him," Tope corrected. "Every question Danner asked was based on fact; everything Danner suggested was the truth, and Ruson knew it. But he didn't know how much we could prove, didn't know how much he dared deny. So he floundered, and lied at the wrong times, and told the truth when he needn't have."

"But how did you know he did it?" Charlie urged. "How did you know?"

"They all make mistakes, son," the old man explained. "Ruson made too many—that was all." And he added, wagging his head in that way he had, as though he tallied point on point: "It was Ruson or

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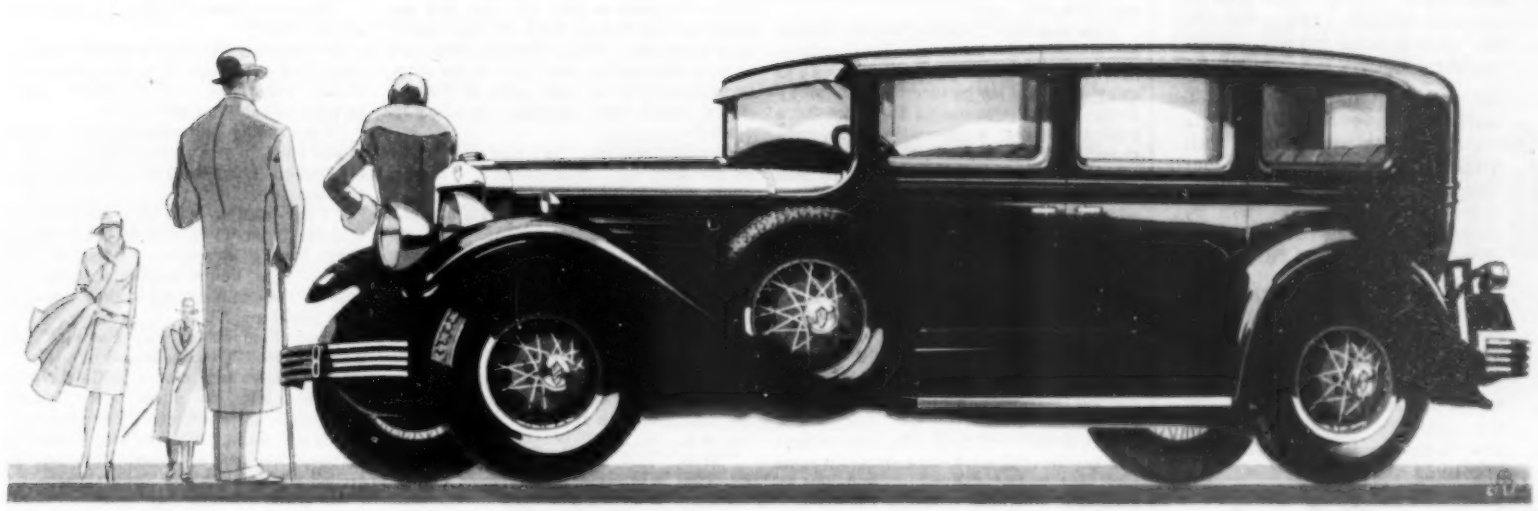

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(Continued from Page 126)

Boetius from the start. It had to be someone who knew Bull Fowle was Bellmer and who knew he'd be in Scurvy Street. And it had to be someone wise enough to work out the whole plan; to set Pelky after Bellmer and to set Reevil after Bull Fowle, and to set Boetius after Bellmer, too, maybe. I didn't think Boetius would bother with Pelky or Reevil. He'd do it himself. So I leaned to Ruson all the time."

"Just a guess!" Charlie protested. "It might have been Pelky or Reevil who did it. They might have lied."

Tope shook his head. "No, they weren't in the house," he objected. "It was done in the house. Doctor Gero said Bellmer would probably have dropped where he stood. 'Probably' is good enough to go on. I saw that rug on the banister, and the dust on the floor showed where it had been lying. Somebody had hung it over the rail to hide behind. Whoever hid there would strike downward, as Bellmer came upstairs, and Bellmer was hit from above. And there was a get-away. The bathroom door was open when we came, and the window. Molly Bell thought she heard someone go into the bathroom—one of the boarders, she thought. Remember?"

"I had forgotten," Charlie confessed.

"You have to remember," Tope admonished him. "The bathroom window and the fence to the alley wall was the get-away. He dropped Maria's cane, and then didn't dare get down to pick it up because the yard was muddy. He climbed along the fence like a cat, into the alley. Oh, I was sure it was done in the house, from the start."

"But why Ruson?" Charlie persisted. "Why not Boetius? Did you know Boetius was there that night?"

Tope nodded. "I looked him up. Ruson and Boetius knew Bellmer better than anyone, so I looked them up. Mrs. Boetius was away, but I got her picture. She was Molly Bell. Boetius was out of the office for a while that night. A guess was good enough, there, to know where he'd gone—till he told me, when I asked him. And his cane was gone. The janitor found it Monday and took it away that day. I never told Boetius about it. But I knew. And I believed his story."

"Why didn't you believe Ruson?" Charlie urged.

"There were the notes," Tope pointed out. "Someone sent Boetius a copy of the note from Molly Bell to Bull Fowle. When I heard about the mix-up on the time, I guessed there were two notes, or one and a copy. Whoever made the copy had a chance at Bellmer's mail, and whoever sent Boetius the copy must have done it in some way that looked natural—looked like an accident. There again Ruson fitted. And Ruson tried to point me at Boetius the time I talked to him, and afterward when he sent us Mrs. Boetius' picture, and when he went back there that night to break Boetius' cane. That was one big mistake he made—to point at Boetius so strong all the time."

"Those were mighty thin indications."

"A lot of little threads make a rope," Tope insisted. "Ruson took a drink that night at the club. He never took a drink before or after that I could find. That was a mistake he made. And Ruson was sick Sunday and Monday; and the drunk man Tyler saw in the alley wasn't so drunk as Tyler thought, but he felt pretty bad. And Ruson was a squeamish man. Violence always did upset him. He always would get sick at the sight of blood, I found. So many little things. But the business about the wills made it certain."

"How did you get that?" Charlie asked in quick interest. "Was what Danner suggested about them true?"

"All true," Tope replied. "And Ruson knew it was true, but he didn't know how much we knew or how much we could prove. That was what broke him down."

"But how did you get it?" Charlie asked again. "Everyone who knew about the will was dead."

"Everyone but Ruson," Tope agreed. "But stenographers keep their used notebooks for a while. Miss Hill had her desk full of them. After she was killed, they went into the waste paper; but I traced them through the basement and the paper press, to the waste mills, and got there just in time. The wills were in her notebooks, in shorthand; and there was a memorandum of what Bellmer meant to do with them. It wasn't evidence, but Ruson didn't know how much we could prove."

He wagged his head.

"I wonder," he confessed, "whether Ruson knew that he burned the wrong will. Bellmer switched envelopes on him. Ruson took A home, thinking it was the will that cut him off. I wonder if he opened it and found it was the one in his favor and didn't dare keep it, having broken the seal and all. That must have been a shock to the man, if he did. No wonder he was sick that Monday."

"Bellmer switched the wills?"

"Bellmer loved danger. Probably he knew Ruson—knew what he was capable of doing. So he made two wills, and told Ruson, just inviting danger for the fun of meeting it; and he switched them so's to have the last laugh in the end. Then the witnesses all died. That was accident, but it gave Ruson his chance to move, with no one to tell the truth about the wills.

"But he was too squeamish to do it himself. So he tried Pelky and Reevil and Boetius. And then he had to do it himself in the end."

Charlie had been rigid with attention; he shifted his position now.

"What a man!" he commented. "What a nerve he had!"

"Nerve and brains," Tope agreed. "The brains to make a plan like this and the nerve to do it himself when the plan failed. And more too. Why, Charlie, after he'd done it, when he ran into Tyler in the alley, he remembered to walk lame as long as Tyler could see—pointing to Boetius again."

Charlie nodded. "But why didn't you let me in on it?" he challenged. "You've made a fine fool out of me."

Tope smiled. "You're like glass, son," he protested. "A blind man can see through you. And I had to use you. Ruson might tell Miss Mannis something for her to tell you, so you'd tell me. Or she might tell you something. I knew she knew something, or he wouldn't have tried to send her round the world. That was a big mistake he made. I knew she knew something. It was just a question of what she knew."

"And just luck that she told," Charlie insisted.

"Well," said Tope gravely, "there's a luck that runs against a murderer, son."

Charlie looked at the clock on the wall. "They've been out nearly two hours," he remarked. "It won't be long now."

"Not likely," the inspector agreed, and Charlie remembered a point almost forgotten.

"Tyler never did take the stand, inspector," he recalled. "Why was that?"

"He was sick," Tope reminded him.

"Really sick?"

"Yes. That was luck, if you want. We'd never have dared put him on the stand."

"But he identified Ruson as the drunk man in the alley!"

"Not under cross-examination. That was before the grand jury."

"You mean he lied? I said so from the start."

Tope shook his head. "Tyler didn't tell the grand jury he recognized Ruson," he explained. "There's no cross-examination there, you know. Danner just asked him, 'Do you know who this man was?' And Tyler said, 'Yes; it was Mr. Ruson.' And it stood that way."

"But how could he?" Charlie protested.

"Well, he did," the inspector assured him.

"I mean, how did he know the man was Ruson?" Charlie urged, and the old inspector chuckled then and touched Charlie's knee triumphantly.

"Sill would have asked him that," he replied. "That's why we couldn't have let him testify."

"But how did he know?" Charlie insisted.

And the old man at last replied, "Oh, that was easy enough. He knew because I told him it was so."

And he sat beaming like a cherub in his honest pride, in the face of Charlie's stupefaction at this audacity.

XX

CHARLIE, in the end, did not wait for the verdict. Redford was there to flash it to the office. When the jury filed grimly to their places, Charlie looked from them to Ruson, shrunken like a pricked balloon, cowering in his cage, and he whispered to the old inspector:

"What is it, sir? Can you tell?"

Tope nodded. "Yes, son," he said. "You'd better go to your girl. She'll need your comfort now."

So, in the stir that accompanied the jury's entrance, Charlie crossed the room and made haste away. He was aching with grief for Phœbe's sake, dreading this hour that lay ahead, yet yearning to solace and to comfort her. He thought of what he would say and do, and a great tenderness possessed him as he planned his word and deed. He expected to find her broken and dismayed, and the reality proved to be so different that it at first bewildered him.

For when he knocked at her door and she opened to him, she was calm and all composed; and she nodded, and Charlie blurted lamely:

"Honey, he's guilty, I'm afraid!"

He had expected flooding tears. He had, instead, a quiet nod.

"Of course," said Phœbe. "I knew that all the time."

He had been so full of prepared consolations that this made him ridiculous; and he said resentfully, "All the time? Don't be silly! That's not so!"

"I'm not silly," she assured him. "Come in and I'll give you a cup of tea. . . . I did, really. I was sure of it, I think, from the beginning."

"You're mighty wise after the fact," he told her derisively, and sprawled in the big chair, his legs extended. "Bring on your tea. . . . You're mighty wise now. I was on the inside and I didn't know it! How could you?"

"You thought it was Boetius," she pointed out. "That made you blind."

This was so true that Charlie was confounded, but he made stout denial. "Boetius?" he protested. "You're crazy!"

She was coming with the teapot, and she stamped her foot so vehemently that she spilled a little hot water down his shin.

He cried, "Ouch! Say, listen!"

"Serves you right," she told him. "First, I was a silly liar and now I'm crazy. I've a notion to pour it all over you!"

And Charlie abruptly chuckled. "Say, sweet," he drawled, "that sounds natural. We haven't had a good fight for weeks. We've wasted a lot of time."

She nodded, looking at him sidewise. "Yes, a lot of time," she agreed; and suddenly, for no reason, he saw the quick color flooding up her throat. She swung away from him toward the tiny kitchen, and he watched her busy there and by and by he called casually:

"This leaves you out of a job, doesn't it?" She nodded again, without turning; and after a moment he remarked: "I know of one you might consider."

She came back toward him with a plate of toast.

"I've got to find something to do," she assented. "And—this apartment too. It's too much for me to carry alone."

So Charlie sipped his tea. "Well," he suggested in a judicial tone, "we might work out some arrangement to take care of both your problems."

Phœbe looked at him with dancing eyes. "What would you suggest?" she inquired.

(THE END)

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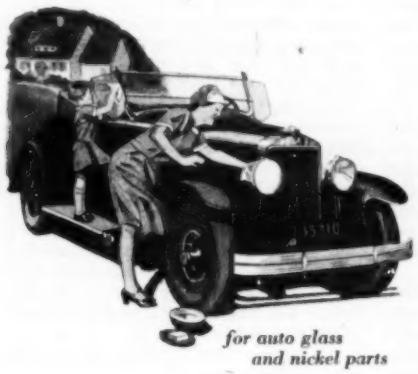

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TRADERS' RISKS

(Continued from Page 17)

"He is denuding these islands, working his poor people day and night. Is it to be for nothing but to procure rum to drink himself and his queens drunk?" the missionary cried with fierce intensity. "Do you think these people have no souls?"

Captain Wilkins knew nothing on that head. Trading was touch and go, and the trader carried his life in his hands. If he meant to come away with a whole skin he couldn't be too solicitous of the souls of those he traded with. He wouldn't, certainly, spill blood to keep the king from playing whist. Captain Wilkins' arms were slashed with white scars, reminders of the knives of Chinese pirates who lurked off the Asses' Ears, those twin peaks near Canton; Fiji Islanders had sharpened their teeth for him; his arm still ached from the arrow of a Juan de Fuca Indian.

"Hither I come, but no farther, is it?" he shouted at the missionary. "You try your medicine and I'll try mine, and we'll see if you can stop the march of civilization."

"It is civilization that is ruining us here!" the missionary cried, with bitterness. "Every foreigner is ready to cut his neighbor's throat for a dollar. We are getting the riffraff, the outscourings of the earth in here now!"

Blood flowed into Captain Wilkins' crumpled ear. If he was to respect the other's cloth he would have to remove out of this neighborhood, he saw plainly. He stepped deliberately past him, the wheelbarrow rumbled at his heels, and Arad, with a sense of distaste and actual recoil, found himself looking in at the open doorway of the king's new palace.

In shape it was not unlike a Dutch barn, with coral-and-mud walls, a thatched roof, and long narrow windows equipped with Venetian shutters. Taxes in kind were already piling up outside the door—hog, dog, fish nets, feathers, yams, melons and canoes. Señor Marini, the king's interpreter, explained pleasantly to the two captains that the king had erected a money taboo over the new house. It cost everybody something to go in. Chiefs paid sixty dollars, sea captains twenty, taxpayers five for the privilege of entering and laying down their taxes. The taboo was very comprehensive, Marini whispered, with a gleam of teeth. Even the humble spitbox carrier, the king's pipe lighter and feather bearer, had paid two dollars for the privilege of crossing the threshold of the new palace.

"He's learned in a good school," Captain Wilkins muttered. "You better wait here, Arad."

The senior captain counted twenty dollars into the doorkeeper's palm and trundled the wheelbarrow personally into the royal presence. The king was in conference with Billy Pitt, his prime minister. Like Captain Wilkins, His Majesty wore a beaver hat, but the resemblance stopped there. The king was far more splendid than the trader. He was in a full suit of the Windsor uniform, presented by an English frigate captain. The buttons were of solid gold, with G. R. in the old English character sunk into them, lacings and epaulets were superb, and the outfit was completed with a chapeau and sword to match, but the chapeau was uncomfortable; the king preferred his state beaver.

So the English were making conciliatory gestures now, Captain Wilkins thought. Every nation under heaven was bound lately to have a finger in the pie—English, Spaniards, American whalers, and even Russians. The captain's fathoming eye did not fail to note a full-length portrait of the king—a good likeness; indeed, a speaking likeness—made, he later learned, by an artist in the Russian squadron of discovery under Vaseclieff. The king was sitting on a Chinese sofa, smoking, while his mother, in a long black gown, read Scripture painfully out of a book painfully compiled by missionaries. Billy Pitt, in dove-colored satin with a white Marseilles waistcoat, listened with attention, but the king was plainly bored, and his eye had wandered to the door, where his business queen, with two secretaries, was checking the amounts and kinds of tax. Sight of Captain Wilkins' wheelbarrow was tonic to him.

"King," the trader said through the mouth of Marini, "I bring good news."

And after the usual half hour of preliminaries he offered him the brig Desiree, with all her tackle, apparel and furniture, for twice the full of her hold with sandalwood.

"I have a ship," the king said, crooking a finger at the spitbox carrier behind him.

"Yes, I know. But she is rotten as cheese. I can pluck the bolts out of her with my thumb and finger. Now, here's the Desiree, sound as a nut, a sweet little sailer, and leaks just enough to keep her timbers sweet."

The king spat into the royal spitbox—a dark bowl of polished wood filled with aromatic vine.

"There is little sandalwood in the hills now," he said. "The price is too great."

Captain Wilkins sat familiarly down on the red leather trunk, but he was careful not to let his shadow fall on the king, for that was death.

"There's a billiard table in her cabin," he urged.

The king's eye gleamed. It had been a lifelong ambition of his to own a billiard table, and Captain Wilkins knew it.

"Another thing," he said. "There's five guns in her hold, with powder and match answerable."

"How many pounds of powder to the charge?" Billy Pitt asked, as master of the budget.

"Four pounds."

"That is wasteful," the king said.

"You can't throw cannon balls by hand—not to kill," Captain Wilkins reminded him.

"We have peace in these islands now," the king said. "The war cloaks are hanging in the temple."

"And is it true that the idols are ashes?"

"They are ashes."

"And boxing is forbidden?"

"Forbidden."

"And there is a ban on rum?"

The king gnawed his underlip and sat silent, looking at his mother, who kept her eyes fixed on the Scripture.

"I tell you, the old gods are angry," Captain Wilkins announced. "They've been rubbed the wrong way once too often. Peace is at an end. George P. Tamoree has started a revolution on Kauai. He has killed two or three Russians already, and got hold of the fort and a Russian ship of ten guns. You'll never keep him off by prayer. But the gods of your fathers will still listen to you if you take them on the right side. Let us drink a little rum together."

The king tilted his beaver over his brows, shouted to the queen to discontinue the taxpaying as soon as this file of chiefs with dishes of baked dog in their arms had passed, and admonished his mother against reading so much.

"You had better go with the queen," he said. "You are old and you study too much. The old should study a little only, every day, since they are so soon to know everything. I myself will be a good man finally, at the end of five years."

His mother fixed a baleful eye on Captain Wilkins' trunk.

"Fire, fire — everlasting fire — inextinguishable fire," she murmured, and went out.

"King, if you let these women talk turkey to you, you'll go from bad to worse," Captain Wilkins said. "This religion is fine for them, but it's only upsetting the apple cart for a politician like yourself." Marini struggled to convey this. "A cart, yes—a

(Continued on Page 133)

STAIRWORK FROM THE GEORGE READ II HOUSE *1791*

In and around what is now New Castle, Delaware, were built some of the finest houses of the Georgian period, and the largest and finest of them is the George Read II house. It was built by the son of the George Read who signed the Declaration of Independence and for years stood a close neighbor to the father's house. Ten years were required for the building of it, so carefully was every brick laid and so studied was every wood detail.

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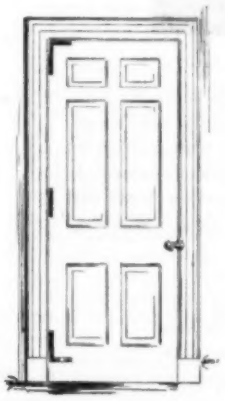

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4220

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

(Continued from Page 130)

cart full of apples—melons—anything. That reminds me, I have a gilt coach in the Horse's hold for Billy Pitt here. . . . You make him understand, señor, that if he listens to this missionary party he will be eating sea biscuit and salt pork and molasses, along with the missionaries. They've stopped the rum and burned the idols for you. Next, if George P. Tamoree comes along with a ship jammed full of his feather cloaks, with plenty of powder and rum, these gentry will advise you to turn the other cheek. They will tell you to stand and deliver. They'll have the women eating in the same houses with you next, and lighting their pipes at your fires. Pretty soon your taboos won't be worth a continental, and when that times comes, king, you'll be looking for another island. Take the word of an old trader for it, you'll be crow meat."

"What's in the trunk?" the king asked, running his tongue over the handsome curve of his upper lip.

Captain Arad, outside, knew the moment when the rum festival was declared, by the dropping in the doorway of a fringed and painted wet-weather mat. Then he found that the hula dancer, Makua Pipi, was standing a foot or two away from him, too close for comfort. As a child, she had been presented to the king in England; she spoke English very well, and used it sparingly to convey ordinary meanings, but she trusted only her extraordinary eyes with the motions of her soul. The eyes were brown, tender, lambent, very jolly, like the king's; her lips were full and had rich curves; and her hair, unbound, or bound only at the crown with yellow flowers, hung in a burning blue-black wave against the melting lines of her back. Her fingers and toes were exquisite. Around her neck were slung in confusion beads, a small looking-glass, a tobacco pipe.

My grandfather Arad saw that there was no end really to the perils against which a trader must be supposed to guard. He stalked past her without a word. She flattened her body against the coral wall, the sun struck a fierce sheen into her dress of yellow silk reaching from waist to knees; but Arad, dropping his eyes, saw only the dogs' teeth, caught in a network of hemp at her ankles and intended to rattle like castanets when she danced. He felt himself clutched at by more than human fingers, taken by a long eyelash; and he told himself that there was more reason for keeping his shadow off this girl than off the king himself. He wanted to go into the chapel, but felt himself too hopelessly out of the missionary's good graces. He felt himself outcast, alone, unwanted by either party, his command cruelly struck out of his hands as one of the details of trading. He was no better off than the whalemen in the grogshops, deserters. The girl's eye, he knew, was still fixed on him, but she had not stirred from her place against the coral wall.

Captain Arad had himself rowed out to the Desiree. Night fell, and it was long after dark before Captain Wilkins, going out to the Horse, shouted up hilariously:

"She's sold! You shift your gear into the Horse tomorrow!"

On coming aboard the Horse, my grandfather Arad, as I have often heard him tell the story, was amazed to find the crew doubled and more than doubled. A mob of gigantic and disreputable whalemen were lazing around leaning on the rails; the ship was black with people. The change was noticeable enough to bring Captain Blount himself alongside in a whaleboat, ostensibly to exchange ship's courtesies; actually, in Arad's opinion, to count noses, so as to know how many more men he must take aboard the Hesper to match strength with strength.

Blount was a long, lean, loose-jointed drink o' water, with green eyes, freckles and red hair.

"I've hear you've sold your ship, captain!" he sang out from the stern sheets. And he asked to be excused from coming aboard on account of a game leg, got from stumbling into one of the wells those fools ashore were digging everywhere.

"Sold her, yes," Captain Wilkins said. "I guess there's nothing this king won't do to accommodate me."

"Sold him guns, too, didn't you, captain?"

"Yes. And at the same time I kept plenty," Captain Wilkins said, with a squint at the Hesper.

"I wouldn't be without 'em myself," Blount said with a black leer, and he made a sign to his men to put the oars into the water.

Arad groaned. "Give me a squad of men to take his ship."

"The king wouldn't understand it," Captain Wilkins said gravely. "I've got his head as full of ideas now as it will hold. He's agreed to knock off filling Blount's ship and start on the Horse in the morning. But he's friendly enough with Blount. He wouldn't thank me for filling a perfectly good trader full of lead. As it is, he's pleased. He's made friends with the idol already. I told him a cock-and-bull story about it being lowered out of a rain cloud at the end of a rope made of coconut fiber, and he had had just rum enough to be convinced."

Mrs. Wilkins came aft from her inspection of the new hands and pointed a gay, accusing finger at Captain Arad.

"Mr. Anderson tells me you have made a conquest of the king's favorite dancer, Arad!" she cried. "She's right in your shadow every step you take, he says. Give an account of yourself."

Captain Arad had nothing but a furious blush in answer to this sally.

"You mustn't," Molly Wilkins added, "be misled by the garden-of-Eden look of things ashore. You really mustn't, Arad."

There was no taming Molly Wilkins, he thought hopelessly. She had a man's experience and an insight into a man's weakness that gave her, nine times out of ten, the whip hand. And she simply wouldn't keep her finger out of men's affairs. Last voyage, in Canton, where it was death for a white woman to be found ashore, Molly, against Captain Wilkins' orders, had insisted on going in man's clothes, as cabin boy, to attend a trading conference with Arad, when her husband was flat on his back with erysipelas. She hadn't trusted Arad's trading powers—that was the long and short of it—but the mandarins had discovered her sex immediately, by the lack of a visible Adam's apple in her throat when she threw back her head to drink. Arad's hitting had been quick and hard; he had toppled half a dozen mandarins in short order, but the chase had been hot and he had pulled the heart out of his side, in the ship's boat, to bring the lady safe into Macao Roads, outside the Canton jurisdiction. She was a trader herself. She had given Arad a sweet kiss for that present of her life, and kept the whip hand still.

"Arad," Captain Wilkins said, "maybe you better get yourself set ashore to find out what all that wailing's about. And take another trunkload of rum with you. All you have to do is leave it at the king's door. Don't have to sully your hands with trading, hardly."

"Tell his nibs I feel slighted that he hasn't asked after me," Molly said. "But I suppose he has such shoals of women younger and handsomer than I am."

Captain Arad felt wrath boil and bubble in his throat. He was tempted to refuse duty, resign his ship and go ashore, but the flashing picture of Makua Pipi against his lids deterred him from any rash move. The purple island, with its green, clouded peaks, its shores ragged with thatched roof and dusty palm, seemed to be haunted or hallowed by the light of young dreams, dusted with a gold powder from midheaven, although the dust was more likely to be kicked up by the king's horsemen practicing horsemanship on the flat plains near Waikiki. Captain Arad, sitting in the stern sheets on the second red leather trunk, soothed his injured soul with sunshine and the rhythm of the oars. He landed trunk and wheelbarrow, and, with a sailor following him, looked into Anderson's grogshop.

"What's the wailing about?"

"The war chief is a little sick this morning. Too much rum, I wouldn't wonder," Anderson said. "The king is on the rampage, though. He's sending a lot of queens up into the valley of coconuts with his mother. Pretends the signs are of war, and he has got word that George Tamoree is on the loose, but what he really wants is a free hand, and he can't have that with his mother round. Here come the queens now."

Arad, looking down the dusty little street, saw the chief queen coming, sitting in a whaleboat borne on the shoulders of seventy men, the outer rows in scarlet and yellow feather cloaks. The queen herself, in a scarlet petticoat and a brilliant coronet of feathers, sat amidships with the king's mother, shaded by a Chinese umbrella of yellow silk in the hands of a fat chief elaborate in a feather helmet. Billy Pitt's clouded face loomed in the stern sheets. The prime minister was holding straight up the feathered staff of state—a cylinder of flaming feathers thirty feet high, with alternating rings of tortoise and ivory for a handle.

The lesser queens, dressed in yellow handkerchiefs, followed in freshly varnished canoes, and the little prince had a Chinese bedstead for a litter. The noise of drum and calabash accompanied the choruses and responses of the dancers, who intoned a chant or gay pæan, beginning with thanksgiving for the serene and beautiful day, then interceding with the gods for the king's health and success, for his wisdom and his parents' wisdom, for his children and his children's children, for a good season, tranquil days, fish, deliverance from war and fruitfulness in women.

"It ain't much to ask," Anderson, the owner of the grogshop, said, after listening to Marini's interpretation. "The king always did want everything he saw or had heard tell of; and now he's got this new idol, I bet he'll make long arms at the devil. He's backslid. He's going down to the beach to play whist this afternoon, the harbor master tells me. Always was pretty devilish when he could get away from his mother. I understand some of his queens have gone back to eating live octopuses."

"He'd better be thinking of making war," Arad said.

"Not while the war chief's sick. The war's waiting on him, and the king has doubled up on the wailers, to help put him back on his feet. He'll be all right tomorrow if noise means anything good to a sick man."

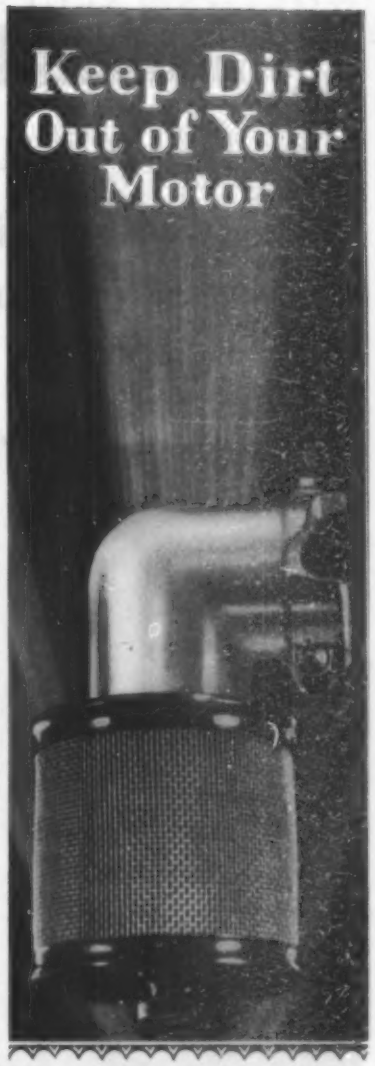
In fact, the war chief did seem to improve for the next day or two, and the king was very well satisfied with the performance of his idol. He had two hundred canoes filling the Horse's hold with sandalwood logs, he was initiated into the mysteries of billiards and played whist every afternoon.

Blount used every known curse to blight the budding powers of the idol; doubled the crew of the Hesper and engaged Murchett, a friend of Anderson's, as mate. Murchett practiced running out the Hesper's guns morning and afternoon, but the influence of this on Captain Wilkins was not unduly depressing.

"It won't do us any harm for him to stick his tongue out at us," he told Arad.

On the afternoon when the last log of sandalwood was hoisted aboard the Horse, my grandfather, Capt. Arad Whitney, had a high honor paid him. He was commandeered to play whist with the king. Makua Pipi, the hula dancer, came to fetch him from Anderson's in the royal coach, which had been a tinker's wagon in Salem. Captain Arad was to take the place of the king's Scotch physician, the war chief having suffered a relapse. Makua Pipi, crowned with fresh flowers, sat decorously on the coach seat beside Arad,

(Continued on Page 135)



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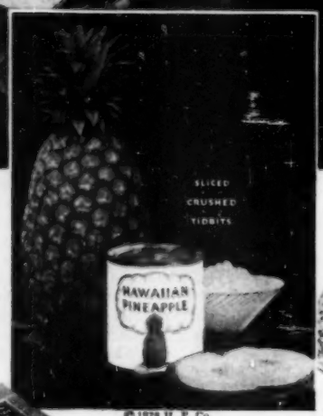

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(Continued from Page 133)

while twelve of the king's guard pulled the vehicle along.

"The king like you very much," she murmured. "He like you to stay long time."

Arad gave her a sidelong look. She was watching herself talk, in the little mirror at her neck; her eyes glittered under lowered lashes; and when the jouncing of the coach threw them together, Arad had to put her in her place again. He felt a sleepy lethargy fill his veins. Alarmed, he repeated to himself those words of the missionary's prayer: "Hither shalt thou come, but no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." Makua Pipi worshiped him, and he felt the touch of this worship like a lance tipped with fire. Her fingers, tapered by parental massage from birth, wove a spell in the air before his eyes; he dreamed and nodded, and she had to tell him twice, very softly, that they were now stopped in front of the king's tent.

The king was still in his Wellington boots and beaver hat, but he had, in place of the Windsor uniform, a strip of flowered chintz about his waist. It was evident that he had thrown caution to the winds. His favorite rum queen, squatted on a mat, was eating a small live octopus on a wooden tray—a proof of how far the bonds of discipline had relaxed. She was in a man's white shirt and black silk handkerchief, and had taken off her big French hat with its dyed plumes, the better to buckle to her task. The tentacles of the octopus were weaving and playing all through her black hair, giving her a look of the classical Medusa; and Captain Arad was easily induced by the king to fortify himself against this sight with a slug or two of Wilkins' rum. He and Marini allowed the king and queen to win consistently, but the queen's fingers were sticky from the octopus, and this made card playing hard for everybody. Toward sundown the king ordered the cards put away and dancers substituted. He was in very good humor, and said to Arad, who had to maneuver so as not to cast shadow on his person:

"I have decided to make you captain of my new ship."

Captain Arad felt, he has since told me, as if foreign imps had swarmed into his head. He was afraid of opening his mouth, for fear of swallowing more of them. Makua Pipi was dancing on the sand in front of the tent; she seemed to have writhed up out of the ground, and Arad, tranced, decided that she didn't have a bone in her body. Her smile was dazzling, and exactly like the one she had practiced in her mirror, the dogs' teeth at her ankles clicked winsomely, and the ivory bracelets slid the length of her magnificent coffee-colored arms. Her least movement seemed to ripple off her finger ends like an incarnated fluid. And her eyes, fixed wide on Arad, seemed to say: "You have heard the king. You will stay."

The offer, in fact, was surprising enough to have numbed his judgment. To stay, as captain—as captain of the Desiree, his true love, the little ship that answered the least touch on her helm—but with a new owner. That would be to escape Molly Wilkins' mocking smile; but Makua Pipi's smile was far more implicating, and, moreover, she practiced it with such abominable assiduity and total lack of privacy. Captain Arad's eyes narrowed, he felt a breath of the volcano on his neck, the weight of these enchanted purple mountains crushing him down, out of God's eye. Through the back opening of the tent he glimpsed with horror that thatched temple with coral walls, shaded by palms and surrounded by a double fence of human bones, the output of old sacrifices. It was there, no doubt, that Captain Wilkins' idol had been set up.

Yet, as if in spite of himself, Arad heard his own voice saying thickly: "Tell the king, señor, that I shall be glad to go captain of his ship for him."

The king smiled and drummed his fingers on his hat. The feather bearer leaned forward and stroked a fly from his ear. He signaled for the spitbox carrier to advance. He was in high feather, but then in a twinkling his complacency was stripped from him. The distant fury of the wailers about the war chief's house had grown nearer; the musketeers outside the royal tent uttered sharp cries and hit their gun barrels together. Arad, putting out his head, saw the beach crowded. Men and women both were shying their hats into the water, ripping off clothes, tearing hair by handfuls, cracking their skulls together, knocking out their teeth and sticking their flesh full of little burning slips of wood; all the time yelling hideously. The sun at this time was just sinking.

Arad knew, without even looking into the king's saucer eyes, what had happened. The war chief had passed to his reward. The king rushed out of the tent, and Arad, feeling the signs ominous for Captain Wilkins, headed for the Arabian Horse.

Both the Horse and Blount's ship had finished loading during the afternoon and been dragged to the outer anchorage, where they lay watching each other. Captain Wilkins had ordered the armorer to get up his forge and had set the carpenter to repairing a gun carriage on the port side. The bos'n was swaying up the quarter nettings. Defensive measures, Captain Arad thought bitterly. Wilkins evidently had no stomach for anything more than a skirmish with Indians. He was going to resign himself to seeing Blount go to sea, under his very eyes, in a stolen ship. The senior captain, under orders from his house to retake the ship if he ran foul of her, and with right on his side, was letting this opportunity go past him on his blind side. He had the main topsail hanging loose—a sign of departure.

"You had better get out of here as quick as the Lord will let us," Arad said to him. "The war chief is dead ashore. That doesn't speak very well for that new god of yours."

"Then where are you going?" Wilkins cried, seeing that Arad had on his shoulder his blue wooden sea chest with stiff rope handles at the ends.

"Back to my ship."

"You're leaving us?" Molly Wilkins cried, coming up in man's clothes—sea boots, trousers, a white shirt open at the throat. "Arad, we're sailing at once!"

"I'm staying as captain of the Desiree still. I'm pretty well wedded to her," he said lamely. "I'm taking service with the king."

"With the king. Arad, you are out of your wits. The king indeed!"

"Well, I can't go to Canton," he reminded her. "After that last fracas, the mandarins would take my head off at my shoulders, and you know it. None better."

"You are to stay at Macao, you know well enough, while the trading is going on."

"That would take you out of your way. And you don't need me. The mate you have is good enough."

"Arad, dear soul. Think what you're saying. But I know how it is. That dancer has got you by the neck! The little heathen!"

Arad felt a surge of blood through his heart capsizing him. Better a full gale, lying to with a balance-reefed mainsail and a drag out, than such a moment as this.

"Heathen! If they are heathen, who has made them so, but rum and idols from our own stores! Someone should be left behind to clear the wreck, repair the damage! These people have souls!" he shouted.

Captain Wilkins' hand was on his shoulder. "You do as you see fit, lad," he said. "Only stay here for an hour and keep an eye on Blount's ship while I go ashore and see the king."

"You argue me out of the job and I'll stay anyway! I'll turn missionary!" Arad cried.

Captain Wilkins, with one leg over the rail and looking excessively wooden, idol-like, dropped out satirically: "Maybe you have a call."

Captain Blount, since the ships had gone to the outer anchorages, had been in a quandary. If he as much as loosed a topsail, he rather thought that Wilkins would open fire on him; a nasty shindig would ensue which might easily end in sinking both ships. The Horse's decks bristled with people; and Sam Murchett, Blount's new mate, hired out of the grogshop, whispered to him that he had heard there was no ship sailing to the China shore that served her guns better than the Arabian Horse.

The death of the war chief gave Blount his first notion of an alternative to carnage. He went ashore, hunted up Marini, and succeeded in getting an audience with the king, just as His Majesty was sitting down to a bowl of turtle soup, prescribed by his physician to remedy a faintness which had attacked him.

"They're working the same game with you that they did with the chief," Blount said, with an evil, darting motion of his red turkey-gobbler head and throat. "Prayer."

"Prayer?" the king faltered.

"Prayer, yes, as I see it. The war chief was probably careless and left some nail parings around, and they have got hold of those and prayed him to death."

"Who?"

"The missionaries. They're the culprits. Who else? Aren't they famous hands at prayer, and haven't they been against war from the beginning? They don't like this new idol of Captain Wilkins', either, any too well."

The king dropped his spoon into the turtle soup and seized a red-painted ship's ax out of the belt of his sword bearer. His eye rolled, he breathed fire with expanded nostrils. He called down vengeance on an idol which had been powerless to avert this national calamity.

"Hold your horses!" Blount cried. "There's nothing the matter with that idol, as far as it goes. But a few things have been neglected. I know it was a rule with your grandfather, when he was setting up a new god, to make a sacrifice, to pass living spirit into the wood."

"That is true," the king muttered. And, in fact, he hadn't forgotten this at any time, but he had been afraid of the fire his mother would dart into his breast if he returned to human sacrifices. The king was torn two ways by the competing threats of two religions in a grapple for the possession of his vacillating soul. Blount muttered that His Majesty was quite right in not wanting to make a sacrifice of one of his own subjects—the old mother would not consent to that—but there was a man, a candidate for this signal honor, whose claim could not well be ignored. A foreigner, a white man, the author of all the king's troubles.

"Wilkins!" the king shouted.

"That's the man," Blount said. He had made up his mind that he could never follow the trade lines comfortably in a stolen ship as long as Wilkins was alive to trail him. "Wilkins. Hasn't he knocked everything into a cocked hat since dropping anchor here? He's pretty pious about this revolution of George P. Tamoree's, but as a matter of fact, king, he engineered it himself. He talked up revolution to George, and then came over here and haired you up into buying ship and guns. That's the kind of a trader Zack Wilkins is. He and I have traded together, boy and man, for thirty years, and I happen to know that he is a pretty able-bodied liar. But there isn't a man living that would make a better god than this same Zack. He's got a natural gift for lording it over us poor mortals."

Señor Marini, advancing with a pale cheek, said shakily: "The king would like to know the ancient procedure for the transfer of soul into the idol."

"The way your grandfather did was to declare a twelve-hour taboo on noise and fires, with the idol and the soul under the same roof, and then heave the soul into the fire pit—the volcano, savvy? What possible objection could your mother have to that?"

Captain Blount sucked his cheeks in, and the king, darkening, and holding the ax

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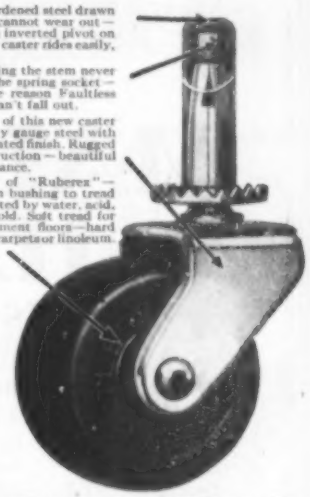

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between his knees, muttered maledictions and brushed his palms several times past his ears.

Arad was in the bows of the Arabian Horse with his foot on the chains to see if the ship dragged at her outer anchorage, when he heard the king's crier coming over the water in a double canoe, operated by the harbor master, and shouting the terms of the taboo. It was a kind of prohibition, or rather a consecration of the visible scene to a sacred task. He might apply it to a shadow or to substance; he could limit it to a single tree or a grove of trees, or he could drop it over a whole island, over the earth, over the firmament itself.

Now, said the crier, if any man, woman or child were seen outdoors in the next twelve hours, the penalty was death. If anybody showed a light or lit a fire or smoked a pipe after eight P.M., that was death. If a hog grunted or a dog barked or a cock crowed—death to the owner thereof. If ships struck their bells or weighed anchor or hoisted sail or as much as rattled an oar—death to crews and masters. A god was in the making, and his name was, or would be, Wilkins.

An enormous stillness succeeded the voice of the crier. The wailers were hushed, the mountains were dumb, the wind died, and the sea itself, obedient to the king's proclamation, was like a mirror. The Horse rolled ever so little in a slight tideway, which made the stars wink and the sheaves cluck in the rigging. A silver cloud reared a snakelike head over the Pali. One by one the fires on the black shore were doused. Arad himself felt the force of the taboo—this whimsical "Thou shalt not." He felt that prickling of the flesh of a man who has saved himself by a hair from falling headlong into an abyss. He made up his mind to cast in his fortunes with the Horse.

A splash of waters round the fore chains recalled him from his contemplation of a world clarified by the menace of the king's taboo. He felt his blood recoil. Then he smiled. A fish must have jumped. Mullet were running, and might not have heard the crier's warning against unnecessary motions. But immediately a human arm reached out of water and, with a silent flourish, seized on the dripping chain; a head floated against the ship's stem; a woman's voice conveyed to him:

"Your captain, sir, pretty soon will be thrown into everlasting fire!"

It was Makua Pipi; and she would answer for it with her life if her swimming around here in the prohibited salt water were known to the king. He swung himself down into the chains, hung his head low enough to see the flash of her teeth, the wheeling of her eyeballs under blurred lashes. Captain Blount, she whispered, had turned the tables on Wilkins, who was now pegged and bound, and lying face down, keeping vigil with that idol he had carved with his own hands, and whose wooden breast his own soul was ironically destined to inhabit, if the king's plans didn't miscarry.

The irony was lost on Arad, but he had a darkening premonition of fatalities dropping on him out of the magically blue air. Wilkins had not intended to go ashore again; and he had done so only through a whole-souled fear of Arad's being delivered over to heathenish devices. Arad was at the bottom of it. He snatched off his shirt and slipped into the water with Makua Pipi. He was already barefooted.

"Swim under water," Makua murmured.

He got himself ashore in a series of underwater dashes and lay at the edge of the beach, with only his nose and one eye out of water, his head masked with a patch of floating weed. He had no plan, but he knew that rescue would have to be a one-man job. He couldn't pit a ship's crew against the king's forces.

Winking his eye, he saw a fat chief in a feather cloak and helmet stationed only a few feet away to watch for violations of the taboo. But the chief himself had evidently been touched by its mysterious power into a kind of self-forgetfulness, which dropped a shade over his eyes, filled his veins with lead and his ears with wool. He stood, back to, like a huge stuffed bird; and Arad had no trouble in clamping iron fingers on his windpipe and crushing him face forward into the sand.

The chief's knife must have grazed him, he thought; he felt the burning sting of it in his flank; but he was too busy binding and gagging his man with strips from Makua's yellow girdle to bother about trifles. Luckily, he had marline stuff at his belt, and was able to tie the chief's fat wrists and ankles together; and finally, to lash him to a coconut palm at the rim of the beach.

Makua Pipi held up the discarded feather cloak.

"Sir, put on this," she whispered. The chief's helmet was sitting askew, laughably, on her dripping head; Arad reached for it and jammed it over his own brows, after slipping into the feather cloak. It was, in fact, a good disguise. No guard would dispute the authority of such a cloak. A hundred years, thousands of birds had gone into the making of it, since no bird had more than two feathers suitable, one from under each wing; but the miracle was lost on Arad. Even with the warmth of feathers against his skin, he felt cold to the soul; he stumbled over a root, but Makua Pipi's arms held him up.

Her fluid strength was like a warm wave passing under him; he swayed and, holding still, chin on breast, heard her whisper:

"I think there are no guards now."

But she pressed into Arad's fingers the knife which the chief had dropped. The fence of white bones around the temple grinned at them. Makua trembled from head to foot and faltered that she could go no farther.

Through the temple door Arad saw the idol, mounted on an empty ship's water cask and flanked by two crooked spermaceti candles. These were now the only lights on the island; it was proper for the god Wilkins only to see; but Makua's assertion that the guards had fled was mistaken, Arad saw. Close to the door was the outline of another feather cloak.

He looked back. Makua Pipi had vanished, sunk into the earth; he was alone, and the silence was broken only by a dry rattle of palm fronds and the silver breathing of the sea. So he must strike to kill. He must kill a man, a human being in God's image—a bitter necessity, news of which wouldn't be any better received in Salem, when it was known that all this had come about through Arad's letting himself be taken by a heathen woman's smile.

Well, there was no help for it. He threw himself full tilt against the feather cloak, with a notion of throttling him first, since he couldn't be sure of striking a knife neatly through all those feathers. Fortunately for Arad's later peace of mind, there was no throat there. Not a vestige. The guard was nothing but a post, or stake, from which swung a netted gourd, and this gourd contained the ashes of the dead chief's heart, with his feather cloak and helmet mounting guard.

The force of Arad's rush carried everything down, and he rolled into the doorway of the temple. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw, upside down, the idol, grotesque between the tall whalemen's candles, and looking at him with coy intentness. Was he too late? The thing, for one horrible fantastic second, looked with Wilkins' eye, beat with Wilkins' very pulse. Then Arad was lucky to catch sight of his captain, still flesh and blood, lying in a corner with the crocus bag—the idol's dressing gown—tied over his head.

Arad cut him free. The captain's moon face was bitterly purple, as first seen; and then instantly wreathed in grins.

"Arad," he whispered, "I thought they'd come to put the torch to me, after all. By crutch, I did. In spite of everything. Billy Pitt has come back from the valley of coconuts with the king's mother; I heard them outside a while ago, giving him what-for;

for nobody can put any dependence in the black beggar. There it was, you-tickle-me-and-I'll-kiss-you between the pair of us; we were as thick as thieves, and had our fingers in the same poi dish one minute; and then the next —— Where is my hat?"

He looked round fiercely for his beaver, that had, in the lining, his pocketbook, filled with his protection and other necessary papers. It wasn't in sight, and Captain Wilkins shook his fist under the idol's chin.

"You dirty little African," he breathed, "it was you that put the notion in the king's head. He always was notional. Wanted to be Wilkins, did you, after all the care I took to set you up in business for yourself? Arad, it's enough to transmogrify a man."

"It was Blount that put the king up to it," Arad said. "Captain, we've no business loitering here."

In the shadow of the beach palms, with the two ships in sight, Wilkins stopped short.

"It was Blount, you say. I guess we've got the last laugh. Arad my boy, you coming with me, or staying with the king?"

"Coming with you, captain."

Captain Wilkins chuckled and rocked on his heels.

"Arad," he said, "this ought to make a trader of you. After this I am going to lay my cards on the table with you. I have been too dainty with you lately. You might as well learn first as last that a trader—a dyed-in-the-wool trader—has got to play iron; he can't force it, cold. Not and show a profit to the owners. Let alone my treatment of the king, here's Blount. I could have sunk him, or got sunk myself, or I could have let you board him and get a bullet through the head. I could have, but Molly had put a taboo on it. She's worth her weight in gold on any trader's ship. 'Zack,' she said, 'you'll have to think of something else.' 'What else is there to think of?' says I. 'That's for you to determine,' she says. So I woke up in the middle of the night with that idea of bringing all those whalemen aboard the Horse."

"What for?"

"What for? Why, for to scare that reptile, Blount, out of a year's growth."

"Yes, and you scared him into doubling up his own men."

"Chut, man. He more than doubled up. He took aboard a good few men more than he had already. Only, Arad, they were my men."

"Your men, captain?"

"Every man jack. He had to go to Anderson to round 'em up, and I had seen to Anderson. They went aboard the Hesper with my money in Spanish dollars in their trousers, and Sam Murchett at the head of them. Sam and I were boys together back in Salem; he would give me his right hand, and he isn't squeamish, Arad, when it comes to running legitimate traders' risks. He had orders from me to put Blount's gang under hatches the minute Blount left the ship; and if I know my man, he's done it. By crutch, he has. I can see the house flag at the peak this minute. You don't have to go to the heathen, Arad, for a new command. There's your ship; and you can swim, can't you? You get aboard and put Blount and his men over the rail in a ship's boat, and if they steal the Desiree under cover of this taboo, it's no more than the king deserves. It'll probably end in his turning Christian solid," the captain sighed; and added, startled: "bless my soul, who's this?"

It was only Makua Pipi coming timidly to Arad's side. She crowded against him, frightened by that fierce, silent flourish of the senior captain, the gesture of a man chasing devils.

"It's the woman you owe your life to, captain," Arad muttered.

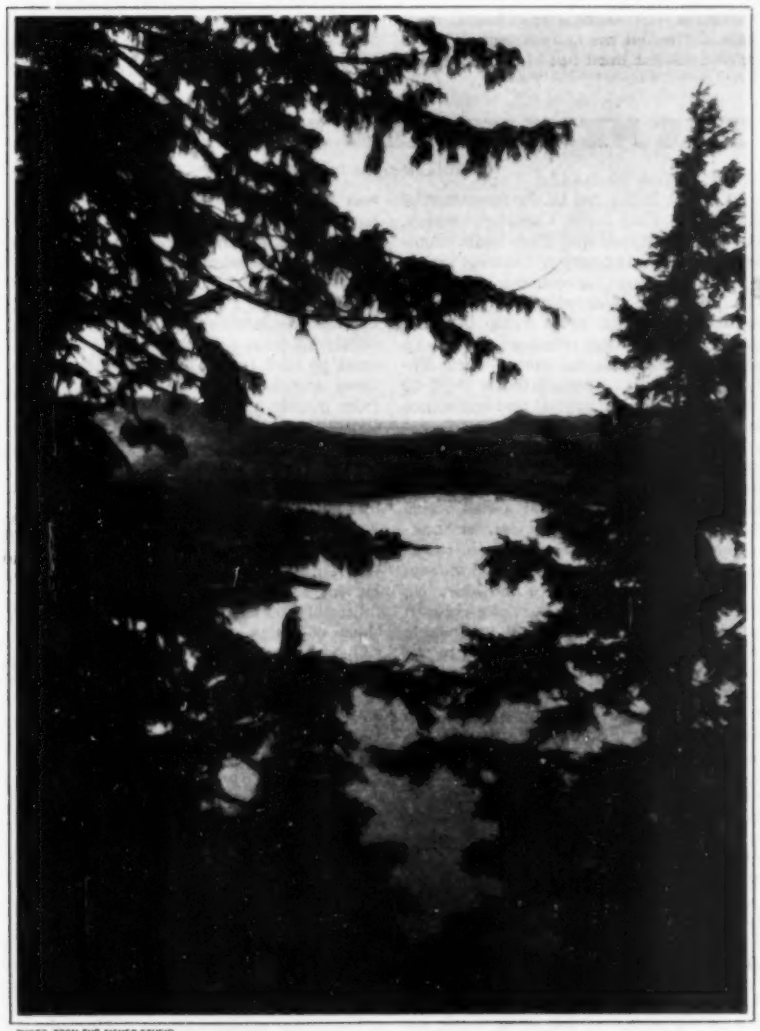

PHOTO. FROM THE FISHER STUDIO

A Glimpse of the Pacific Ocean From Inside Waters, Ketchikan, Alaska

The Alliance Agent often can help reduce fire premiums even in congested districts

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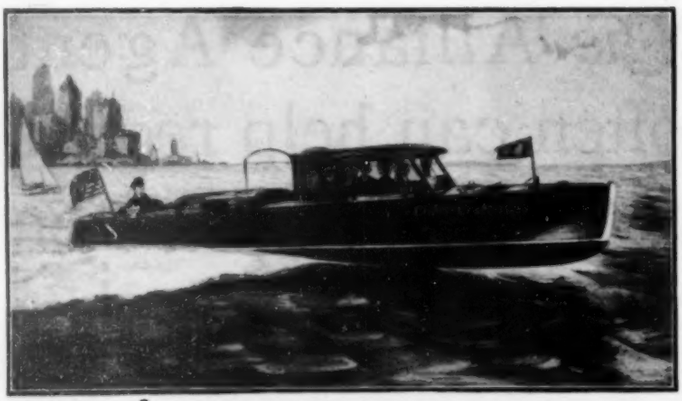

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The feel of it will grip you beyond belief—you just don't realize how quickly you can step into a Chris-Craft and be whisked away on this magic carpet of the water. You arrive at your destination rested, yet invigorated, free from travel fatigue, full of the joy of living.

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"Steady. Steady over the shoals. She isn't the first, remember," Wilkins said shortly. "That's another song a trader has to learn to sing. No regrets. No regrets, Captain Whitney. There's your ship."

And he walked into the water. Captain Arad's head was spinning, his knees sagged, he had certainly lost a lot of blood. But he had sense enough to know that he couldn't take Makua Pipi with him. He had put an arm across her shoulders. They didn't kiss in these islands, he remembered hazily. The thing was to rub noses and utter a little wail. Arad couldn't swing to that.

"You're a good girl, Makua Pipi," he muttered, and walked away, not daring to look back. The touch of the water revived him, but only for a time. He had a dreamy conviction that he would never go master of that topsail schooner. Wind was springing up; a little wave slapped him in the face and sank him. The king's taboo squeezed him in its sleepy coils. A pair of arms went smoothly round him under water. Drowning, he had heard, was of all deaths pleasantest. His head broke the surface again; he coughed, breathed hard, and heard Makua Pipi whisper: "Take my hair."

The thick wet mass of it was round his throat, in his mouth, in his eyes; his fingers clutched it and he was just able to point feebly at the schooner. Makua Pipi rolled over on her back, half dropped her lids, nodded, and with her powerful stroke drew him into the shadow of the ship. For an instant he glimpsed that jolly smile, which he had seen her practice in her mirror; that worship, stronger than idols, more serviceable than the captain's paper protection; the very shape of that dream wrapped in palm shadow and gold cloud, which held also the traders' bane, the hidden danger of the islands. Then, with Sam Murchett lowering a bowline to him from the schooner's rail, he fainted.

Captain Wilkins at his desk in the Horse's cabin, dipped his pen and started a letter to his owners in a hand full of flourishes, the down strokes like daggers hurled in the teeth of his enemies:

Sir: I am now under way from Honolulu, with two ships, the Arabian Horse, and the Lascar, alias Hesper, lately recovered from the man Blount; a reptile whose name my pen recoils from setting on paper. The Desiree is sold, as per instructions, to the king for twice her full of sandalwood, which I am now taking to the Canton market; but I am sorry I cannot offer you a more flattering account of your future prospects in this quarter of the globe. If I am not mistaken, the influence of these missionaries will shortly be the undoing of trade in these islands. At present rates everything but rum and cloth is practically a dead set; and they have crammed the king to the ears with a parcel of foolish notions. Captain Arad Whitney is proving all that I prophesied. He is a smart seaman already, and I can promise you that with a little more experience such as he has gained here, he will trade with any you have. . . .

Captain Arad, half a mile to windward in the topsail schooner, lying bandaged on deck near the Lascar's wheel, heard the wind crowding into the Lascar's sails. They were powder white under the just-risen moon, and drew well, except for the whipping of a leech over his head. Sam Murchett lurked near to take his orders, and Captain Arad saw with unholy joy that he was inching up a little on the Horse. Already he had opened her port light, a red spark tossed against the white crests of a rising sea. Then the spark was lost in the sway and crashing dip of the black hull putting her nose under; spray salted Arad's lips, and the taste of it, like the taste of command, was sweet. Crack on. While she cracks she holds. Let her drive for all she was able for the China shore. He would beat the Horse on this leg, pick the Asses' Ears up with the end of his jib boom, perform miracles of navigation and ship handling.

Ah, but the quest was likewise a flight; there were two reasons for speed. Captain Arad's hand circled his throat and neck, roughened by the strangling coil of Makua Pipi's hair; and it seemed to him that this wound, like that of a Juan de Fuca arrow, might not heal in a day.

THE NEW WORLD MONEY MAP

(Continued from Page 5)

Dutch East Indies led to the formation of the Dutch East India Company which, like its prototype, the East India Company, became a nursery of business giants as well as a weapon for economic expansion. Then, as later, international dictatorship became allied with premiership of trade position. Amsterdam remained practically mistress of Continental money until Napoleon's offensive necessitated a shift to London. European capital and confidence were in full flight.

Meanwhile a new financial domain had developed, destined to give international finance some of its most brilliant traditions and the mastery of capital a distinctive glamour. I refer to the rise of German banking, as picturesque in its early evolution as was its kindred Italian era of feudal money.

The fiscal glory of Venice and Florence, as I have pointed out, is part of a colorful but dead past. A remnant of its technic only survives. The system fostered in the cradle of German banking reaches down to our own times, still to influence the march of money and trade event. Any attempt to show how international banking has advanced to our day of significant participation would be incomplete without this romantic contribution to its progress. It will show, among other things, why the German banker excelled through all the succeeding generations by following the lines laid down by those medieval preceptors who impressed the value of family teamwork. The story of German banking is the narrative of blood kinship that stirred profitable pride and made for concerted offensive.

At the mention of family as a factor in finance the average person is likely to conjure up the picture of the Rothschilds, assuming that the business of gilded hierarchy was peculiarly theirs. This, however, was not the case. The earlier generations of the Rothschilds practiced a code formulated to a considerable extent long before the first of their clan put the red shield over his gabled house in Frankfort. To understand the full significance of a dynasty that so widely influenced international finance, we must go back to the Fuggers and see how these merchant-bankers garnered power from money all the way from the Baltic shores to the Grand Canal that lapped the Doge's Palace in Venice. They laid the foundation of German finance with a business dominance in the Germany then richer in men and money than was contemporary England.

The Fuggers began as weavers, first at Graben and later at Augsburg in Bavaria. Having spun cloth, they later wove the fabric of finance that covered the operations of kings. They underwrote wars, shaped national policies and enhanced imperial prestige. Their fleets scoured the known seas. With branches at Madrid, Antwerp, Dantzic, Florence, Venice and London, they ruled Continental trade. The greatest of the line, whose achievement spanned more than three centuries, was Jakob Fugger, banker of Emperor Maximilian I, Philip II of Spain, and a brace of popes.

In those days the best aid to both business and banking was a royal contact. Wars often short-circuited those connections, but there was always the selling of supplies and munitions to fill the breach. Like the Rothschilds, the Fuggers discovered that business relationship with a throne was an expensive alliance, but not entirely without its compensations. Through it

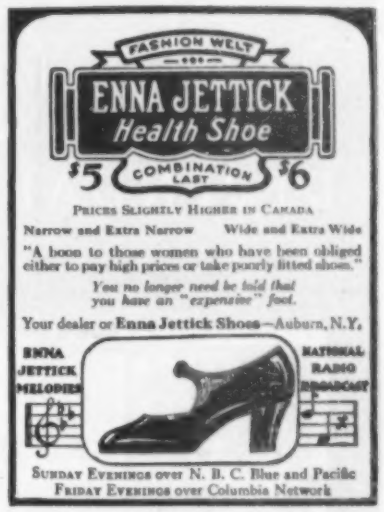
(Continued on Page 141)

An Apology

from the manufacturers of

ENNA JETTICK

Shoes for Women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Health Shoe
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"A boon to those women who have been obliged either to pay high prices or take poorly fitted shoes."
You no longer need be told that you have an "expensive" foot.
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ENNA JETTICK MELODIES
NATIONAL RADIO BROADCAST
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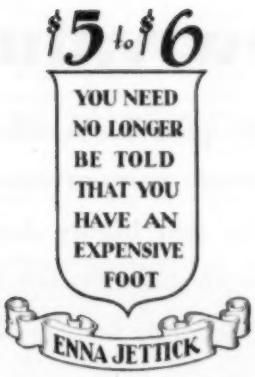
Above is a reprint of our Ad as it appears each week in
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The manufacturers of ENNA JETTICK Shoes for women broadcast twice each week in a nation-wide hook-up, that they "specialize in manufacturing a complete range of sizes and widths, so that ENNA JETTICK dealers are able to fit perfectly at a moderate cost any normal foot, no matter how small or how large, how narrow or how wide."

We are afraid that owing to the enormous increase in demand, there may have been a short period in which ENNA JETTICK dealers were not able to back up our pledge to the public, but with our present increased manufacturing facilities this condition need no longer exist.

In order that you may quickly visualize how complete is our fitting range we have checked (×) in the schedule below, 152 different sizes and widths that we carry in a great variety of styles at our factory in Auburn, New York; thru which stock our dealers are able to serve you.



Practically every ENNA JETTICK dealer, and we too are very earnest in our pledge to fit perfectly any normal foot, and to back up the slogan, "*You need no longer be told that you have an expensive foot*"—and both he and we would very much appreciate your calling to our attention any failure in our service to you.

(Note the 152 different sizes and widths of Enna Jettick Shoes.)

	1	1½	2	2½	3	3½	4	4½	5	5½	6	6½	7	7½	8	8½	9	9½	10	11	12
AAAA									×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×				
AAA						×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×	×		
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ENNA JETTICK SHOES,

AUBURN, N. Y.

F. L. Emerson
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Copeland

DEPENDABLE — ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION

Model N-5; 5 cu. ft. storage; 7⅛ sq. ft. shelf area; 108 ice cubes; 3 ice trays—1 double-depth. Three other models.

Model D-10; all porcelain; optional colors; electrically lighted; 270 ice cubes; 8 ice trays; 10¾ cu. ft. storage; 17⅓ sq. ft. shelf area.

Model CS-7; all porcelain; 7¼ cu. ft. storage; 12⅓ sq. ft. shelf area; 162 ice cubes; 4 ice trays—1 double-depth.

New beauty—new quietness—new value!

Copeland again presents a broad line of magnificent new models . . . more beautiful, more quiet in operation and more cramfull of value-features than ever before! For Copeland, drawing on its many years of successful experience, has created a line of electric refrigerators that are indescribably attractive and highly desirable . . . destined to elevate Copeland products to an even greater popularity. From the three broad divisions of the new Copeland line you can select a model which qualifies exactly as the ideal electric refrigerator for your home:

Low-priced. Here you have the famous "N" models in 5 and 7 cubic feet storage capacities, continued practically as formerly, but with certain important improvements which more sharply define their outstanding value. Even the smallest gives you 108 ice cubes at one freezing. And the other famous Copeland features, too, are present: one or more double-depth dessert drawers; no drain pipe; shelves at convenient height; Coldtray for crisping salads, chilling foods or storing cubes; maximum economy of operation. Enameled or porcelain interiors; lacquered steel exteriors; plain or bright metal (Super Ascaloy) fronts. Fool-proof, trouble-free electric refrigeration at low cost. Write for free booklet.

De Luxe. Magnificent all-porcelain models in 6, 8, 10, 14 and 20 cubic feet capacities, with embossed porcelain doors and base fronts. Optional colors; electric illumination; massive deep-etched hardware, automatic in operation; 3″ and 4″ wrapped corkboard insulation. From 108 to 378 ice cubes, with double-depth ice trays in every model. Rounded inside corners; shelves at convenient height; no drain pipe; Coldtray for storing cubes, crisping salads, etc.; and vegetable bin if desired. These superlatively beautiful models express the highest known development in quiet, efficient, *luxurious* electric refrigeration . . . conceived and painstakingly constructed for those who want the finest.

Medium-priced. An entirely new group of all-porcelain electric refrigerators in 5, 7 and 9 cubic feet capacities. Cabinet bodies in gray, enlivened by lustrous white tops, doors and louvres. Massive deep-etched hardware, satin finished and automatic in operation. Full range of Copeland features: one or more double-depth dessert drawers; Coldtray for crisping salads; no drain pipe; rounded inside corners; shelves at proper height; vegetable bin if desired. Highest quality insulation, two inches thick. 108 to 162 ice cubes at one freezing. Quiet, efficient, economical operation. Doubtless the very finest—the most highly satisfying—medium-priced electric refrigerators ever known. Write for free booklet.

FREE BOOKLET—WRITE NAME AND ADDRESS IN MARGIN —MAIL TO COPELAND, 650 LYCASTE AVENUE, DETROIT

(Continued from Page 138)

they got monopolies in mine output and trade concessions that more than balanced the ledger.

In this way the Fuggers obtained control of the mercury mines in Spain and the copper resources of Hungary. It made them the metal masters of Central Europe. The House of Fugger was precisely like a modern financial institution with diversified industrial ramifications.

There is neither space nor need to tell the whole Fugger story, save to emphasize some of their innovations that subsequently became a part of international banking procedure. The Fuggers were perhaps the first of the syndicate bankers. They instigated deals in merchandise and shipping with their Genoese colleagues. On one occasion they joined with the Italians to finance the election expenses of Charles V. In that distracted period some of the most imposing imperial crowns were bestowed by vote. There was a considerable traffic in the hand-picked electorate. Electors—by that I mean heads of principalities—were chronically short of cash. Every campaign to name an emperor was a golden opportunity to replenish depleted coffers.

A Hand-Written Tabloid

What concerns us much more is the fact that the Fuggers originally impressed the value of advance information as an aid to money operations. They knew the low-down on both king and commoner before the world got wise and capitalized it to the shining limit. They had the first corner on news. What this jazz age calls "inside dope" was part of their stock in trade. It heralded the present-day tip and proved no less useful to medieval manipulators of finance than to the later-day speculative giants like Harriman, Gates and Keene. The latter employed it in the stock-market struggle, whether for transcontinental railroad or mighty industrial unit.

The Fuggers likewise gave banking its initial publicity and set the style for the modern bank circular. They had correspondents in every important city and employed their gleanings privately to their own advantage and then to feed the public news hunger. What came to be known as the Fugger News Letter was the predecessor of news agencies like Wolff, Havas, Reuter, and the Associated Press, and the forerunner of the newspaper. As soon as the correspondents' reports arrived at Augsburg clerks made copies for distribution. A single copy served a whole community.

No journals were ever enriched with such first-page stuff. From this primitive journal written by hand a considerable part of Europe got its first intimation of happenings that were to shape the course of civilization.

The progress of the Inquisition, the defeat of the Armada, the conquest of Mexico and Peru, the exploits of Drake that freed the seas for the British era of merchant adventurers, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, the rise of the Dutch Republic, the conquests of Henry of Navarre, the intrigues of Elizabeth's reign, and countless other items that would produce a super-extra today were disclosed on those casual and sometimes ink-spattered sheets that stirred the passions and stimulated the sensations of the times.

The Passing of the Fuggers

There was, let me repeat, method behind this primitive journalism. Then, as now, the money market responded to momentous events. To foresee or to anticipate war, or the rumor of war, was to rule. The Fuggers always got in on the ground floor.

The Fuggers passed from the active financial scene because dissension impaired family offensive and also because royal overhead became too burdensome. Repudiation has no social or geographical limitations. Kings died and responsibility for their huge debts, notably those of Philip II, perished with them. In addition, new influences were shaping to menace the old order.

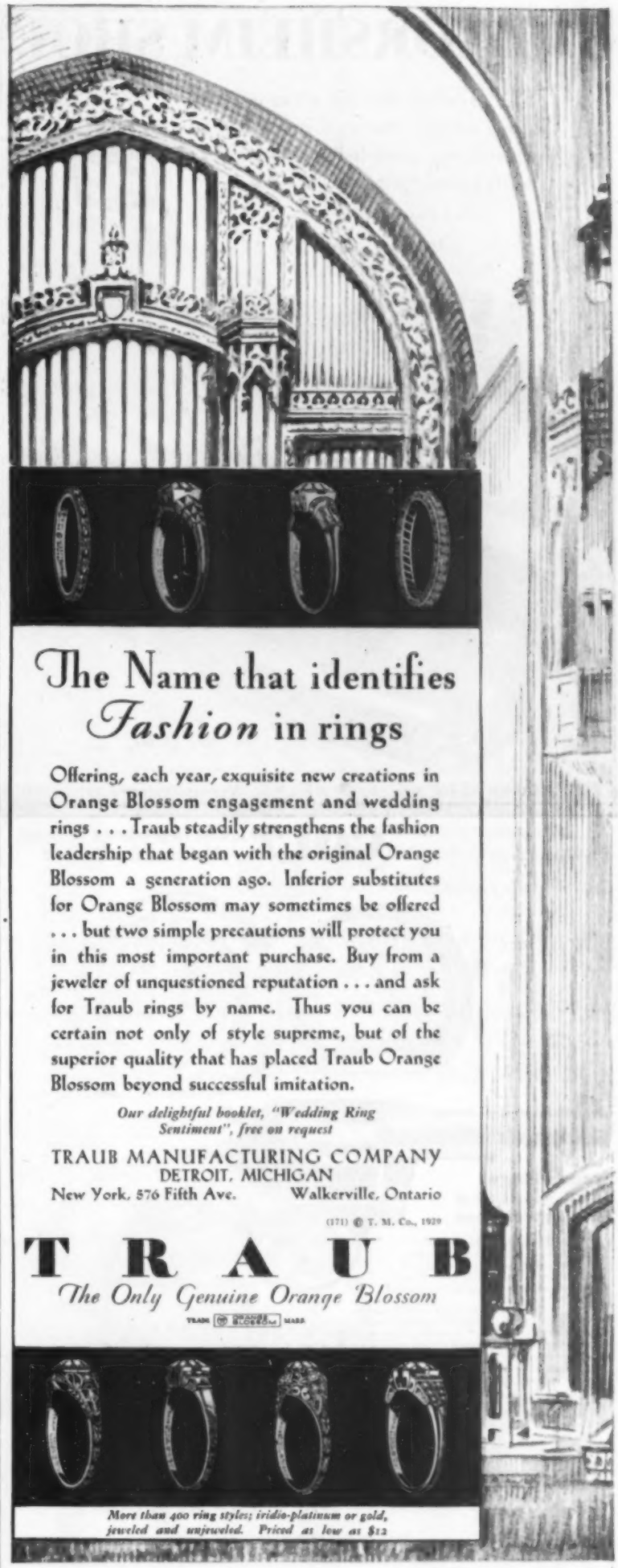
As Augsburg declined, Frankfort rose, first as the pivot of German finance and later as the fountainhead of a whole world of cash and credit. A political center of vast importance since she became the seat of imperial elections, the old city on the Main blossomed into expanding authority. Geographically she occupied a strategic position on the European highway of commerce. It remained for her human resources to put the capstone upon a far-reaching supremacy which came with the rule of the Rothschilds.

So much has been written about the Rothschilds that any detailed account of them would obviously be a rehash of familiar stuff. Nearly everybody knows how old Meyer Amschel, founder of the line, invoked the injunction for family unity which projected the greatest financial hierarchy of all times; how, with kings for patrons and governments for clients, the various branches made the nineteenth century financially their own. For them the arbitership of war and peace was no mere phrase.

Yet no tale is so worn but that some timely significance can be attached. The Rothschilds have a definite place in this

PHOTO. BY EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

The Bank of France



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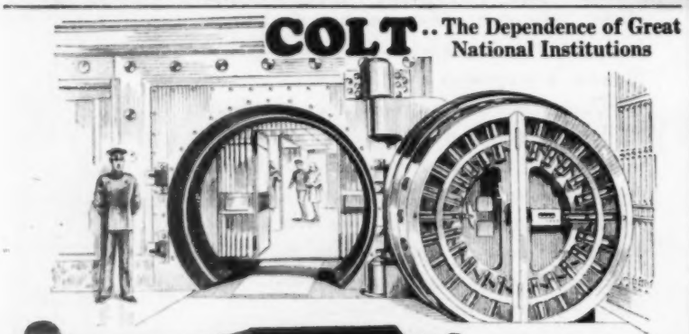

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narrative for two reasons which are not altogether appreciated by their persistent and voluminous historians. One is that they contributed to the development of German banking; the other that the evolution of the house is linked with the larger evolution of international finance.

The Rothschilds have declined somewhat in power because of the influence exercised by the American dollar during the past fourteen years of mighty fiscal change. Many marvel at the impairment of a traditional prestige, yet few realize that while repeated inbreeding contributed in part—marriage of first cousins was not infrequent—a century-old supremacy bowed largely to the very conditions that inspire this series of articles.

When you analyze the operations of German bankers, particularly from 1871 to the outbreak of the World War, you find that they followed a prescribed course. Wherever a Teutonic financial outpost—and it applied to the purely commercial side as well—was reared in a foreign country, it took root and became part and parcel of the national economic structure. This obtained particularly in South America.

A Family of Many Allegiances

The German representatives on the spot acquired the local language, often intermarried with natives, and frequently became naturalized subjects. Their art and their money ceased to be German as far as externals went.

It meant, for example, that the German banker in Brazil became Brazilianized, acclimating himself completely to his environment. He was not regarded as a foreigner, thus escaping whatever prejudice arises against the alien who competes with the local product.

Something of this idea lay at the base of the program that Meyer Amschel Rothschild planned and put into execution with his sons, once the parent house was established. Solomon Meyer started the Vienna branch; Carl Meyer was stationed at Naples; James Meyer in Paris, and Nathan Meyer, hero of the famous Waterloo episode in which he translated the first news of Napoleon's defeat into millions of dollars of profit, took charge of the London end.

Before the third generation got well under way each of these branches, especially the British, French and Austrian, had become denationalized. The first Lord Rothschild—Disraeli's friend "Natty"—could speak only English. Alphons, who succeeded James as chief of the French house, was criticized by Bismarck during the reparations discussions following the capture of Paris because he spoke such fluent French and espoused the French cause. He was in every sense a Frenchman. The Iron Chancellor could not comprehend that a scion of a German family could commit such an indiscretion. He regarded him as the victim of a pernicious assimilation.

Hence the house of Rothschild found its traditional unity menaced when European wars broke out. The old blood kinship did not avail while Von Moltke's Prussians were at the gates of Paris. The French house worked tooth and nail against the common foe and later expedited the payment of the indemnity of 5,000,000,000 francs that the conquerors imposed. In the World War we find the same condition. Two of the three surviving branches—the British and the French—were lined up on the Allied side, while the third, the Austrian, was linked with the fate of the Central Powers. The younger Rothschild sons went forth to battle. The most brilliant hope of the English house was killed in Palestine.

I rehearse this war phase to show that old Meyer Amschel perhaps builded far better than he dreamed. Complete nationalistic absorption of his descendants did not figure in his calculations.

Fortunately for Germany, in the period of world expansion after the establishment of the empire, many of her transplanted bankers only followed part of the precedent set by the Rothschilds. Few ceased to be Teutonic in political sympathy. The Delbrück law enabled Germans in business overseas to be subjects of whatever country in which they lived without impairing their home citizenship. They could go the limit in financial colonization without being colonized. The empire got the benefit of their foreign penetration without losing their loyalty.

We can now see how the evolution of the Rothschilds is involved in the bigger transition of international finance. If you are acquainted with the history of the house, you are aware that, like the Fuggers, the Rothschilds not only emerged but waxed in wealth because of royal connections. By comparison the Fuggers were pikers. Those merchant bankers of the middle ages merely financed kings as the necessities of war and peace dictated, and frequently got trimmed. They were in no sense fiscal agents of governments, as this kind of responsibility was later developed by the Rothschilds.

The Rothschilds, on the other hand, became both the bankers and the friends of kings. Every Rothschild had a favorite royalty. Furthermore, no member of the line was loyal to the traditions of his clan if, figuratively speaking, he did not have a minister of foreign affairs or a prime minister in his waistcoat pocket. Chancelleries became unofficial annexes of the banking houses, whether in Frankfort, Paris, Vienna or London.

It followed that the Rothschilds built up what may well be called an aristocracy of finance. It was a business of the bluest blood.

When the visible supply of kings and governments failed to absorb the huge accumulated wealth, they had to turn to more plebeian activities. They constructed railways in Brazil, France and Austria, and became large dealers in American wool and cotton. Turkish tobacco came under their control, and likewise the quicksilver mines of Spain. The aristocratic game, however, was the favorite sport. It meant honors and privileges that eased the social way.

The Royal Road to Riches

Do not forget, however, that the Rothschilds made ample return for princely benefits bestowed on them. The familiar Disraeli Suez Canal coup is a case in point. When the British premier had to find £4,000,000 overnight in order to beat a French syndicate to the purchase of the khedive's shares in canal, the London house of the Rothschilds advanced the money without security at 3 per cent. The political and strategic value of British control of the canal is well-nigh incalculable. The Rothschilds duplicated this kind of public service throughout the nineteenth century.

With kings for clients and governments on their list, the Rothschilds were always in the know. Whether the information was whispered across imperial luncheon or dinner tables, or while the music hummed at court balls, or whether it came from a host of highly placed and titled agents, it enabled them to anticipate events and capitalize knowledge for all it was worth. As was the case with the Fuggers, first-hand news was the staff of their financial life. Perhaps no other banking institution enjoyed such exclusive channels of intelligence.

Their scheme fitted into the machinery of the times. Everywhere business was interlocked with diplomacy. First Britain, and later Germany, projected foreign finance as an aid to foreign trade. Later on, these agencies were combined as an effective instrumentality for the shaping of foreign political policy.

The World War changed all this, especially the banker-king relationship. When the smoke of battle cleared in 1918 it revealed a Europe that did not lend itself readily to the old kind of grandiose Rothschild manipulation. Two empires—the German and the Austrian—upon which

(Continued on Page 144)

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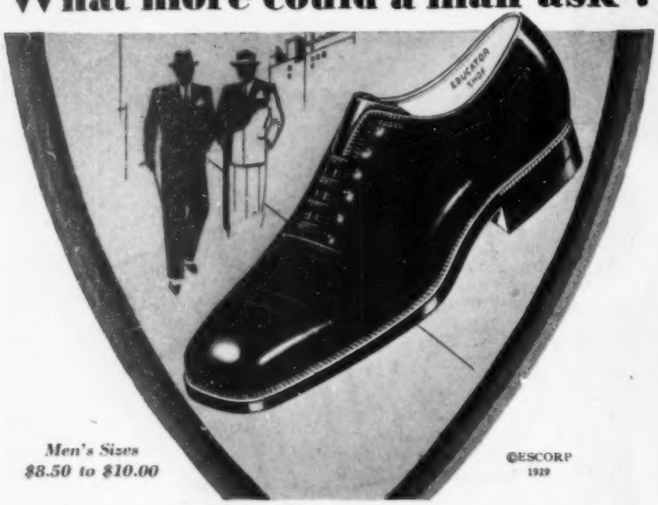

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they had leaned heavily, and a third, the Turkish, which had been highly useful, were in the scrap heap. The king business slumped. A bankrupt continent had turned for help to the one big solvent nation, the United States. The dollar sat on the top of the money world. It was without political affiliation and a stranger to diplomatic intrigue. Furthermore, it had no social axes to grind, no royalties to coddle, no family prestige to bolster. If it lacked finesse in the world sense, it had the compensating virtues of directness, forcefulness and availability. It broke through the door of European banking, so long a closed corporation as far as any pretentious participation by us was concerned.

This meant much more than the arrival of the dollar at the head of the big-money parade. It signified a democratization of finance that would have made James, Solomon and Nathan Meyer Rothschild and their sons turn over in their graves if they knew about it. A world of banking in which monarchs did not figure as partners was beyond their comprehension. They would have, perhaps, shuddered at the transfusion of red-blooded American capital into the blue-blooded banking structure they had helped to rear. Whatever the World War failed to do in other directions, at least it made the world safe for one kind of democracy—the democracy of international finance.

German Academies of Banking

Although it is running ahead of the consecutive story, we may as well round out German banking in its relation to the evolution of the international structure here. The German banker has usually been a few laps ahead of the other fellow. Why is he so efficient?

To begin with, banks are a tradition in Germany. In every phase of the nation's progress, particularly since the Franco-Prussian War, they have been bound up in the fabric of national expansion. There is a story which illustrates one of the ruling tendencies. It is to the effect that when three Frenchmen meet in any out-of-the-way place they start a café; three Britishers launch a club; three Spaniards build a church; three Americans establish a chamber of commerce, while three Germans inevitably open a bank.

No German ever dashes into banking. He serves a rigorous apprenticeship in which discipline and thoroughness are drastically enforced. It begins when he is a boy, and usually takes him, in time, all over the world. Thus he acquires the knowledge of language and foreign customs so indispensable to the analysis of financial need and policy abroad. It makes for an adaptability which is the peculiar asset of the Teuton. Furthermore, it begets what I have previously referred to as the international consciousness, the one vital thing we must learn if we are to consolidate and hold our dollar-buttressed position.

The same method, let me interpolate, applies to German foreign trade. Here you have a lesson for American world business in its present critical stage of expansion. When the Great War broke, Germany was more strongly intrenched in foreign commerce, or rather the science of it, than any other country. It resulted from the application of the international consciousness to selling.

German export agents, like German bankers the globe over, not only knew the speech and mood of the country where they operated but elastically adapted themselves to customer wants. If a merchant wanted a red adding machine with purple keys, he was congratulated on his originality. The German salesman did not try to force a conventional type upon him. In short, he gave the consumer precisely what he wanted, no matter how bizarre it appeared. This method was the exact reverse of our oversea salesmanship for a good many years. It is only of late that we have abandoned the take-it-or-leave-it policy.

To return to banking. Every important German private bank has served as a school as well. Usually founded by a family, it perpetuated the clan and caste spirit. If its protégés were not allied by blood kinship, they were early imbued with a sort of feudal feeling. To discipline and thoroughness—the keynotes of the curriculum—was joined an unswerving loyalty.

The list of what might be called bank academies in which international leaders were developed included the Bleichroeders—one of them was Bismarck's financial adviser and a financier of the Franco-Prussian War—the Mendelssohns, originated by a son of Moses Mendelssohn, the great Jewish philosopher; the Golls; the Betmans; the Metzlers, whose banks go back hundreds of years; the Oppenheims, Bambergers, Warburgs, Speyers, Ladenburgs, Freges, Goslers and scores of others. From them emerged wizards of finance who left their impress on alien banking centers, notably London and New York. The Barings came from German stock.

The public banks, especially the Deutsche, Dresdner, Disconto, and Darmstädter und National—the four famous D's—performed a service no less effective both in training and penetration. They largely formulated the scheme for a close-working alliance between big finance and big industrial enterprise which added so greatly to the economic progress of the Hohenzollern régime. They gave the mark a considerable part of its world polish, marching hand in hand with the wide commercial exploitation so close to the heart of the last of the Kaisers. Their millions worked as silent, but impressive, propaganda. Their external branches, especially those of the Deutsche Bank, were outposts of political and business espionage.

The graduates of the Darmstädter include Doctor Schacht, president of the Reichsbank, and Jakob Goldschmidt, the most outstanding of contemporary German bankers, who heads the institution he first entered as a messenger boy. Two of the greatest financial statesmen of modern Germany—George von Siemens and Arthur von Gwinner—in turn ruled the destinies of the Deutsche Bank.

Some Distinction Needed

A fifth agency for large expansion is the Berliner Handelsgesellschaft. I refer to it, first, because it is one of Germany's most influential banks; second, for the reason that Carl Furstenberg, the managing director, has long occupied a unique place in German money affairs. What the four D's did for German world commerce, Furstenberg has done for industry at home. He first recognized the possibilities in Emil Rathenau and underwrote the dream which led to the development of the A. E. G., Germany's biggest electrical-machinery concern.

Like international finance, German banking has undergone a degree of democratization. Commoners like Schacht and Goldschmidt have succeeded to high places formerly held by men with "von"—the sign of aristocracy—before their names. Before the close of the war the German bank president was something of an autocrat. The staffs were organized like military companies. Iron discipline prevailed. With republicanization of the country, bank employes got cocky.

Amusing incidents resulted. The messengers in Furstenberg's bank, for example, demanded that they be addressed by the prefix, "Mr."

"All right," replied the chief, "but I must ask you to call me Furstenberg. There must be some social distinction here."

The Deutsche Bank made a definite contribution to the science of international banking. It was more than a coincidence that it was founded in 1870, the year that witnessed the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War, which welded the Teutonic empire. Under its inspiration and example, German banking was henceforth to be the

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Among other things, the Deutsche Bank planned and financed the Anatolian and Berlin-to-Bagdad railways. Here was an illustration of teamwork with the German Foreign Office and the old German General War Staff. Bagdad is a significant milepost on the military road to India. In case of eventualities the railroad would expedite the movement of troops. It is no exaggeration to say that the roots of Anglo-German enmity were partly laid in this project so typical of the German imperialistic ambition between the 90's and the end of the World War. Though the German plan for a short cut to India irked the British, it likewise influenced British banking overseas. A considerable part of English railway domination in South America, especially in Argentina, is directly attributable to it.

The Deutsche Bank performed another momentous service for German commerce and influenced the financing of world trade. Prior to its origin and for a few years later, German trade was largely dependent upon British intermediaries, just as was ours prior to 1914. One reason was that Germany had no gold standard. Her commercial bills had to be made out in various currencies. It was difficult, therefore, for her exporters to become intrenched in the international market. Their trade secrets became common property. The bank sponsored the adoption of a gold standard in 1873 and opened branches first in Hamburg, Bremen and London, and then in South America and Turkey. In consequence German foreign trade was freed from alien financial domination and started its triumphant independent advance.

All this means that wherever you turn in international banking you see the impress of the German school. It has contributed to no small extent to the amazing comeback of the Reich since the inauguration of the Dawes Plan. Our loans have furnished the means, but Teutonic financial craftsmanship fashioned them into a new weapon for significant advance.

To resume the evolution of world banking we must go back to the time when Europe breathed freely after the downfall of Napoleon. The post-Waterloo period marked the crossroads where international finance turned to new and momentous direction. Not the least of its objectives was the young republic across the Atlantic, born of the break with Britain. The migration of British capital to the United States began. Henceforth we were to be caught up in the universal financial fabric, but on the debtor side, there to remain until the Great War and its aftermath projected us as a creditor power.

The Financial Melting Pot

London rose up as a financial capital in 1815 to face a situation similar to that which confronted New York in 1918. Then, as a century later, war had dislocated the Continental economic machine. Again a large share of the responsibility for rehabilitation rested upon the shoulders of an Anglo-Saxon nation. But Europe was only part of the task. Our various "currency convulsions," as they were aptly termed, had subsided. We needed capital with which to build an economic entity. Spain's colonies all the way from Mexico to Peru had revolted and were pressing for the wherewithal to function. The American influence in the larger domain of finance was felt for the first time.

Though London provided a considerable amount of the early capital requirements of all America, the immediate interest is in the cycle of investments within our confines. The formula for Britain's own, as well as world, political security lay in the stabilization of Europe. Behind this impulse was the necessity for expanding foreign trade. Britain had waxed prosperous on the Napoleonic Wars. Agricultural and industrial output was speeded up. She had to find an outlet for the surplus. We were in an identical position when the Armistice was signed, and performed a kindred service.

Our debut on the stage of world finance dates from the Revolution, when we deposited securities in France for food and clothing for Washington's armies. Hence Benjamin Franklin, who represented us in Paris, was perhaps our first international financial citizen. Later the Dutch took over these obligations. Subsequently they joined in the money and security exodus to London, thus forming the nucleus of what became John Bull's huge stake in the United States. London shipped bullion to the bank of the United States and acquired a big stock ownership. As early as 1828, Britishers held 79,159 shares out of 300,000. By 1841 these holdings had grown to 197,551 shares. It was typical of one trend of British finance.

London was able to fortify her position as money capital for two reasons. The first was that her banking structure became cosmopolitan. To British character and perseverance were added the vision, thoroughness and international sense of the German, the shrewdness of the Dutch, the imagination of the French, and even the cold vigor of the Scandinavian. The City developed into a melting pot, just like Wall Street in a subsequent day. But the German leavened the mixture most. The Rothschilds were already intrenched when the formative period began. Now came the Goldsmids, the Bischoffsheims—afterward linked to the fortunes of Baron Hirsch—the Schroeders, the Sterns, the Oppenheims, the Erlangers and the Speyers.

An American Banker in Britain

Greatest of all, and surpassing even the Rothschilds in the brilliancy and scope of their world operation, were the Barings. Sprung from an obscure Bremen immigrant who had founded a wool manufacturing business in Devon, the family firm evolved into the outstanding merchant bankers of their time. Among other activities, they financed the French reparations after Napoleon's eclipse. In time their financial word became almost a mandate. When the house became seriously embarrassed the whole money world shook and panic developed.

The Barings have peculiar interest for us, because at the start they expanded British financial relations with us. They were agents for our Southern cotton planters, underwrote loans for our various states, dealt largely with the Bank of the United States, and sponsored the commercial paper of New York merchants who bought supplies in England. Like the Rothschilds, they were responsible for a phase in the evolution of international finance.

Since cotton became one of the main vehicles in the new Anglo-American economic relationship, it was fitting that the first American banking house in England should have been inspired by its financing. The institution was established at Liverpool in 1810 by William—he later became Sir William—Brown. Amid the tumult and blare about our comparatively recent intrenchment abroad, the romance and significance of the Brown penetration are obscured.

The founder of the line was Alexander Brown, a North of Ireland linen auctioneer, who emigrated to Baltimore and set up a linen business there. With four sons, William, George, John and James, he developed the firm of merchant bankers which did for the United States on a smaller scale what the Barings did for England. In family spirit and cohesion it resembled the Rothschild hierarchy. For many decades the firm, which continues to this day, with branches in Philadelphia, New York, Boston and London, was purely a family affair. One of the subsequent partners in the British branch was Montagu Norman, now Governor of the Bank of England.

It remained for George Peabody, the famous philanthropist, to launch the initial

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American banking house in London in 1837. It represented more than a Yankee invasion of the City, because a few years later Junius Spencer Morgan, father of the late J. Pierpont Morgan, was taken in as a partner. Junius Morgan's first assignment was to entertain the firm's American and other friends, for which he received an expense allowance of $25,000 a year. During the Civil War he took over the Peabody firm, which became J. S. Morgan & Co., and then evolved into the present Morgan, Grenfell & Co., the London branch of the New York Morgans. A further fact worthy of passing notice is that J. Pierpont Morgan served his banking apprenticeship with his father in London. It projected him on a career that was to give American banking world prestige.

The second reason why London was able to consolidate her position as financial capital as the nineteenth century struck its stride lay in the joint-stock bank, introduced in 1826 as a protest against the banking monopoly exercised by the Bank of England. The story of the joint-stock bank is an epitome of the evolution of British banking.

The first of the great joint-stock banks was the National Provincial, founded in 1834, which year also witnessed the rise of the London and Westminster. Within thirty years Lloyd's, the London City, and Midland, and Barclay's had emerged. Associated with every one of these institutions is a wealth of picturesque human-interest material for which, unfortunately, there is little space.

Barclay's, for example, began as a private partnership back in the days when the goldsmiths were bankers. It carried on business at the sign of the Black Spread Eagle in Lombard Street. In those days all the banks, like taverns, were indicated by signs over the doors.

Like the German banks, the joint-stock banks engaged in world business, meeting the larger credit needs of British industry both at home and abroad. Notable names are linked with them. Joseph Chamberlain had a big part in the expansion of Lloyd's. The head of the Midland today is Reginald McKenna, Chancellor of the Exchequer in the early days of the World War, who is regarded as Britain's foremost financier. Walter Leaf, a conspicuous economic statesman of these times and unofficial successor to the classic Walter Bagehot—he was the scholar in banking—directed the Westminster until his death a few years ago.

A Banking Hall of Fame

Although it means that we must again run ahead of the story, it is important to fix the present status of the joint-stock banks, because they are among our strongest competitors in the world field. In 1918 each of the five institutions that I have mentioned became the center of a vast consolidation. Henceforth they were known as The Big Five. In every case some part of the parent name was retained. The Westminster, for example, became the London, County Westminster, and Parr's Bank, Limited, having taken in the famous Parr's, founded in 1782. The National Provincial acquired the historic Coutts, which has been the depository of strong men, from Wellington and Nelson to Northcliffe. The temptation to linger on the romance of Coutts is great, but only one anecdote can be told. It reflects the old, intimate relationship which existed between the London bank and its clients.

The Marquess of Queensberry was a depositor in the Coutts bank. On his death he left an income of $3000 "to the clerk who keeps my account." Since the early days of George III the Couttses acted as bankers to the privy purse and have always had the personal accounts of the royal family. Louis Philippe, the Shah of Persia, an empress of Germany, and the sovereigns of Belgium, Bulgaria and Portugal were also among their clients. The royalties of Sir Walter Scott, Macaulay and Charles Dickens were deposited there.

The Big Five today control 79.4 per cent of the deposits of all the British banks. While the most powerful American bank—the National City of New York—exceeds each of them in total capital funds, the Midland—as it is called for short—holds the world's record for deposits. At the end of last year they aggregated $1,869,221,358, with total assets of $2,217,000,000. These figures are typical of the resources of the other four members of the quintet.

The British bank mergers set the fashion for big units in international finance. We were quick to take the cue, as the wave of combines throughout the United States shows. It is helping to maintain a balance of power in world competition.

It remains only to see how the United States figured in London's financial ascendancy, which grew as the nineteenth century lengthened. For more than half a century we were largely dependent upon British capital for the development of our productive machine. Trade was the bed rock upon which the money negotiation rested. We were Britain's best customers, and they ours.

By 1830, 36 per cent of our domestic exports went to the British Isles. American cotton provided 60 per cent of the raw material for Lancashire's looms. Nearly 20 per cent of Britain's products came to us. London was our banker and settled our balances everywhere. The banker's acceptance—now a weapon in our international financial arsenal—throve.

The British Stake Expands

With the dawn of the steam age international finance developed a fresh kink. Our own capital supply was required for the exploitation of virgin areas which the railroads began to gridiron. Britain therefore supplied the bulk of the sinews for our iron highways. In this way the British acquired huge holdings in the Illinois Central, the Reading, the Baltimore and Ohio, the Louisville and Nashville, and afterward the lines linked by transcontinental systems. With the railroads, as with other projects, the British, like the Germans later on, insisted that the proceeds of loans be devoted as far as possible to the purchase of British supplies. This liaison between loans and productivity remains an important asset in both British and German world banking.

British capital also helped to build our canals and enrich the coffers of various states. The latter procedure was part of her supremacy in floating government loans. Between 1860 and 1880 Britain financed nearly every big European and South American government, as well as her own dominions over the seas. This marked the beginning of her era of financial imperialism, which was to bind her possessions to her with hoops of gold. She did with her colonies precisely what she did with the countries she underwrote, in that she exacted commercial compensation for her mills and mines.

As the years sped on, Britain's stake in the United States expanded. The chronology of her investments over here tells the story. From $175,000,000 in 1830, they had grown to $400,000,000 by the close of the 50's. In 1870 they aggregated more than $1,000,000,000; while the advent of the twentieth century found the volume $2,500,000,000. When the world went to war in 1914 we owed Britain $4,000,000,000, which was more than two-thirds of the total outside capital employed in this country.

During these expansive years London remained the financial capital despite the German economic advance and the first faint appearance of the United States on the international horizon. The time was at hand when the war of wars could remake the money map, this time to reveal New York in bold relief. We can now see what happened.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with international banking. The next will be devoted to American war finance.

THE BETTER THE WRINGER THE WHITER THE WASH

What goes on between the Rolls of a GOOD Wringer?

AS may plainly be seen, when a wet garment goes from the tub through these rubber rolls, most of the water is removed—and the garment comes out on the other side almost dry.

But something else goes on at the same time—something that cannot be seen as it occurs, and is visible only in the greater whiteness of the garment after it has dried out on the line.

This something is the dislodgment of the dirt-and-soap particles—which cling so tenaciously to the fibres of the cloth that only pressure can loosen them sufficiently so that they float off with the wrung-out water.

"The Better the Wringer, the Whiter the Wash"

Pressure must be applied at some point in the washing process if the fabric is to be thoroughly cleansed. This fact has been recognized for centuries—and even the most primitive methods of washing apply it.

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The more thoroughly and evenly the wringer applies its firm but gentle pressure, the more completely the clothes are cleansed—and, the whiter the wash. Lovell Wringers, whether of the hand-operated type or built as an integral part of a modern washing machine, have behind them fifty years of experience in the manufacture of wringers and wringer-rolls.

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March 18th-30th

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McCallum Hosiery

"You just know she wears them"

HOOVER—OR SOME OTHER?

(Continued from Page 25)

that he has become a world figure, though no doubt considered as cut from granite rather than from taffy. And it is known that he is a world figure on that safest of all grounds—refusing to seek to become a world figure. There is no power in the quest for power, and every President to come may heed that fact.

Now in Europe and the world widespread there is a deep conviction that Americans should attend to the text, Matthew vii, 5.

Among the motes and beams in our own eyes is one that may be cast out by some President—Hoover or some other. It is and will become a growing issue. It arises from the growth of a top-heavy, overladen bureaucracy, with a superabundance of telescopic long-distance government from Washington. But it involves, equally, the withering of community energy and responsibility.

In 1907, Root, in a speech before the Pennsylvania Society in New York, tried to crystallize this issue by saying that if states and local governments could not or would not govern, the Federal Government in certain instances would have to extend its arm.

Smith, in his campaign, tried to catch the illusive issue, and he emphasized states' rights. This is the old inept phrase, founded upon old conditions and, on the whole, less important than the Coolidge philosophy—which Coolidge never preached sufficiently, but on which he acted when he could. He has said: "The states should not be induced by coercion or by favor to surrender the management of their own affairs," and again: "No method of procedure has ever been devised by which liberty could be divorced from local self-government. No plan of centralization has ever been adopted which did not result in bureaucracy, tyranny, inflexibility and decline." And he stated the positive side of states' rights in terms of obligations when he said: "The doctrine of states' rights is not a privilege to continue in wrong-doing but a privilege to be free from interference in well-doing."

Obligations and Rights

It is a curious fact that the Jeffersonian principle of states' rights, upon which, as much as anything, the Democratic Party remains founded, received its worst swipe under Democratic Administration—in Wilson's day—and that the doctrine that states' rights are best defended by the performance of community obligations and should be thus defended has no better advocates than Coolidge and—in so far as he can resist the tendency or the temptation to centralize power—Hoover himself. This is the doctrine of local obligations.

In government you cannot separate the two doctrines of rights and obligations. No one, unless it is a leader like Hoover or some other, with the advantage of the megaphone of the presidency, can so clearly say to the state and the community:

"If you shift your responsibilities onto Washington, if you demand that Washington do everything for you, if you put your hands into the National Treasury to take out of that modern grab bag money to spend on your local improvements or, by the social-welfare method, to relieve the pains for which you and your lack of community vigor are responsible, then you must not whine when you discover that you have built an immense, inefficient, meddling bureaucracy, and have an accumulation of *verboten* laws. Don't whine when personal liberty has gone, or when Federal inspectors and Paul Prys, auditors and hip tappers are rapping on your doors. Don't whine when the Federal Government is being wheedled into business and investments for which you will have to dig into your taxpayer's pocket to pay the deficit."

There is just as much obligation as there are rights to be talked about, realized and restored.

It will take a brave man in the White House to talk with fearless candor on this subject. It will take one with a gift for gaining a popular ear. It will take one—Hoover or some other—who will realize that the centralization of government cannot be stopped by political means unless behind it all there is the social force of your realization and mine—a realization of where we are going and what we are willing to put in to stop the degeneration of our sense of community obligation and of our political system, which has held us safe for more than a century.

Do not believe for an instant that this question, this issue, cannot be stripped of its supposed complexity and technicality by a leader able enough to do it—one who can make it simple. Do not believe that it does not concern you yourself, in many ways, or that it will not touch your daily life or the daily lives of your children.

Of course, the hairsplitting and ponderosity of constitutional lawyers has filled the subject with long treatises and dry dust. Even now the comments of so-called erudite men are weighty with the indigestible burdens of much of history's cold pudding.

A Stumblingblock to Communism

The way, however, is wide open to the kind of leadership which will make clear to the eyes of the busy world a political issue which once again, for new living reasons and because of fresh forces, comes close to the individual.

The issue is ours. It decides the question of whether democracy is to be a success or a failure in America. It inquires whether the best government is long-distance government or short-distance government, and whether we are not dealing unnecessarily with units too large for efficiency. It asks whether the traffic is regulated better from city hall than from the cross streets. It points to the absurdity reached in centralized bureaucracy in France, when a minister of education said: "It is now 3:15. Every scholar in the sixth grade in France is now composing a Latin verse." It affects economy.

The menace of a cut-to-pattern national educational system, with the tyranny of a bureaucracy, is upon us. Proposals leading to colorless uniformity and sheep herding would tend to reduce all local, traditional manners, customs and convenience to a common level.

Upon this issue may depend the breakdown of a centralized government in Washington which has undertaken too much. And upon it may depend also the decay of community responsibility which undertakes too little.

The built-up government depending on self-government is easily distinguishable from the built-down government which depends on paternalism and tyranny, sometimes parading in a false mask of democracy. The strength of the community is the only guaranty against any kind of hand-down government.

And above all, this weakness of our constant centralization—at which Europe laughs in its sleeve when we try to teach the class in international government—is a menace when it tends to distribute the money collected from taxpayers in one part of the nation in forms of improvements in other parts which have contributed no proportionate share.

Only when it is necessary for one to observe constantly the strategies of communism does one discover that centralization in government, instead of being regarded by communism as a permanent stronghold against the red revolution, is regarded as a temporary obstacle much less difficult to attack than a social and economic and political system working in small units.

Krassin once said to me, "The difficulty confronting our propaganda and plans in

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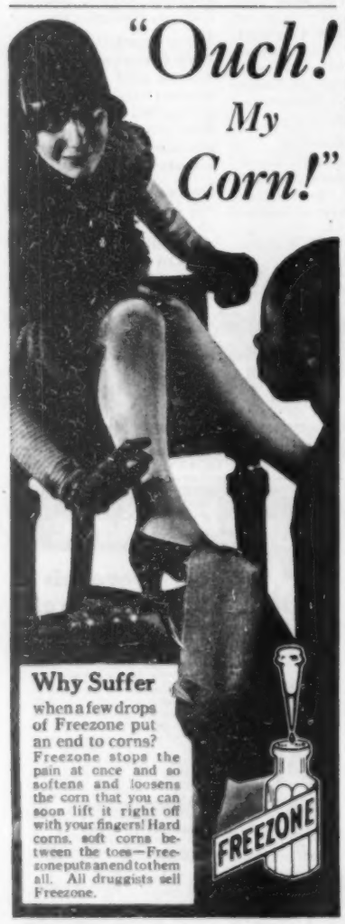
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FREEZONE

America is that your political system has in it so much of local self-government and your economic system, unlike the system of Europe, is something quite new. It is new in the world's experience because, until you developed it, no agency could raise great capital to engage in large enterprises, except the state. The European state was, therefore, not only a centralized political power but a centralized economic power. It was, as you say, 'a government in business.' At first many communist philosophers thought that we should fight the socialist, because the socialist gave temporary comfort to the proletariat by halfway measures. But then we saw that socialism made governments which centralized political control of services and industries; such governments can be seized by revolution and so communism can control. In America, however, economic development has depended upon your system of private initiative and you have been able to raise great capital without government initiative and control. Real power in America, politically, is that of the community, and real power, economically, is that of your private financial and economic system. That is what constitutes the obstacle to communist advance in America."

An Italian communist leader of the pre-Mussolini period—and communists, contrary to the usual opinion, conceal little of their plans and programs—said to me: "The more concentrated are the powers and the wider the activities of government, the better are our final opportunities. Give us one spot where we can find the seed of power in the form of the army, the bureaucracy, plus railroads, telegraphs and basic industries, and that gives us our ideal target. The best stepping-stone we have is the inefficiency of a centralized tyranny like Russia or the inefficiency of a socialistic machine, such as Italy has been. When government has drawn into its hands power over production, distribution and communication, it always builds a bureaucracy which taxes and irritates and meddles with liberty. The first result is to put into a single basket all that we wish to seize; the second is to irritate the overtaxed and impoverished mob which we will use to seize it."

Hoover—or some other leader—can make clear to our own people how unprotected as well as inefficient would be a perverted American system where the community obligation and self-government had decomposed, and entry into private business, meddling of bureaucracy with citizen liberty, together with taxation unequally distributed in expenditure on sections by lobby pressure or upon classes by social-worker propaganda, would make of the Government not an object for our loyalty but one for our distrust and distaste.

Legislation by Amendment

It would not be necessary for him to engage in any long historical analysis with musty footnotes to tell the methods—sometimes technically legal, but as often founded upon mere weasel-like evasion of the real intention of our constitutional and political system—by which centralization goes on and by which some organized minority, selfish or fanatic, or frankly or covertly socialistic, tries to drag the arm of the Federal power into business which is none of its business, or to meddle where it is both incompetent and unwanted.

The inspirations behind the moves to force the Federal Government into new fields, invading the rights of states and localities, or undertaking government which states and localities have been too lazy to do well, are not all bad. Many come from those who desire a short cut to reform.

Many times they come from a national pioneer temperament which wants to get something done quickly without looking deeply enough into what the doing of it would unravel in our fabric.

This is the reason for the rapid growth of attempts to legislate by amendment to the Constitution. Since the adoption of the Constitution some three thousand amendments have been proposed in Congress! Nineteen were adopted, and five voted for submission by Congress were rejected by the states. But recently, with the pressure of a larger and more shepherded body of voters, and with the haste of an industrial temperament with a go-getter spirit, there appears more and more a willingness of minorities, who find themselves blocked in legislation because it is unconstitutional, to legislate by wangling an amendment to the Constitution.

For instance, no one is in favor of child labor, and yet, those who opposed successfully the ratification of that amendment to the Constitution were made to appear as heartless men and women who wanted little children to be robbed of their childhood. What stuff and nonsense! The reason the child-labor amendment was not ratified was that it opened the door to a whole philosophy and practice of Federal interference. It would have created a whole system of Paul Pry inspectors and snoopers, and to occasional or common blackmail in the bargain. It would have started us on a pathway leading to a hideous paternalism which might have regulated home, mother and hearth, what to wear, eat, say, do and think.

The Federal Finger in the Pie

No doubt there are occasions and new economic forces which call loudly enough for Federal control. These are likely to rise with increasing frequency in the development of our new industrial life. For example, if one state passes laws limiting the hours of labor for a humane reason and other states do not, there is a penalty and not a premium upon progressiveness. Solicitude for the human being as opposed to the dollar is punished, not rewarded.

Modern life and modern production tend to create an interdependence between states and localities unknown to yesterdays. Independence cannot be maintained if all automobiles are to be made in Detroit, all flour in Minnesota, all farm machinery in Illinois, and so on. And distribution of interstate electrical power, regulation of fisheries, game preservation, the problem of the regulation of the interstate motor-bus traffic, which has developed the operation of nearly 50,000 common-carrier busses with route mileage already in excess of the railways and offering cheaper mileage rates, are examples of new problems suggesting Federal extension of control with bureaucratic machinery as the first but not necessarily the best solution. When the anthracite-coal industry is in trouble with strikes or shut-downs, the first thing the foolish American mind thinks of is Washington. The last United States Coal Commission had to face the fact that substantial competition could not be restored, and whatever the Constitution might say, the only effective control appeared to be to use differential taxation and compel, by Federal law, reports and accounts to be given a new Federal agency, board or commission, to be added to the litter of such boards already in existence.

The easy way is to "make Washington do it." Says one investigator of independent boards and bureaus already established in Washington: "There have been boards to supervise or investigate business ethics, aviation, radio, water power, inland waterways, oil, mines, shipping, railroad rates and wages, money rates, banking practices, farm credits, and we are on the way to boards and bureaus to regulate production and prices of agricultural crops."

No one doubts that emergency may in some instances require absolute Federal interference or indirect pressure, but in my own experience I have seen case after case which illustrates the attitude of mind too hastily accepting the idea that "Washington must act."

During the war, for instance, it was necessary to concentrate industrial workers

(Continued on Page 152)

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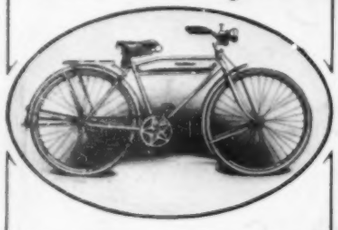

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(Continued from Page 150)

around enlarged plants with enlarged labor demands. This gave profiteering landlords temptation to raise rents for available living space. The evil became so great that a flood of demands came to Washington asking for Federal action. They came to the President. They came to the National Council of Defense. They came to the Secretary of Labor. It was no small question—this question of the worker's landlord and his tendency to be a shark. It threatened labor supply, production, quantity. The Constitution provided small possibilities for Federal interference. I was asked to go to one industrial community where the evil was great to see what could be done.

And as I looked out the window of the train I came to the conclusion that what could be done was to challenge community power and community sense. There were brought together at a luncheon, city officials, plant managers, labor-union representatives, a lawyer and a city-mission preacher. The Federal Government, it was firmly stated, could not and would not intervene. Whereupon the assembled group evolved a voluntary committee of rent arbitration. Two of the twelve on the committee sat as arbitrators every day. If a tenant or prospective tenant made a complaint the landlord was summoned. Of course he need not appear. But if he refused, that fact was published. The press was with us. If he appeared and refused to accept the judgment of what was fair, issued by the two committee members sitting, he could appeal to the whole committee. If he refused to accept the judgment of the whole committee that fact was published.

It worked like a charm. Landlords who had been cocky could not stand public opinion when they refused to appear. The community sense—a strong, virile tide—was against them! And if they appeared before the committee and the decision was against them, they yielded—on the basis of community social sense.

The difficulty was over. The war came to an end quickly, but if it had kept on, there would have been a nation-wide demonstration that the neighborhood could do effectively much more than the Federal Government could have done, even if the latter had had constitutional sanction to do it.

The Clause That Covers Many Sins

That was only one of thousands of instances where the traffic at the cross streets could not, without engaging in bulldozing and inefficiency, and without creating a tremendous bureaucracy and a long-distance, unintelligent meddling, be regulated from city hall. Each community, however, if it had the manhood, could take care of its problem. It was an excellent example among innumerable situations where, if the war had not ended, some propagandist group would surely have appeared with a Washington lobby, with a shower of post cards upon the heads of timid congressmen and all the fanatic urge for an amendment to the Constitution.

But the constitutional-amendment method is not the only method by which Federal centralization goes on. Hoover—or some other President—can and perhaps must put a stop to the pretense and deceit, the fiction and hocus-pocus by which certain clauses of the Constitution are perverted. Contrary to all intent of those who wrote the Constitution, or of the real wishes of the people who live under it, these clauses are infected with elephantiasis and enlarged with unwholesome dropsy by organized minorities which, because of fanaticism or because of pure avarice to get at the Federal treasury, want to emasculate the community spirit of the nation and pull the Washington Government into places where it does not belong, where the general taxpayers—you and I—pay for improvements merely sectional, or for measures the majority do not want or would not want if the future expense and meddling of a centralized bureaucracy could be foreseen.

One of these articles in the Constitution, for instance, is that which provides Federal control over interstate commerce. Mainly upon its authority, the Federal Government has based its control of the railroads, sometimes a wise control and sometimes bad and draining the taxpayer's pocketbook, as in the case when we took over the operation of the roads under the Railroad Administration of wartime, which paralleled the fiasco of the Shipping Board.

But this provision for the regulation of interstate commerce has invited wily interpretation and attempts to pervert it upon the part of those who wanted to take the easy path toward Federal centralization and bureaucracy, but away from local responsibility and local spirit. When the first child-labor law was passed by Congress, it was upon the theory that goods which were the product of child labor could be barred from passing from state to state. The Supreme Court, regretting, no doubt as all do, that child labor of the wrong kind exists at all, nevertheless saw the humor of this dropsical extension of Federal power; if the product of child labor can be barred under the commerce clause, then so, also, could the product of factories where any worker used cigarettes or played baseball on Sunday.

Using Political Thumbscrews

Of course, such extensions of the commerce clause could be used to accomplish about all the Federal centralization conceivable. There are plenty of reformers who would not and will not hesitate in this method of attempting to "make Washington do it." It will take an awakened public opinion as an effective auxiliary of the Supreme Court to prevent the distortion and enlargement of this clause as a vessel for Federal tyranny, Federal standardization of the individual, Federal suppression of the community. Federal bureaucracy can only be averted by a public opinion raised as a bulwark against legislation by constitutional amendment or by absurd distortion of the intended allocation of certain powers to the Federal Government under the Constitution.

The Constitution, by another clause, gives the Federal Government control over navigable waters. To state the fact baldly and without splitting hairs with any pettifogging legal interpretation, case after case comes up in which this clause is used to draw the Federal Government into spending millions of the general taxpayer's money on some local improvement, which a sectional lobby works to get out of the Treasury. Of course the intent of the framers of the Constitution, as is plain to the Supreme Court, was, by Federal control, to keep the navigable waterways free for the commerce of the states and the nation, and for naval defense. From the point of view of the plain citizen, it is farce comedy to legislate the Federal Government into business, into local improvements at the expense of the whole body of taxpayers, into the building of dams which obstruct rather than aid navigation, into water-power developments that are unnecessary and unprofitable. But this is exactly the purpose of these attempts to extend the Federal control of navigable waters.

Hoover—or some other—may have the opportunity to show the country the perversion of the intention of the constitutional provision for Federal control of navigable waters. The temptation will be to relieve the pain of political pressure which comes from the organized minority of some locality, plus the contractors; it takes a great deal of courage to oppose the grab-baggers. They are organized to apply political thumbscrews to Congress, and the citizens—the taxpayers—and the nation as a whole either do not understand or are voiceless. Again the community has passed its responsibility to finance its own improvements up to Washington, again the nation has moved toward centralization, bureaucracy, and toward that same political control of economic life which has almost

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bankrupted European democracies in competition with American enterprise. Until now, our own system has asked no subsidy, and except for legitimate control against abuses, has had no heavy millstone of politics, graft and red-tape inefficiency on its neck.

But lawmaking and extension of Federal powers by constitutional amendment and perversion of the powers granted in the Constitution do not exhaust the methods of centralization. Other ways there are to emasculate community and state responsibility, to invade individual and community and state rights.

One of these methods is the wholly vicious suggestion that Washington may compel obedience to its will of individual, community or state by differentials, exemptions or indirect punishments and penalties through taxation, though it is quite true that the Constitution provides that "all duties, imports and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States." The power to tax is the power to destroy, say the lawyers.

But the centralizing tendency does not stop there. Perversion of the Constitution by amendment or elephantiasis is not enough. Proposals of blackmail by taxation are not enough. No, there is added another method still. That method is Federal bribery.

Government by Strangers

The intent may not be bribery when proposals are set forth to have appropriations made out of the general taxpayers' fund for improvements or social-welfare doles which the states should bear. But it is plain enough to any high-school child that when the Government in Washington begins the business of aiding states, it is in a position to say to a state, "Well, if we give you a contribution you must let us oversee the administration of the affair we are now engaged in together. If you want the Federal Government to keep out of your local affairs, then nothing doing in contributions from us!"

In this way the Federal Government—unless the mass of taxpayers stem the tide—may become, before we realize it, not only a top-heavy agency of tyranny to make all individuals goose-step alike; not only a bureaucracy taking over American private initiative which has had a record of unparalleled prosperity and success, so that a vast army of dependent officeholders shall get their pay checks, even if the business shows loss rather than profit; not only an agency by which the taxes paid by all of us are turned over to a class, a group, a section or a locality, but an agency which can buy and bribe its way into all local or state administration, putting the hand of Washington into education, maternity, childhood, agriculture, poor relief, and indeed into almost everything which, under our American traditions, is the business, the obligation and the right of the human being and his own social group, such as the communities and the separate states of the Union.

Says Charles Evans Hughes: "An unnecessarily centralized government defeats liberty by holding its citizens in a thralldom from which they cannot escape, because they are dominated by an overpowering number of those who are not members of their own communities, when in their own communities they might be able to assert a greater measure of freedom. Undue centralization expands political activity at the seat of the central government without giving a commensurate and enforceable accountability.

"We have in the United States an unexampled opportunity for maintaining local government with the civic virtue which is aroused by local interests and a sense of definite responsibility. It would be a national calamity if we should lose or waste this opportunity. We need and fortunately possess adequate national power, but it is the union of national power and local power that gives us the prosperity we desire to extend and the liberty we wish to preserve."

The destruction of that balance has already gone forward apace not only in the perversion of intent of the Constitution, not only in proposed use of the taxing power to blackmail, but in this field of Federal doles, to be followed inevitably by Federal meddling and the loss of community spirit and efficiency.

The corrupting and tyranny-breeding process based on Federal subsidies is already much more extensive than the American people realize. We have it in highway construction. We have it in agricultural extension. We have it in vocational rehabilitation. We have it in maternity and infant hygiene.

Federal paternalism! Federal subsidy! Federal dole system! And the implied power to meddle with everything or withdraw the money! It has grown until it has already reached something more than one hundred million dollars a year, with various additional obligations and commitments which must be settled in the end.

Of course this is fine pap for those states which actually are taking out of the Treasury in subsidy more than they pay into it in taxes. It is almost unbelievable, but it is quite true that some states and groups of states in the United States are actually more than paying the club dues of other states or groups of states as members of the United States. The Federal Government, in other words, by its extensions has become an associated charities, which robs Peter to pay Paul.

Writing for The Nation's Business, a farmer—Rodney A. Elward, of Kansas—discloses that often the impetus toward these federalizing tendencies is not the supposed beneficiaries at all but the propaganda group, the lobbyists, secretaries on salary, and finally, those who want more centralization because centralization creates more bureaus, more officeholders' nests. This is often the case when the dole-seeking propagandist comes a-clamoring, when a well-paid secretarial fraternity seeks to herd the fanatics, or when contractors and profiteers want some section of the country improved out of the Treasury. Everyone who keeps a trained eye on Washington knows it; congressmen and senators know it and pussyfoot over it. Mr. Elward states a good example:

"Some years ago, without any demand from farmers, so far as I could discover, a great agricultural organization, a system of county agents working with local farm bureaus, was established, chiefly supported out of the treasuries of the nation, states and counties. This is supposed to be purely a farmers' organization, but receives appropriations from the public revenues about equal to the salaries of its officers."

More Jobs for Good Workers

"This is a glaring case of pure paternalism, for there is no more reason for the public treasury's paying the salaries of the officers of this farm organization than for the public treasury's paying the salaries of officers of chambers of commerce. This organization was imposed from above. Wherever I have heard its history, or know it from personal observation, it was created and imposed by the local chamber of commerce, coöperating with government employes who wanted to increase the number of jobs.

"The farmers of the country were already well organized in their commodity organizations, supported by the dues of their members. But this new scheme was sprung on us, fully grown, from the public treasury, as Minerva sprang full-panoplied from the brow of Jove. All citizens are taxed to support this organization, whether they belong to it or not, and often they are in opposition to it.

"While this is written, the morning papers announce that our own Kansas senator, Arthur Capper, has just passed through the Senate a bill increasing the Federal appropriation for county-agent

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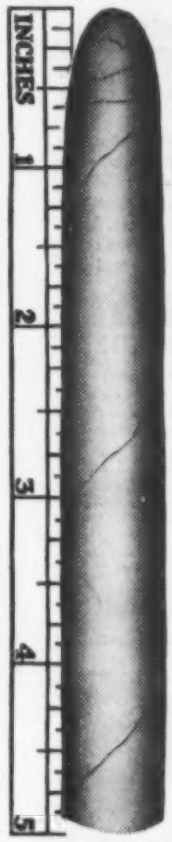

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So now, as during the war, Allen's Foot-Ease makes a Satisfying, Soothing, Easter Remembrance. At all Druggists' —and a 2c stamp mails a package.

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purposes $980,000 a year, a bill providing for the appointment of 700 additional farm agents, 1500 additional home-demonstration agents and 1650 additional assistant agents—all this in addition to the present annual appropriation of $2,724,000 for this purpose from the Federal Government alone."

New boards and commissions in Washington are erected on the occasion of every new extension of Federal powers. No program of economy in government can stem the rising tide of expense to the taxpayer brought about by an ever-swelling number of reformers and bureaucrats who find in Washington jobs the proverbial comfort of the bug in the rug.

The dole, or subsidy, policy for the Federal Government was investigated not long ago by a committee of some civic organization. It reported in favor of Federal subsidies. The committee does make the innocent and frank admission that Federal subsidy acts have "purchased for the Federal Government a measure of control over matters which had commonly been regarded as affairs of purely state concern."

The creation in Washington of a huge parasitic bureaucracy means not only the necessity for the taxpayer to support it but, as all the European experiences have shown, such centralization leads to the tyranny over citizenship of the unseen clerk and the prying officer. The first becomes in substance a little untrained lawmaker. Hidden from the citizen victim, this incompetent maker of regulations can create no end of discomfort for the community or the individual. The second becomes the forerunner of the bulldozing of the secret agents in the days of the Czar.

Our Government's Dual Purpose

Half hidden from our eyes as we, the anæsthetized majority, go about our daily lives, the big issue of our political life grows each year. The menace of it drags us nearer and nearer to the weaknesses of European democracies, which have been spraddling out for the very reason that centralized bureaucracies devoted to feeding special privilege and setting up paternalism and to robbing Peter to satisfy Paul never have but one end.

Hoover—or some other President—will serve us better than he could in any other way by the courage to meet with stubborn obstinacy and by appeal to popular opinion all attempts to invade our own system by the minority propagandists. They want to make us over and cut us to pattern and goose-step us by Federal law, or by Federal law they want to take money from the Treasury for group sections or special interests.

Hoover himself has said: "May I remind you that our Government was devised in spirit to sustain a dual purpose—that is, to protect our people among nations by a great national power and to preserve individual freedom by local self-government? If we are to stretch the Interstate Commerce provision in the Constitution to regulate all those things that pass state lines, whether there is necessity for it or not, we shall by that very means automatically absorb to Federal authority most of the government that lies within state lines, because our economic life has become so enmeshed that there is no longer that easy conception of our forefathers of what constituted interstate commerce. If we do not resist this extension, what becomes of that fundamental freedom and independence that can rise only from local self-government?"

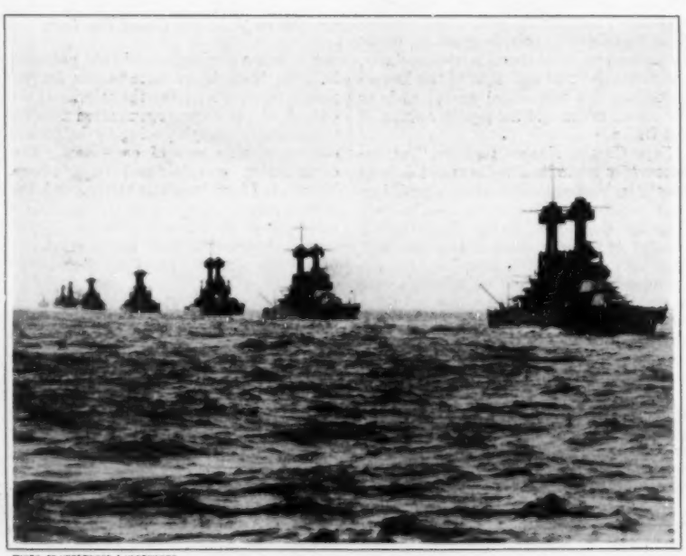
A Hard Job for the President

"I have often said in other connections that, after all, the object of our whole social and economic system is the family and the home, with its independence, its freedom and its comfort; and if we are to set up more systems of alien regulation and bureaucratic domination, we shall inevitably undermine many of these treasured essentials of our national and family life.

"It is a part of the fullness of life that we should live and participate in the government of our local communities—that is, local government that neither wishes its responsibilities onto a centralized bureaucracy nor allows centralized bureaucracy to dictate to that local government. Nor do I believe the people of our communities have yet become so supine or so careless of the fundamental advantages of self-government that they are ready to surrender control of their most intimate concerns to a paternal government at Washington, however wise or powerful it may be."

Hoover—or some other President—will have a job on his hands to decentralize, to repair the mischief already done, but it is open to a President with courage and who will refrain from being a world fixer, so to inform the American people that they will stand solidly with him against yielding another inch to those who would emasculate states and communities, who would make Washington the stronghold of bullying, who would make it the center of dole systems and the nest of lobbies successfully looting by law our pocketbooks—yours and mine—or sapping legitimate American liberty and individualism.

As for our service to the rest of the world: To retain our success as a democracy is the greatest.



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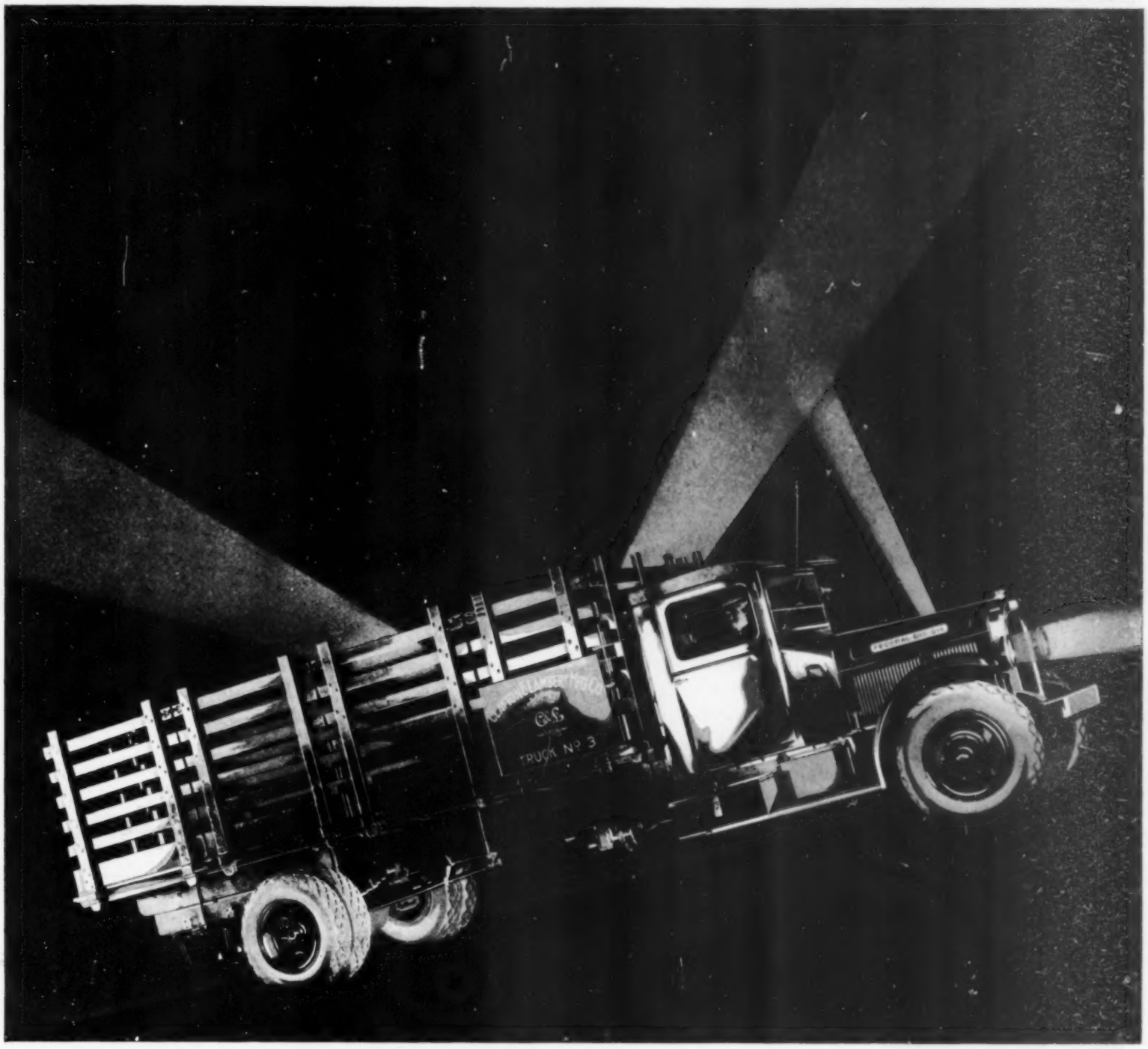

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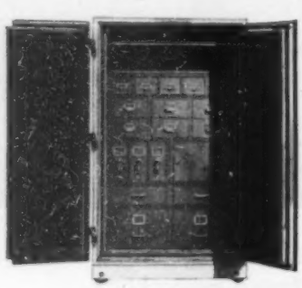

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

Who gave them authority *to wear such clothes?*

IT would take high courage to appear on the Avenue in April of 1929 garbed as our heroine is garbed.

The military effect, the pinched-in waist, the high-laced shoes, the explorer's collar, the horticultural or zoölogical hat—one might well ask who *ever* gave them authority to wear such clothes.

But it took no courage for the belle of 1917 to wear this suit a short twelve years ago. There was plenty of printed authority to govern every item in her wardrobe.

There were the style sheets of the dress shops, the booklets and folders of the milliner, the costumer, the stocking manufacturer and the bootmaker. With scarcely a peep at what others of her sex were wearing, she could tell from good printing what styles were in fashion, where they might be had, and what price she might reasonably expect to pay.

Who authorizes the styles of this spring—the small felts with flattened feathers, the frocks with separate jackets, the uneven swaying hem-lines, the printed silk ensemble?

Printing announces the birth of a new style. Printing pictures it, tells who is making it, where it may be had. Printing lends authority to fashion. Printing helped change the Florodora girl into the military, the military girl into the modern.

What will the next change in style be? One way to tell is to watch the good printing that comes to you. For when a merchant or manufacturer employs a good printer to keep you informed of his stock and his styles, you are likely to find his advice authoritative.

TO MERCHANTS, MANUFACTURERS, AND BUYERS OF PRINTING

If you would like to obtain books on the practical use of printed pieces issued free of charge by S. D. Warren Company, write to your printer, asking him to put you on the Warren Mailing List. Or write S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

Warren's (STANDARD) Printing Papers

When a printer suggests a Warren's Standard Printing Paper he suggests it because he knows it has all the qualities that insure good printing, folding and binding—that it is tested for these qualities before it leaves the mill. Many printers are using the Warren trademark (above) in connection with their own imprint to identify productions on Warren's Standard Printing Papers.

WARREN'S STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS {better paper - better printing}

Use all the gas you pay for

--how this little knife edge will help

NO matter how careful your filling station may be to give you full measure, you are wasting some of the gas you paid for . . . if you are not using Robert Bosch Pyro-Action Spark Plugs.

This may strike you as a pretty strong statement. But please examine these facts:

1. If you set the low speed adjustment on your carburetor for a leaner mixture you will save gasoline whenever you drive in traffic.

2. You can do this very thing if you install a set of Robert Bosch Pyro-Action Spark Plugs.

It is all due to a little knife edge—the knife edged firing points of Robert Bosch Spark Plugs. This is frankly not a brand new idea. Benjamin Franklin used the same principle when he invented the lightning rod. But Robert Bosch was the first to apply it to spark plugs.

Due to this exclusive knife edge, a spark forms easier. Due to this knife edge, the spark produced is no ordinary hair-thin spark, but an extraordinary broad, ribbon-like spark capable of firing a leaner mixture. Due to this knife edge, your car will start up quicker and easier. And due to the material especially developed by Robert Bosch, the permanency of this knife edge is assured.

But even if Robert Bosch Pyro-Action Spark Plugs saved you no gasoline at all, you would be delighted with the new surge of power, the new lively pick-up and get-away, which they furnish to any car. For Robert Bosch Spark Plugs defy Spark Plug Paralysis. And most cars suffer from this condition, as a result either of gradual carbonization of the insulator or rapid corrosion of the firing points.

Read below our money-back guarantee. Then ask your dealer for the right type of Robert Bosch Plug for your car, truck, bus or tractor. Or write for free booklet "The Story of a Knife Edge that Saves Gasoline."

Only Robert Bosch Plugs are Original-Bosch Pyro-Action Plugs. For your protection look for full name Robert Bosch and this trademark:

ROBERT BOSCH MAGNETO CO., Inc.
3601 F Queens Boulevard, Long Island City, N. Y.

ROBERT BOSCH
Pyro-Action
SPARK PLUGS

The Original Bosch — ROBERT BOSCH PRODUCTS

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ALLENTOWN, PA. Electrical Devices Co.
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. Automotive Electric Service
BIRMINGHAM, ALA. Auto Electric & Carburetor Co.
BOSTON, MASS. E. B. Atmus Co., Inc.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN. Reuter Auto Elec.
BROOKLYN, N. Y. Magneto Repair Co.
BUFFALO, N. Y. Pedrick Parts Corp.
CAMDEN, N. J. Camden Stor. Battery Co.
CHICAGO, ILL. Illinois Auto Electric Co.
CHICAGO, ILL. Motor Car Service Co.
CHICAGO, ILL. West Side Ignition Serv. Co.
CINCINNATI, OHIO. Tri-State Ign. Corp.
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MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. Fowler Elec. Co.
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MIAMI, FLA. Clayton Bat. & Eng. Co.
NEWARK, N. J. Tire Trading Co.
NEW HAVEN, CONN. Auto Elec. Sales & Serv. Co.
NEW ORLEANS, LA. Suhren, Inc.
NEW YORK, N. Y. Manhattan Ign. Corp.
Bronx: Empire State Ignition Corp.
Staten Island: Arc-Man Elec. Co.
PHILADELPHIA, PA. Haines & Shields Co.
PHOENIX, ARIZ. Spaulding Auto Elec. Co.
PITTSBURGH, PA. Keelan-Lyons Co.
READING, PA. Berks Auto Ignition Co.
ROCHESTER, N. Y. Starter & Ign. Serv. Co.
ROCKFORD, ILL. Eric J. Gustafson
SALINA, KAN. Motor Service Co.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. Furrer & Uster
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TULSA, OKLA. Electrical & Magneto Co.
UTICA, N. Y. Utica Gear & Auto Parts Corp.
VANCOUVER, CAN. Battery House Ltd.
W. PALM BEACH, FLA. Sutcliffe's Auto Elec. Serv.
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YORK, PA. H. A. Spangler & Co.

An Extraordinary Guarantee

"Try a set of Robert Bosch Pyro-Action Spark Plugs in your passenger car for 30 days. Then if you are not entirely satisfied as to their superiority, you can return the plugs and get your money back."

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

"Right. The big boys have got us all by the neck; they can shake us out every once in a while and then go on to clean up a couple of million."

"Absolutely. This gambling doesn't pay; it's an attempt to get something for nothing, and it can't be done. No sir-ree!"

"You've got the right dope. I could tell you of some people I know that lost absolutely everything. Boy, it's wicked."

"Isn't it? If a lot of the birds on the floor don't know what it's all about, what chance have we suckers got?"

"Not a prayer. That's what I've always said. Say, by the way, I was talking to Collins the other day and he says there's only one stock on the whole list that's sure for a rise, but ——"

"Yeah? Go on."

"Well, I mean I didn't take him seriously. I just got a few shares, and ——"

"What is it, Ed? Tell me."

"Well, I promised ——"

"Come on, don't pull that stuff; come across."

"Consolidated Grater at 137. Good for fifteen points within six weeks. Only don't take my word ——"

"Take your word! I'm not taking anybody's word. Not on your life. Not for this baby. Well, I gotta be stepping. 137, eh? S'long."

"S'long." —PARKE CUMMINGS.

Zoölogical Logic

THE Skunk, some people sternly state,
Is fond and faithful to his mate,
And just as kind as he can be
To his mephitic family;
But still the smell of him is punk
And he is, after all, a Skunk.

For all I know, the Crocodile
Who basks along the River Nile,
May lead a neat domestic life
And love his children and his wife,
And yet I do not like his style,
For he remains a Crocodile.

The Cobra, too, when in his hole,
May be a father to extoll,
Who cherishes his wife and kiddies
As hens do with their chickabiddies.
I grant his virtues you acclaim,
But he's a Cobra, just the same.

These facts are facts which, now and then,
Apply with equal force to men.
—Berton Braley.

Peter's White Elephant

PETER, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
Bought himself a seven-seater;
Put it back upon the market—
Couldn't find a place to park it.
—Lowell Otus Reese.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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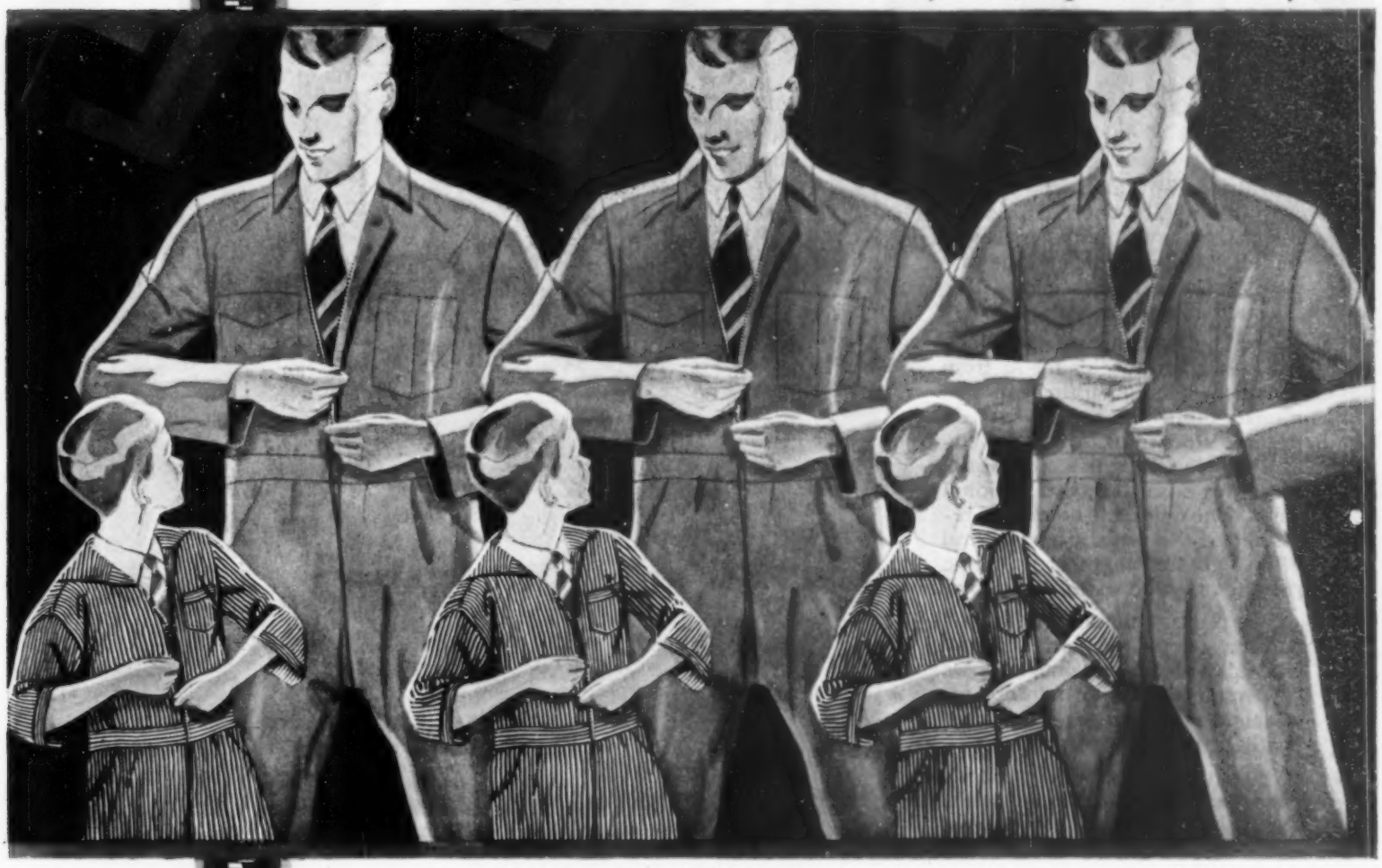
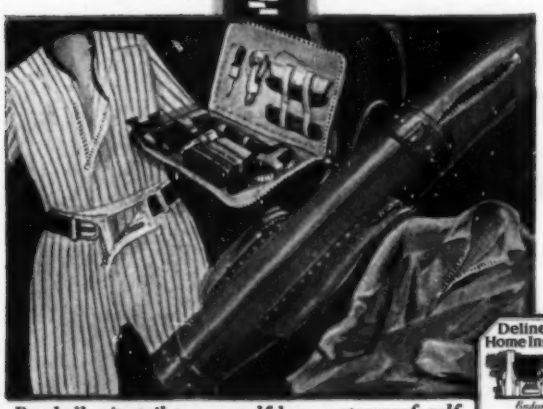
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1.00 the year (U. S. and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request.

Talon Slide-Fasteners Allow You to Dress Up for a Dirty Job with a Fireman's Speed

Slip into your Talon-fitted work clothes. An easy pull and they're fastened with never a gapping edge .... in an instant, you're set, ready for the job. Job over, another easy pull as quickly unfastens the overalls. And, should you have a wife who insists on bundling them into the wash boiler, nothing will happen to impair the speed of the Talon Slide-Fasteners. Your wife knows they launder perfectly, that they are proof against rust, cannot be torn off, and usually outlast the garment or article they fasten.





Baseball suit; toilet case; golf bag; waterproof golf jacket; equipped with Talon Slide-Fasteners.

Delineator Home Institute
features
TALON SLIDE FASTENERS

Quit fumbling with old-fashioned methods of fastening—use Talon Slide-Fasteners

You can buy work, sport and style clothes, and countless other articles completely Talon-equipped. And you can make scores of garments and articles at home, equipping them also with Talon Slide-Fasteners which can be bought at Notion Counters everywhere. Enduring, rustless, proof against gapping edges, economical—no wonder Talon Slide-Fasteners are rapidly replacing all old-fashioned methods of fastening.

You can identify these fasteners by the word "Talon" or "Hookless" on the slider-pull.

If your department or general store does not stock Talon Slide-Fasteners for home-sewing, write us. If you will send us your name and address we will send you an illustrated catalog giving the names of companies making Talon-fastened articles.

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY, 622 ARCH STREET, MEADVILLE, PENN.
The Pioneer Manufacturers of Slide-Fasteners

TALON

THE ORIGINAL REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

SLIDE FASTENER . . .

TALON SLIDE FASTENER

© 1929 Hookless Fastener Co.

Vacation in the land *where some day you may live*

CALIFORNIA*

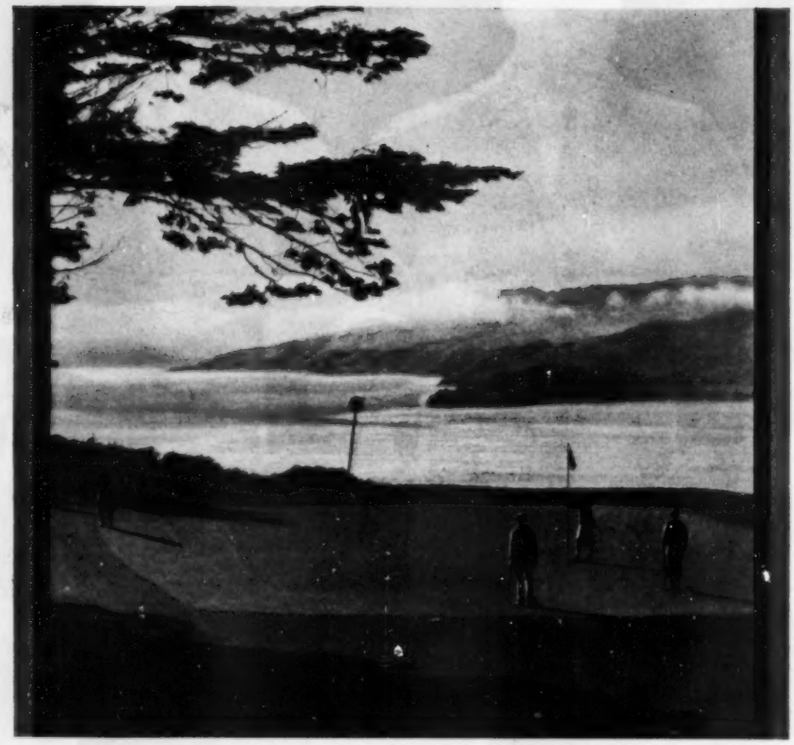
In the back of many people's mind is the thought: "Some day I would like to live in California."

In the meanwhile, why not see California? Why not make a summer trip, while the highways are gay with holiday travelers and the railroad excursion rates are low? This is a state of immense variety.

Eight hundred miles of it lies along the sea—a distance as far as from Massachusetts to Virginia. Its two mighty mountain ranges contain streams stocked with trout; thousands of square miles of national forest for camping; five national parks. The cities, the hotels and resorts, and the radiant agricultural valleys are knit together by scenic rail lines, smooth motor highways.

Here is every climate; golf and all outdoor sports; and somewhere—who knows?—the personal business opportunity which you have dreamed about, and will let you live permanently here "where life is better."

To make the utmost of your far western vacation, buy your ticket, book your passage, don your helmet or turn your front fenders for



The public golf course at Lincoln Park, San Francisco, overlooks the Golden Gate

SAN FRANCISCO

Central gateway to the whole Pacific Coast vacationland. This is America's coolest summer city (average temperature 59°, and no summer rain to mar a single day), and is one of the holiday cities of the world.

Here is the largest Chinatown outside of China, quarters where English is almost never heard; gay theatres and restaurants, picturesque hills; smart shops; summer symphonies; and two great universities offering summer courses. San Francisco is the business capital of the West. San Francisco Bay is the natural gateway to 900,000,000 consumers who live in lands bordering the Pacific.

Let Californians Inc., a non-profit organization, send you a sumptuously illustrated travel book of 32 pages, describing San Francisco's haunts and scenes, and the California vacationland. It is free.

Yosemite, famed valley playground, seven hours distant from San Francisco

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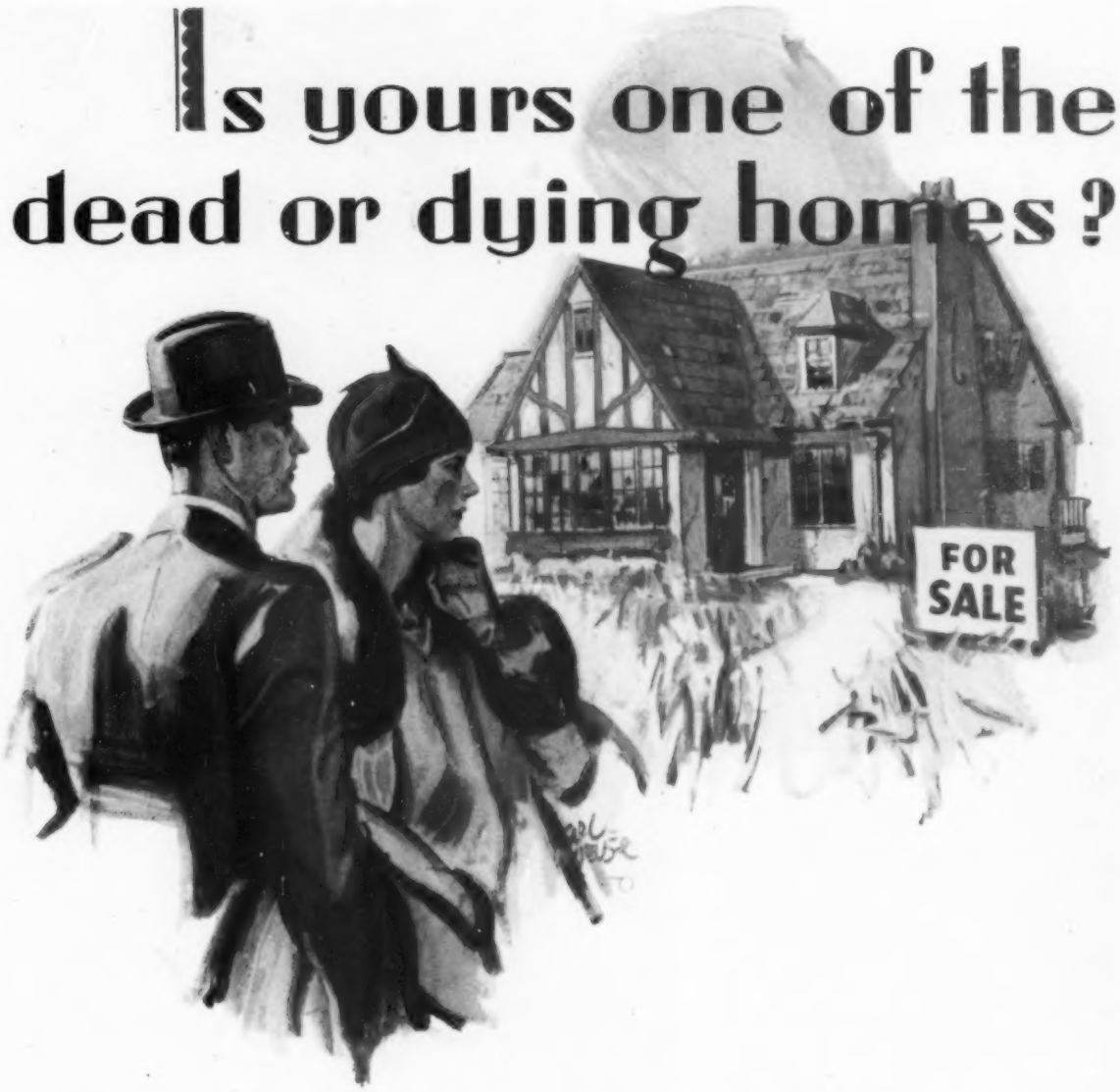
Is yours one of the dead or dying homes?



"THERE'S a home that has seen better days" . . . How pathetically the phrase rings out in every community! For it is an appalling fact that in this progressive, affluent age of ours, 5 out of 7 American homes are in need of repairs.

What a useless waste of investment such indifference brings about. For a place, once on the decline, loses its value almost over night. An unsightly, leaky roof; a dirty, paint-aging exterior; cracked plaster; or run-down floors, cost the home-owner far more than he realizes until he attempts to sell his house.

The amazing thing is that such dilapidation is so easily avoided—the Certain-teed way. It costs but little to maintain a home at its original worth and beauty with Certain-teed products. It is simply a matter of regular attention to the small repairing and renewing jobs that constantly crop up. You will also find it worth while to modernize your home by well-planned remodeling. Build in that extra bathroom you've long wanted. Partition off a bright sunny room in the attic spaces. Every dollar you put into such work increases the value of your home investment.

You will find that a nearby dealer handles many of the diverse Certain-teed products necessary for your consideration. Tell this dealer your problems . . . he will counsel you rightly; suggest the correct materials for specialized work; show you how to get fullest value from each purchase and recommend good contractors to do the work!

Remember—any home represents a big investment. The proper use of Certain-teed products will keep your home from the "dead or dying" class.

Certain-teed Products

to maintain and modernize the home

.....keep work day hours *flying!*

MATCH the strain of mental and physical striving with nature's re-energizer and corrector . . . Sunkist California Orange Juice.

Drink it regularly . . . and liberally . . . if you would feel better all over; if you would sleep better; enjoy better digestion. Through built-up health instill your spirit with ambition to push nine hours into eight!

California Sunkist Orange Juice is a natural "pick-up" morning, noon and night! A brimful glass at breakfast; between meals, at luncheon and dinner (one at 3:30 for a speed-finish!). Each glass definitely helps build health; each aids to balance faulty American diets of too much good but acid-forming foods such as meat, fish, eggs, cereal and bread and too little alkaline-reaction foods like Oranges and other fresh fruits, vegetables and milk.

Although acid in taste, Oranges, like Lemons, are alkaline in their reaction in the body, and the Medical Profession recognizes them as among the most potent correctives and preventives of Acidosis, caused by an unbalanced diet. Any modern physician will verify this truth for you.

Science has now definitely proved what your taste has always told you:—Sunkist California Oranges have the Richest Juice and Finest Flavor. They are unequalled in fruit sugars and fruit acids (alkaline in reaction in the body) which create their extra-rich flavor. You have but to compare the full-bodied, deep-colored *California* juice with other kinds to appreciate its high content of vitamins and mineral salts as well as its extra-lusciousness.

When Oranges from all over the world are in market at the same time, four out of five public dispensers of fresh juice throughout the country serve California Orange Juice exclusively in supplying constantly increasing public preference for—

SUNKIST CALIFORNIA ORANGE JUICE

Richest Juice . . . . . Finest Flavor

Sunkist Junior Home Fruit Juice Extractor electrically powered; simple to operate; only two parts to clean after use. Extracts ALL the orange or lemon juice quickly and effectively. Sold under guarantee for home service, $14.95 delivered in U.S.A. If your dealer cannot supply you, send check or money order to address below. In Canada the delivered price is $19.95.

Dealers Using the Sunkist Extractor make drinks to your order from fresh Oranges and Lemons rather than serve synthetic compounds. Look for this machine. It is visible assurance of the use of fresh fruit juice. *Prospective Buyers:* Learn about our unusual cost-price proposition on this speedy, efficient machine. Write for full information. Terms. State business.

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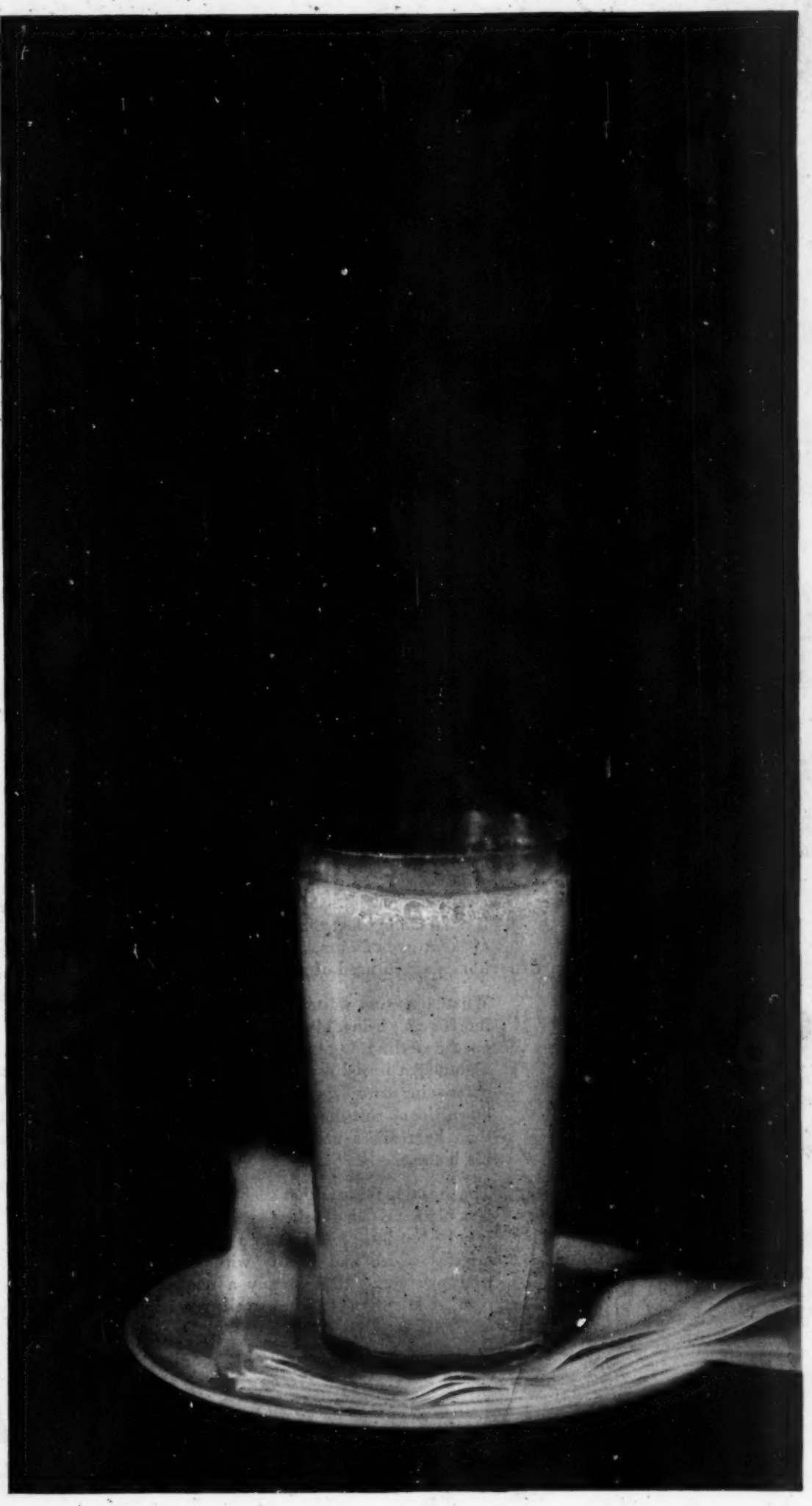
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